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THE

BRITISH CLASSICKS:

VOLUME THE SEVENTY-FOURTH.

CONTAINING THE SIXTH VOLUME OF

STERNE'S WORKS.

1814.

THE

WORKS

OF

LAURENCE STERNE,

IN SIX VOLUMES;

CONTAINING

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.....A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY.....SERMONS.....LETTERS, &c.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

VOLUME VI.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM DURELL AND CO.
C. Stebbins, Printer, Boston.
1814.

LENOX LIBRARY
NEW YORK

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TO

DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

When I was asked to whom I should dedicate these volumes, I carelessly answered, To no one.—Why not? (replied the person who put the question to me.) Because most Dedications look like begging a protection to the book. Perhaps a worse interpretation may be given to it. No, no; already so much obliged, I cannot, will not, put another tax upon the generosity of any friend of Mr. Sterne's, or mine. I went home to my lodgings, and gratitude warmed my heart to such a pitch, that I vowed they should be dedicated to the man my father so much admired; who, with an unprejudiced eye, read and approved his works; and, moreover, loved the man.—'Tis to Mr. Garrick then, that I dedicate these Genuine Letters.

Can I forget the sweet* Epitaph which proved Mr. Garrick's friendship and opinion of him?—'Twas a tribute to Friendship;—and, as a tribute of

* Shall Pride a heap of sculptur'd marble raise,
Some worthless, unmourn'd, titled fool to praise;
And shall we not by one poor grave-stone learn
Where Genius, Wit, and Humour, sleep with *Sterne?*

Mr. Sterne was born at Clonmel, in Ireland, November 24, 1713; and died, in London, March 18, 1768.

my gratitude, I dedicate these volumes to a man of understanding and feeling.—Receive this as it is meant.—May you, dear sir, approve of these Letters, as much as Mr. Sterne admired you;—but Mr. Garrick, with all his urbanity, can never carry the point half so far, for Mr. Sterne was an enthusiast, if it is possible to be one, in favour of Mr. Garrick.

This may appear a very simple Dedication; but Mr. Garrick will judge by his own sensibility, that I can feel more than I can express; and I believe he will give me credit for all my grateful acknowledgments.

I am, with every sentiment of gratitude and esteem,

DEAR SIR,

your obliged

humble servant,

LYDIA STERNE DE MEDALLE.

London,
June, 1775.

PREFACE.

In publishing these Letters, the Editor does but comply with her mother's request, which was, That if any Letters were published under Mr. Sterne's name, those she had in her possession (as well as those that her father's friends would be kind enough to send to her) should be likewise published.—She depends much on the candour of the publick for the favourable reception of them :——their being genuine,* she thinks and hopes, will render them not unacceptable.—She has already experienced much benevolence and generosity from her late father's friends,—the remembrance of which will ever warm her heart with gratitude.

* Besides the Letters printed by Mrs. Medalle, those written by Mr. Sterne to Eliza, and a few others, are added to the present Edition.

IN MEMORY OF

MR. STERNE,

AUTHOR OF THE

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

WITH wit and genuine humour, to dispel
From the desponding bosom gloomy care,
And bid the gushing tear, at the sad tale
Of hapless love or filial grief to flow
From the full sympathizing heart, were thine;
These powers, O STERNE! but now thy fate demands
(No plumage nodding o'er th' emblazon'd hearse
Proclaiming honour where no virtue shone)
But the sad tribute of a heart-felt sigh!—
What tho' no taper cast its deadly ray,
Nor the full choir sing requiems o'er thy tomb,
The humbler grief of friendship is not mute;
And poor Maria, with her faithful kid,
Her auburn tresses carelessly entwin'd
With olive foliage, at the close of day,
Shall chant her plaintive vespers at thy grave.
Thy shade too, gentle Monk, 'mid awful night,
Shall pour libations from its friendly eye;
For erst his sweet benevolence bestow'd
Its gen'rous pity, and bedew'd with tears
The sod, which rested on thy aged breast.

CHARACTER AND EULOGIUM

OF

STERNE, AND HIS WRITINGS:

IN A

FAMILIAR EPISTLE FROM A GENTLEMAN

IN IRELAND TO HIS FRIEND.

Written in the year 1769.

WHAT trifle comes next?—Spare the censure, my friend,
This letter's no more from beginning to end:
Yet, when you consider (your laughter, pray stifle)
Th' advantage, th' importance, the use of a trifle;
When you think too beside,—and there's nothing more clear,—
That pence compose millions, and moments the year,
You surely will grant me, nor think that I jest,
That life's but a series of trifles at best.
How widely digressive! yet could I, O STERNE,
Digress with thy skill, with thy freedom return!
The vain wish I press—Poor YORICK! no more
Shall thy mirth and thy jests "set the table on roar;"
No more thy sad tale, with simplicity told,
O'er each feeling breast its strong influence hold,
From the wise and the brave call forth sympathy's sigh,
Or swell with sweet anguish humanity's eye:
Here and there in a page, if a blemish appear,
(And what page, or what life, from a blemish is clear?)

TRIM and TOBY with soft intercession attend ;
LE FEVRE intreats you to pardon his friend :
MARIA too pleads for her fav'rite distrest :
As you feel for her sorrows, O grant her request !
Should these advocates fail, I've another to call,
One tear of his MONK shall obliterate all.
Favour'd pupil of nature and fancy, of yore,
Whom from humour's embrace sweet philanthropy bore.
While the graces and loves scatter flow'rs on thy urn,
And wit weeps the blossom too hastily torn ;
This meed too, kind spirit, unoffended receive
From a youth next to SHAKESPEARE'S, who honours thy grave !

The late Reverend Laurence Sterne, A. M. &c. Author of that truly original, humorous, heteroclite work, called, The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, of a Sentimental Journey through France and Italy (which, alas! he did not live to finish) and of some volumes of sermons. Of his skill in delineating and supporting his characters, those of the Father of his hero, of his Uncle Toby, and of Corporal Trim (out of numberless others) afford ample proof. To his power in the pathetick, whoever shall read the stories of Le Fevre, Maria, the Monk, and the Dead Ass, must, if he has feelings, bear sufficient testimony ; and his sermons throughout (though sometimes, perhaps, chargeable with a levity not entirely becoming the pulpit) breathe the kindest spirit of philanthropy, of good-will towards man. For the few exceptional parts of his works, those small blemishes,

Quas aut incuria fudit
Aut humana parum cavit natura—

suffer them, kind critick, to rest with his ashes!

The above eulogium will, I doubt not, appear to you (and perhaps also to many others) much too high for the literary character of Sterne. I have not at present either leisure or inclination to enter into argument upon the question ; but, in truth, I consider myself as largely his debtor for the tears and the laughter he so fre-

LETTERS

OF THE LATE

LAURENCE STERNE

TO

HIS MOST INTIMATE FRIENDS.

LETTERS.

LETTER I.*

TO MISS L——.

Yes; I willl steal from the world, and not a babbling tongue shall tell where I am.—Echo shall not so much as whisper my hiding-place:—suffer thy imagination to paint it as a little sun-gilt cottage, on the side of a romantick hill.—Dost thou think I will leave love and friendship behind me? No; they shall be my companions in solitude; for they will sit down and rise up with me in the amiable form of my L.—We will be as merry and as innocent as our first parents in Paradise, before the arch fiend entered that undescribable scene.

The kindest affections will have room to root and expand in our retirement, and produce such fruit as madness, and envy, and ambition have always killed in the bud.—Let the human tempest and hurricane rage at a distance, the desolation is beyond the horizon of peace!—My L. has seen a polyanthus blow in December;—some friendly wall has sheltered it from the biting wind.—No planetary influence shall reach us, but that which preserves and.

* This, and the three subsequent letters, were written by Mr. Sterne to his wife, while she resided in Staffordshire, before their marriage.

cherishes the sweetest flowers.—God preserve us! how delightful this prospect in idea! We will build and we will plant, in our own way;—simplicity shall not be tortured by art;—we will learn of nature how to live:—she shall be our alchymist, to mingle all the good of life into one salubrious draught!—The gloomy family of care and distrust shall be banished from our dwelling, guarded by thy kind and tutelar deity;—we will sing our choral songs of gratitude, and rejoice to the end of our pilgrimage!

Adieu, my L. Return to one who languishes for thy society.

L. STERNE.

LETTER II.

TO THE SAME.

You bid me tell you, my dear L., how I bore your departure for S——; and whether the valley where D'Estella stands, retains still its looks;—or, if I think the roses or jessamines smell as sweet as when you left it.—Alas! every thing has now lost its relish and look! The hour you left D'Estella, I took to my bed.—I was worn out with fevers of all kinds; but most by that fever of the heart, with which thou knowest well I have been wasting these two years,—and shall continue wasting till you quit S——. The good Miss S——, from the forebodings of the best of hearts, thinking I was ill, insisted *upon my going* to her.—What can be the cause,

my dear L., that I never have been able to see the face of this mutual friend, but I feel myself rent to pieces? She made me stay an hour with her; and in that short space I burst into tears a dozen different times,—and in such affectionate gusts of passion, that she was constrained to leave the room, and sympathise in her dressing-room.—I have been weeping for you both, said she, in a tone of the sweetest pity;—for poor L.'s heart I have long known it;—her anguish is as sharp as yours,—her heart as tender,—her constancy as great,—her virtues as heroick.—Heaven brought you not together to be tormented!——I could only answer her with a kind look and a heavy sigh,—and returned home to your lodgings (which I have hired till your return) to resign myself to misery.—Fanny had prepared me a supper;—she is all attention to me,—but I sat over it with tears: a bitter sauce, my L.; but I could eat it with no other,—for the moment she began to spread my little table, my heart fainted within me. One solitary plate, one knife, one fork; one glass!—I gave a thousand pensive, penetrating looks at the chair thou hadst so often graced in those quiet and sentimental repasts,—then laid down my knife and fork, and took out my handkerchief and clapped it across my face, and wept like a child.—I do so this very moment, my L.; for, as I take up my pen, my poor pulse quickens, my pale face glows, and tears are trickling down upon the paper as I trace the word L——. O thou! blessed in thyself, and in thy virtues!—blessed to all that know thee!—to me most so, because more do I know of thee than all thy sex!—This is the philtre, my L., *by which thou hast* charmed me, and by which thou

wilt hold me thine, whilst virtue and faith hold this world together.—This, my friend, is the plain and simple magick by which, I told Miss ——, I have won a place in that heart of thine, on which I depend so satisfied, that time, or distance, or change of every thing which might alarm the hearts of little men, create no uneasy suspense in mine.—Wast thou to stay in S—— these seven years, thy friend, though he would grieve, scorns to doubt, or to be doubted;—'tis the only exception where security is not the parent of danger.—I told you poor Fanny was all attention to me since your departure;—contrives every day bringing in the name of L. She told me last night (upon giving me some hartshorn) she had observed my illness began the very day of your departure for S——; that I had never held up my head,—had seldom, or scarce ever, smiled,—had fled from all society;—that she verily believed I was broken-hearted, for she had never entered the room, or passed by the door, but she heard me sigh heavily;—that I neither eat, nor slept, nor took pleasure in any thing as before:—judge then, my L., can the valley look so well,—or the roses and jessamines smell so sweet as heretofore? Ah me! —but adieu,—the vesper-bell calls me from thee to my God!

L. Sterne.

LETTER III.

TO THE SAME.

Before now, my L. has lodged an indictment *against me in the* high court of friendship.—I plead

guilty to the charge, and entirely submit to the mercy of that amiable tribunal.—Let this mitigate my punishment, if it will not expiate my transgression. —Do not say that I shall offend again in the same manner, though a too easy pardon sometimes occasions a repetition of the same fault.—A miser says, though I do no good with my money to-day, to-morrow shall be marked with some deed of beneficence. —The libertine says, let me enjoy this week in forbidden and luxurious pleasures, and the next I will dedicate to serious thought and reflection.—The gamester says, let me have one more chance with the dice, and I will never touch them more.—The knave of every profession wishes to obtain but independency, and he will become an honest man.—The female coquette triumphs in tormenting her inamorato, for fear, after marriage, he should not pity her.

The apparition of the fifth instant (for letters may almost be called so) proved more welcome, as I did not expect it. Oh! my L., thou art kind indeed to make an apology for me; and thou never wilt assuredly repent of one act of kindness,—for, being thy debtor, I will pay thee with interest!—Why does my L. complain of the desertion of friends?—Where does the human being live that will not join in this complaint?—It is a common observation, and perhaps too true, that married people seldom extend their regards beyond their own fire-side.—There is such a thing as parsimony in esteem, as well as money;—yet as one costs nothing, it might be bestowed with more liberality.—We cannot gather grapes from thorns; so we must not expect kind *attachments from* persons who are wholly folded up

in selfish schemes. I do not know whether I most despise or pity such characters,—Nature never made an unkind creature;—ill usage and bad habits have deformed a fair and lovely creation.

My L!—thou art surrounded by all the melancholy gloom of winter: wert thou alone, the retirement would be agreeable:—disappointed ambition might envy such a retreat, and disappointed love would seek it out!—Crowded towns and busy societies may delight the unthinking and the gay;—but solitude is the best nurse of wisdom.—Methinks I see my contemplative girl now in the garden, watching the gradual approaches of spring.—Dost not thou mark with delight the first vernal buds? the snowdrop and primrose, these early and welcome visitors, spring beneath thy feet?—Flora and Pomona already consider thee as their handmaid; and in a little time will load thee with their sweetest blessing.—The feathered race are all thy own; and with them, untaught harmony will soon begin to cheer thy morning and evening walks.—Sweet as this may be, return,—return,—the birds of Yorkshire will tune their pipes, and sing as melodiously as those of Staffordshire.

Adieu, my beloved L.:—thine too much for my *peace*.

L. STERNE.

LETTER IV.

TO THE SAME.

I HAVE offended her whom I so tenderly love! —*What could* tempt me to it! but if a beggar was

to knock at thy gate, would thou not open the door and be melted with compassion?—I know thou wouldst, for pity has erected a temple in thy bosom.—Sweetest, and best of all human passions! let thy web of tenderness cover the pensive form of affliction, and soften the darkest shades of misery! I have re-considered this apology; and alas! what will it accomplish? Arguments, however finely spun, can never change the nature of things.—Very true;—so a truce with them.

I have lost a very valuable friend by a sad accident; and, what is worse, he has left a widow and five young children to lament this sudden stroke.—If real usefulness and integrity of heart could have secured him from this, his friends would not now be mourning his untimely fate.—These dark and seemingly cruel dispensations of Providence, often make the best of human hearts complain.—Who can paint the distress of an affectionate mother, made a widow in a moment, weeping in bitterness over a numerous, helpless, and fatherless offspring!—God! these are thy chastisements, and require (hard task!) a pious acquiescence.

Forgive me this digression, and allow me to drop a tear over a departed friend; and, what is more excellent, an honest man. My L.! thou wilt feel all that kindness can inspire in the death of——. The event was sudden, and thy gentle spirit would be more alarmed on that account.—But, my L., thou hast less to lament, as old age was creeping on, and her period of doing good, and being useful, was nearly over.—At sixty years of age the tenement gets fast out of repair, and the lodger with anxiety

thinks of a discharge.—In such a situation the poet might well say,

"The soul uneasy," &c.

My L. talks of leaving the country.—May a kind angel guide thy steps hither!—Solitude at length grows tiresome.—Thou sayest thou wilt quit the place with regret:—I think so too.—Does not something uneasy mingle with the very reflection of leaving it?—It is like parting with an old friend, whose temper and company one has long been acquainted with.—I think I see you looking twenty times a day at the house,—almost counting every brick and pane of glass, and telling them at the same time, with a sigh, you are going to leave them.—Oh happy modification of matter! they will remain insensible of thy loss!—But how wilt thou be able to part with thy garden?—The recollection of so many pleasing walks must have endeared it to you. The trees, the shrubs, the flowers, which thou reared with thy own hands,—will they not droop and fade away sooner upon thy departure?—Who will be the successor to nurse them in thy absence?—Thou wilt leave thy name upon the myrtle-tree!—If trees, and shrubs, and flowers, could compose an elegy, I should expect a very plaintive one upon this subject.

Adieu, adieu!—Believe me ever, ever thine,

L. STERNE.

LETTER V.

TO MRS. F——.

Dear Madam, York, Tuesday, Nov. 19, 1759.

YOUR kind enquires after my health, deserve my best thanks.—What can give one more pleasure than the good wishes of those we value ?—I am sorry you give so bad an account of your own health, but hope you will find benefit from tar-water ;—it has been of infinite service to me.—I suppose, my good lady, by what you say in your letter, "that I am busy "writing an extraordinary book," that your intelligence comes from York, the fountain-head of all chit-chat news ; and, no matter.—Now for your desire of knowing the reason of my turning author. Why truly I am tired of employing my brains for other people's advantage.—'Tis a foolish sacrifice I have made for some years to an ungrateful person.—I depend much upon the candour of the publick ; but I shall not pick out a jury to try the merit of my book amongst ******** ; and, till you read my Tristram, do not, like some people, condemn it. —Laugh, I am sure you will, at some passages.—I have hired a small house in the Minister Yard for my wife and daughter ;—the latter is to begin dancing, &c. if I cannot leave her a fortune, I will, at least, give her an education.—As I shall publish my works very soon, I shall be in town by March, and shall have the pleasure of meeting with you.—All your friends are well, and ever hold you in the same estimation that your sincere friend does.

Adieu, dear lady. Believe me, with every wish for your happiness, your most faithful, &c.

L. STERNE.

LETTER VI.

TO DR. *****.

Dear Sir, Jan. 30, 1760.

—*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, is a maxim which you have so often of late urged in conversation, and in your letters (but in your last especially) with such seriousness and severity against me, as the supposed transgressor of the rule,—that you have made me at length as serious and severe as yourself:—but that the humours you have stirred up might not work too potently within me, I have waited four days to cool myself, before I would set pen to paper to answer you, "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" I declare I have considered the wisdom and foundation of it over and over again, as dispassionately and charitably as a good christian can; and, after all, I can find nothing in it, nor make more of it, than a nonsensical *lullaby* of some nurse, put into Latin by some pedant, to be chanted by some hypocrite to the end of the world, for the consolation of departing lechers.—'Tis I own, Latin; and I think that is all the weight it has,—for, in plain English, 'tis a loose and futile position below a dispute:—"You "are not to speak any thing of the dead but what is "good." Why so?—Who says so?—neither reason nor scripture.—Inspired authors have done

otherwise ;—and reason and common sense tell me, that if the characters of past ages and men are to be drawn at all, they are to be drawn like themselves ; that is, with their excellencies, and with their foibles ;—and it is as much a piece of justice to the world, and to virtue too, to do the one, as the other.—The ruling passion ; *et les egaremens du cœur*, are the very things which mark and distinguish a man's character ;—in which I would as soon leave out a man's head as his hobby-horse.—However, if, like the poor devil of a painter, we must conform to this pious canon, *de mortuis, &c.* which I own has a spice of piety in the sound of it, and be obliged to paint both our angels and our devils out of the same pot,—I then infer that our Sydenhams and Sangrados, our Lucretias and Messalinas, our Sommers and our Bolingbrokes,—are alike entitled to statues ; and all the historians or satirists who have said otherwise since they departed this life, from Sallust to S——e, are guilty of the crimes you charge me with,—" cowardice and in-" justice."

But why cowardice ? " because 'tis not courage " to attack a dead man who can't defend himself." —But why do you, doctors of the faculty, attack such a one with your incision-knife ? Oh ! for the good of the living.—'Tis my plea.—But I have something more to say in my behalf,—and it is this: —I am not guilty of the charge,—though defensible. I have not cut up Doctor Kunastrokius at all: —I have just scratched him,—and that scarce skin-deep.—I do him first all honour ;—speak of Kunastrokius as a *great man*,—(be he whom he will) and *then most distantly hint* at a droll foible in his char-

acter,—and that not first reported (to the few who can even understand the hint) by me,—but known before by every chamber-maid and footman within the bills of mortality.—But Kunastrokius, you say, was a great man;—'tis that very circumstance which makes the pleasantry,—for I could name at this instant a score of honest gentlemen who might have done the very thing which Kunastrokius did, and seen no joke in it at all.—As to the failing of Kunastrokius, which you say can only be imputed to his friends as a misfortune,—I see nothing like a misfortune in it to any friend or relation of Kunastrokius,—that Kunastrokius upon occasions should sit with *** **** and *******.—I have put these stars not to hurt your worship's delicacy.—If Kunastrokius, after all, is too sacred a character to be even smiled at (which is all I have done) he has had better luck than his betters. In the same page (without imputation of cowardice) I have said as much of a man of twice his wisdom;—and that is Solomon, of whom I have made the same remark, —'That they were both great men;—and, like all 'mortal men, had each their ruling passion.'

—The consolation you give me, 'That my book, 'however, will be read enough to answer my design 'of raising a tax upon the publick,'—is very unconsolatory,—to say nothing how very mortifying! By h—n! an author is worse treated than a common ***** at this rate:—'You will get a penny by your 'sins; and that's enough.'—Upon this chapter let me comment.—That I proposed laying the world under contribution when I set pen to paper,—is what I own; and I suppose I may be allowed to *have that view* in my head in common with every

other writer, to make my labour of advantage to myself.

Do you not do the same? but I beg I may add, that whatever views I had of that kind, I had other views;—the first of which was, the hopes of doing the world good, by ridiculing what I thought deserving of it,—or of disservice to sound learning, &c.—How I have succeeded, my book must shew,—and this I leave entirely to the world;—but not to that little world of your acquaintance, whose opinion and sentiments you call the general opinion of the best judges without exception, who all affirm (you say) that my book cannot be put into the hands of any woman of character. (I hope you except widows, doctor,—for they are not all so squeamish; but I am told they are really of my party, in return for some good offices done their interests in the 250th page of my first volume). But for the chaste married, and chaste unmarried part of the sex,—they must not read my book! Heaven forbid the stock of chastity should be lessened by the life and opinions of Tristram Shandy!—yes, his opinions,—it would certainly debauch 'em! God take them under his protection in this fiery trial, and send us plenty of duennas to watch the workings of their humours, till they have safely got through the whole work.—If this will not be sufficient, may we have plenty of Sangrados to pour in plenty of cold water, till this terrible fermentation is over:—as for the *nummum in loculo*, which you mention to me a second time, I fear you think me very poor, or in debt.—I thank God, though I don't abound,—that I have enough for a clean shirt every day,—and a mutton-chop;—and my *contentment* with this, has thus far (and I

hope ever will) put me above stooping an inch for it, even for ——'s estate.—Curse on it, I like it not to that degree, nor envy (you may be sure) any man who kneels in the dirt for it;—so that, howsoever I may fall short of the ends proposed in commencing author,—I enter this protest; first, That my end was honest; and secondly, That I wrote not to be fed, but to be famous. I am much obliged to Mr. Garrick for his very favourable opinion:—but why, dear sir, had he done better in finding fault with it than in commending it? to humble me?—An author is not so soon humbled as you imagine;—no, but to make the book better by castrations,—that is still *sub judice;* and I can assure you upon this chapter, that the very passages and descriptions you propose that I should sacrifice in my second edition, are what are best relished by men of wit, and some others whom I esteem as sound criticks;—so that, upon the whole, I am still kept up, if not above fear, at least above despair; and have seen enough to shew me the folly of an attempt of castrating my book to the prudish humours of particulars. I believe the short cut would be,—to publish this letter at the beginning of the third volume, as an apology for the first and second. I was sorry to find a censure upon the insincerity of some of my friends.—I have no reason myself to reproach any one man:—my friends have continued in the same opinions of my books which they first gave me of them:—many indeed have thought better of 'em, by considering them more; few worse.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

L. STERNE.

LETTER VII.

TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

[About April, 1760.]
Dear Sir, Thursday, 11 o'clock—night.

'TWAS for all the world like a cut across my finger with a sharp pen-knife. I saw the blood,—gave it a suck, wrapt it up,—and thought no more about it.

But there is more goes to the healing of a wound than this comes to:—a wound (unless it is a wound not worth talking of; but by the bye, mine is) must give you some pain after. Nature will take her own way with it:—it must ferment,—it must digest.

The story you told me of Tristram's pretended tutor, this morning,——my letter by right should have set out with this sentence, and then the simile would not have kept you a moment in suspense.

This vile story, I say,—though I then saw both how and where it wounded,—I felt little from it at first,—or, to speak more honestly (though it ruins my simile) I felt a great deal of pain from it; but affected on air usual on such accidents, of less feeling than I had.

I have now got home to my lodgings since the play (you astonished me in it) and have been unwrapping this self-same wound of mine, and shaking my head over it this half hour.

What the devil!—is there no one learned blockhead throughout the many schools of misapplied *science in the christian* world, to make a tutor of *for my Tristram?—Ex quovis ligno non fit?*—Are

we so run out of stock, that there is no one lumber-headed, muddle-headed, mortar-headed, pudding-headed *chap* amongst our doctors?—Is there no one single wight of much reading and no learning, amongst the many children in my *mother*'s nursery, who bids high for this charge,——but I must disable my judgment by choosing a Warburton? Vengeance!—have I so little concern for the honour of my hero!—am I a wretch so void of sense, so bereft of feeling, for the figure he is to make in story, that I should choose a preceptor to rob him of all the immortality I intended him? O! dear Mr. Garrick.

Malice is ingenious,—unless where the excess of it outwits itself.—I have two comforts in this stroke of it; the first is, That this one is partly of this kind; and secondly, That it is one of the number of those which so unfairly brought poor Yorick to his grave.—The report might draw blood of the author of Tristram Shandy,—but could not harm such a man as the author of the Divine Legation, God bless him! though (by the bye, and according to the natural course of descents) the blessing should come from him to me.

Pray have you no interest, lateral or collateral, to get me introduced to his Lordship?

Why do ye ask?

My dear sir, I have no claim to such an honour, but what arises from the honour and respect which, in the progress of my work, will be shewn the world I owe to so great a man.

Whilst I am talking of owing.—I wish, my dear sir, that any body would tell you how much I am *indebted to you*. I am determined never to do it

myself, or say more upon the subject than his that I am yours, L. STERNE.

LETTER VIII.

TO S—— C——, ESQ.

Dear Sir, May, 1760.

I RETURN you ten thousand thanks for the favour of your letter, —and the account you give me of my wife and girl.—I saw Mr. Ch——y to-night at Ranelagh, who tells me you have inoculated my friend Bobby. I heartily wish him well through, and hope in God all goes right.

On Monday we set out with a* grand retinue of Lord Rockingham's (in whose suit I move) for Windsor :—they have contracted for fourteen hundred pounds for the dinner, to some general undertaker, of which the K. has bargained to pay one third. Lord George Sackville was last Saturday at the opera :—some say with great effrontery ;—others with great dejection.

I have little news to add.—There is a shilling pamphlet † wrote against Tristram.—I wish they would write a hundred such.

Mrs. Sterne says her purse is light. Will you, dear sir, be so good as to pay her ten guineas, and I will reckon with you when I have the pleasure of meeting you.—My best compliments to Mrs. C. and all friends.—Believe me, dear sir, your obliged and faithful L. STERNE.

* Prince Ferdinand, the Marquis of Rockingham, and Earl Temple, were installed knights of the Garter, on Tuesday, May 6th, 1760, at Windsor.

† "The Clockmaker's *Outcry* against the Author of Tristram Shandy." 8vo.

LETTER IX.

TO THE SAME,

Dear Sir, May, 1760.

I THIS moment received the favour of your kind letter.—The letter in the Ladies Magazine*, about me, was wrote by the noted Dr. Hill, who wrote the Inspector, and undertakes that magazine. —The people of York are very uncharitable, to suppose any man so gross a beast as to pen such a character of himself.—In this great town no soul ever suspected it, for a thousand reasons.—Could they suppose I should be such a fool as to fall foul upon Dr. Warburton, my best friend, by representing him so weak a man,—or by telling such a lie of him, as his giving me a purse, to buy off his tutorship for Tristram !—or I should be fool enough to own I had taken his purse for that purpose !

You must know there is a quarrel between Dr. Hill and Dr. M——y, who was the physician meant at Mr. Charles Stanhope's; and Dr. Hill has changed the place, on purpose to give M——y a lick.— Now that conversation (though perhaps true) yet happened at another place,† and with another phy-

* The Royal Female Magazine, for April, 1760.

† As the truth of this anecdote is not denied, it may gratify curiosity to communicate it in Dr. Hill's own words :—" At the last " dinner that the late lost amiable Charles Stanhope gave to ge- " nius, Yorick was present. The good old man was vex'd to see " a pedantick medicine-monger take the lead, and prevent that " pleasantry which good wit and good wine might have occasioned, " by a discourse in the unintelligible language of his profession, " *concerning the* difference between the *phrenitis* and the *para-* " *phrenitis*, and the concomitant categories of the mediastinum " and *pleura*.

sician; which I have contradicted in this city, for the honour of my friend M——y:—all which shews the absurdity of York credulity and nonsense. Besides, the account is full of falsehoods;—first, with regard to the place of my birth, which was at Clonmel, in Ireland:—the story of a hundred pounds to Mrs. W——,* not true, or of a pension promised; the merit of which I disclaimed; and indeed there are so many other things so untrue, and unlikely to

"Good-humoured Yorick saw the sense of the master of the "feast, and fell into the cant and jargon of physick, as if he had "been one of Radcliffe's travellers. 'The vulgar practice,' says "he, savours too much of mechanical principles; the venerable "ancients were all empyricks; and the profession will never regain "its ancient credit till practice falls into the old track again. I "am myself an instance:—I caught cold by leaning on a damp "cushion; and, after sneezing and snivelling a fortnight, it fell up-"on my breast: they blooded me, blistered me, and gave me robs "and bobs, and lohocks and eclegmata; but I grew worse; for I "was treated according to the exact rules of the college. In short, "from an inflammation it came to an adhesion; and all was over "with me. They advised me to Bristol, that I might not do them "the scandal of dying under their hands; and the Bristol people, "for the same reason, consigned me over to Lisbon. But what "do I? Why I considered an adhesion is, in plain English, only "a sticking of two things together, and that force enough would "pull them asunder. I bought a good ash-pole, and began leaping "over all the walls and ditches in the country. From the height "of the pole, I used to come souse down upon my feet, like an "ass when he tramples upon a bull-dog: but it did not do. At "last,—when I had raised myself perpendicularly over a wall, I "used to fall exactly across the ridge of it, upon the side opposite "to the adhesion. This tore it off at once; and I am as you see. "Come, fill a glass to the memory of the empyrick medicine.' If "he had been asked elsewhere about this disorder (for he really "had a consumptive disorder,) he would have answered, that he was "cured by Huxham's decoction of the bark, and elixir of vitriol."

* *The widow of Mr. Sterne's* predecessor, in the living of Coxwould.

come from me, that the worst enemy I have here never had a suspicion; and, to end all, Dr. Hill owns the paper.

I shall be down before May is out.—I preach before the Judges on Sunday:—my sermons come out on Thursday after; and I purpose, the Monday, at farthest, after that, to set out for York.—I have bought a pair of horses for that purpose.—My best respects to your lady.—

I am, dear sir,
Your most obliged and faithful
L. STERNE.

P. S. I beg pardon for this hasty scrawl, having just come from a concert where the Duke of York performed.—I have received great notice from him; and last week had the honour of supping with him.

LETTER X.

TO DR. WARBURTON,

BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER.

My Lord, York, June 9, 1760.

NOT knowing where to send two sets of my Sermons, I could think of no better expedient than to order them into Mr. Berrenger's hands; who has promised me that he will wait upon your Lordship with them, the first moment he hears you are in town. The truest and humblest thanks I return to your Lordship, for the generosity of your protection and advice to me. By making a good use of the one, I will hope to deserve the other.—I wish

your Lordship all the health and happiness of this world, for I am

Your Lordship's
Most obliged and
Most grateful servant,
L. STERNE.

P. S. I am just sitting down to go on with Tristram, &c.—the scribblers use me ill; but they have used my betters much worse; for which, may God forgive them!

LETTER XI.

TO THE REV. MR. STERNE.

Reverend Sir, Prior Park, June 15, 1760.

I HAVE your favour of the 9th instant, and am glad to understand, you are got safe home, and employed again in your proper studies and amusements. You have it in your power to make that which is an amusement to yourself and others, useful to both: at least, you should, above all things, beware of its becoming hurtful to either, by any violations of decency and good manners; but I have already taken such repeated liberties of advising you on that head, that to say more would be needless, or perhaps unacceptable.

Whoever is, in any way, well received by the publick, is sure to be annoyed by that pest of the publick, *profligate scribblers*. This is the common lot of successful adventurers; but such have often a worse evil to struggle with, I mean the over officiousness of their indiscreet friends. There are

two Odes*, as they are called, printed by Dodsley. Whoever was the author, he appears to be a monster of impiety and lewdness,—yet, such is the malignity of the scribblers, some have given them to your friend Hall; and others, which is still more impossible, to yourself; though the first Ode has the insolence to place you both in a mean and a ridiculous light. But this might arise from a tale equally groundless and malignant,—that you had shewn them to your acquaintances in manuscript, before they were given to the publick. Nor was their being printed by Dodsley the likeliest means of discrediting the calumny.

About this time, another, under the mask of friendship, pretended to draw your character, which was since published in a Female Magazine (for dullness, who often has as great a hand as the devil in deforming God's works of the creation, has made them, it seems, male and female) and from thence it was transferred into a Chronicle†. Pray have you read it? or do you know its author?

But of all these things, I dare say Mr. Garrick, whose prudence is equal to his honesty or his talents, has remonstrated to you with the freedom of a friend. He knows the inconstancy of what is called the publick, towards all, even the best intentioned of those who contribute to its pleasure or amusement. He (as every man of honour and discretion would) has availed himself of the publick favour, to regulate the taste, and, in his proper station, to reform the

* Intitled "Two Lyric Epistles: one to my Cousin Shandy, on "his coming to Town; and the other to the Grown Gentlemen, the Misses of * * * *" 4to.

† *The London* Chronicle, May, 1760.

manners of the fashionable world; while, by a well-judged economy, he has provided against the temptations of a mean and servile dependency on the follies and vices of the great.

In a word, be assured, there is no one more sincerely wishes your welfare and happiness than,

Reverend Sir,

W. G.

LETTER XII.

TO MY WITTY WIDOW, MRS. F——.

Madam, Coxwould, Aug. 3, 1760.

When a man's brains are as dry as a squeez'd orange,—and he feels he has no more conceit in him than a mallet, 'tis in vain to think of sitting down, and writing a letter to a lady of your wit, unless in the honest John-Trott Style of, "Yours of the 15th instant came safe to hand," &c. which, by the bye, looks like a letter of business; and you know very well, from the first letter I had the honour to write to you, I am a man of no business at all. This vile plight I found my genius in, was the reason I have told Mr. —— I would not write to you till the next post—hoping by that time to get some small recruit, at least of vivacity, if not wit, to set out with;—but, upon second thoughts, thinking a bad letter in season—to be better than a good one out of it,—this scrawl is the consequence, which, if you will burn the moment you get it,—I promise to send you a fine set essay, in the style of your *female epistolizers*,—cut and trim'd at all points.—

God defend me from such, who never yet knew what it was to say or write one premeditated word in my whole life!—for this reason, I send you this with pleasure, because wrote with the careless irregularity of an easy heart.——Who told you Garrick wrote the medley for Beard?—'Twas wrote in his house, however, and before I left town.——I deny it,—I was not lost two days before I left town.—I was lost all the time I was there, and never found till I got to this Shandy-castle of mine.—Next winter I intend to sojourn amongst you with more decorum; and will neither be lost nor found anywhere.

Now, I wish to God I was at your elbow:—I have just finished one volume of Shandy; and I want to read it to some one whom I know can taste and relish humour;—this by the way, is a little impudent in me,—for I take the thing for granted, which their high mightnesses the world have yet to determine,—but I mean no such thing,—I could wish only to have your opinion:—shall I, in truth, give you mine?—I dare not;—but I will, provided you keep it to yourself.—Know then, that I think there is more laughable humour,—with an equal degree of Cervantick satire,—if not more than in the last;—but we are bad judges of the merits of our children.

I return you a thousand thanks for your friendly congratulations upon my habitation,—and I will take care you shall never wish me but well, for I am, Madam,

With great esteem and truth,
Your most obliged,
L. Sterne.

P. S. I have wrote this so vilely and so precipi-

tately, I fear you must carry it to a decypherer.——I beg you'll do me the honour to write,—otherwise you draw me in, instead of Mr. —— drawing you into a scrape;—for I should sorrow to have a taste of so agreeable a correspondent,—and no more.

Adieu.

LETTER XIII.

TO S—— C——, ESQ.

My dear Friend, London, Christmas Day, 1760.

I HAVE been in such a continual hurry since the moment I arrived here,—what with my books, and what with visitors and visitings, that it was not in my power sooner to sit down and acknowledge the favour of your obliging letter; and to thank you for the most friendly motives which led you to write it.—I am not much in pain upon what gives my kind friends at Stillington so much on the chapter of Noses; because, as the principal satire throughout that part is levelled at those learned blockheads who, in all ages, have wasted their time and much learning upon points as foolish,—it shifts off the idea of what you fear, to another point;—and 'tis thought here very good;—'twill pass muster,—I mean not with all:—no; I shall be attacked and pelted, either from cellars or garrets, write what I will; and besides, must expect to have a party against me of many hundreds,—who either do not or will not laugh.—'Tis enough if I divide the world;—at least, I will rest contented with it.—*I wish you was here* to see what changes of looks

and political reasoning have taken place in every company and coffee-house since last year. We shall be soon Prussians and Anti-Prussians, B——s and Anti-B——s; and those distinctions will just do as well as whig and tory,—and, for aught I know, serve the same ends.——The king seems resolved to bring all things back to their original principles, and to stop the torrent of corruption and laziness. He rises every morning at six, to do business,—rides out at eight to a minute,—returns at nine, to give himself up to his people.—By persisting, 'tis thought he will oblige his ministers and dependents to dispatch affairs with him many hours sooner than of late;—and 'tis much to be questioned whether they will not be enabled to wait upon him sooner, by being freed from long levees of their own, and applications; which will in all likelihood be transferred from them directly to himself,—the present system being to remove that phalanx of great people which stood betwixt the throne and the subjects, and suffer them to have immediate access without the intervention of a cabal—(this is the language of others):—however, the king gives every thing himself, knows every thing, and weighs every thing maturely, and then is inflexible.—This puts old stagers off their game.—How it will end, we are all in the dark.

'Tis feared the war is quite over in Germany. Never was known such havock amongst troops. —I was told yesterday by a colonel from Germany, that out of two battalions of nine hundred men, to which he belonged, but seventy-one are left!—Prince Ferdinand has sent word, 'tis said, that he *must have forty* thousand men directly to take the

field,—and with provisions for them too, for he can but subsist them for a fortnight.—I hope this will find you all got to York.—I beg my compliments to the amiable Mrs. Croft, &c. &c.

Though I purposed going first to Golden Square, yet Fate has thus long disposed of me;—so I have never been able to set a foot towards that quarter.

I am, dear sir, Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XIV.

TO THE SAME.

My dear Sir, [About Jan. 1761.]

I HAVE just time to acknowledge the favour of yours; but not to get the two prints you mention, which shall be sent you by next post. I have bought them, and lent them to Miss Gilbert, but will assuredly send for them, and inclose them to you. I will take care to get your pictures well copied, and at a moderate price: and, if I can be of further use, I beseech you to employ me; and, from time to time, will send you an account of whatever may be worth transmitting.—The stream now sets in strong against the German war. Loud complaints of ——— ——— ——— making a trade of the war, &c.—much expected from Ld. Granby's evidence to these matters, who is expected every hour. The king wins every day upon the people, shews himself much at the play (but at no opera); rides out with his brothers every morning, half an hour after seven till nine; returns with them; spends an hour with them at breakfast and chat, and then

sits down to business. I never dined at home once since I arrived: am fourteen dinners deep engaged just now; and fear matters will be worse with me in that point than better. As to the main points in view, at which you hint, all I can say is, that I see my way, and, unless Old Nick throws the dice, shall, in due time, come off winner.—Tristram will be out the 20th.—There is a great rout made about him before he enters the stage:—whether this will be of use or no, I can't say.—Some wits of the first magnitude here, both as to wit and station, engage me success:—time will shew.

Adieu.

LETTER XV.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Sir, March, 1761.

Since I had the favour of your obliging letter, nothing has happened, or been said one day, which has not been contradicted the next: so having little certain to write, I have forbore writing at all, in hopes every day of something worth filling up a letter. We had the greatest expectations yesterday that ever were raised, of a pitched battle in the House of Commons; wherein Mr. Pitt was to have entered and thrown down the gauntlet, in defence of the German war.—There never was so full a house:—the gallery full to the top:—I was there all the day,—when lo! a political fit of the gout seized the great combatant:—He entered not the lists.—*Beckford* got up, and begged the House, as

he saw not his right honourable friend there, to put off the debate.—it could not be done: so Beckford rose up, and made a most long, passionate, incoherent speech, in defence of the Germanick war; —but very severe upon the unfrugal manner it was carried on;—in which he addressed himself principally to the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and laid on him terribly.—It seems the chancery of Hanover had laid out 350,000 pounds on account, and brought in our treasury debtor;—and the grand debate was, for an honest examination of the particulars of this extravagant account; and for vouchers to authenticate it.—Legge answered Beckford very rationally and coolly.—Lord N. spoke long.—Sir F. Dashwood maintained, the German war was most pernicious.—Mr. C——, of Surry, spoke well against the account, with some others. ——L. Barrington at last got up, and spoke half an hour with great plainness and temper,—explained a great many hidden springs relating to these accounts, in favour of the late king, and told two or three conversations which had passed between the king and himself, relative to these expenses;—which cast great honour upon the king's character. This was with regard to the money the king had secretly furnished out of his pocket, to lessen the account of the Hanover-score brought us to discharge.

Beckford and Barrington abused all who sought for peace, and joined in the cry for it; and Beckford added, that the reasons of wishing a peace now, were the same as the peace of Utrecht; that the people behind the curtain could not both maintain the war and their places too; so were for

making another sacrifice of the nation to their own interests. After all, the cry for a peace is so general, that it will certainly end in one.——Now for myself.

One half of the town abuse my book as bitterly as the other half cry it up to the skies; the best is, they abuse it and buy it, and at such a rate, that we are going on with a second edition as fast as possible.

I am going down, for a day or two, with Mr. Spencer, to Wimbleton. On Wednesday there is to be a grand assembly at Lady N——. I have enquired everywhere about Stephen's affair; and can hear nothing. My friend, Mr. Charles Townsend, will be now Secretary of War;* he bid me wish him joy of it, though not in possession. I will ask him; and depend, my most worthy friend, that you shall not be ignorant of what I learn from him. Believe me ever, ever,

Yours,

L. S.

LETTER XVI.

TO THE SAME.

My dear Sir, April, 1761.

A STRAIN which I got in my wrist by a terrible fall, prevented my acknowledging the favour of your obliging letter. I went yesterday morning to breakfast with Mr. V——, who is a kind of right *hand* man to the Secretary, on purpose to enquire

*He was appointed Secretary at War the 24th of March, 1761.

about the propriety, or feasibility, of doing what you wish me;—and he has told me an anecdote which, had you been here, would, I think, have made it wiser to have deferred speaking about the affair a month hence than now. It is this:—You must know that the numbers of officers who have left their regiments in Germany for the pleasures of the town, have been long a topick of merriment; as you see them in St. James's coffee-house and the Park, every hour, enquiring, open mouth, how things go on in Germany, and what news,—when they should have been there to have furnished news themselves;—but the worst part has been, that many of them have left their brother officers on their duty, and in all the fatigues of it, and have come with no end but to make friends, to be put unfairly over the *heads of those* who were left risking *their lives*.—In this attempt, there have been some but too successful, which has justly raised ill-blood and complaints from the officers who staid behind; the upshot has been, that they have every soul been ordered off: and wo be to him ('tis said) who shall be found listening! Now, just to mention our friend's case whilst this cry is on foot, I think, would be doing more hurt than good: but, if you think otherwise, I will go with all my heart, and mention it to Mr. Townsend; for, to do more, I am too inconsiderable a person to pretend to.—You made me and my friends here very merry with the accounts current at York, of my being forbid the court;—but they do not consider what a considerable person they make of me, when they suppose either my going, or my not going there, is a point that ever enters the *king's head*;—and, for those about him, I have the

honour either to stand so personally well known to them, or to be so well represented by those of the first rank, as to fear no accident of that kind.

I thank God (B——'s excepted) I have never yet made a friend or connexion I have forfeited, or done aught to forfeit;—but, on the contrary, my true character is better understood; and where I had one friend last year who did me honour, I have three now.—If my enemies knew that, by this rage of abuse and ill-will, they were effectually serving the interests both of myself and works, they would be more quiet;—but it has been the fate of my betters; who have found, that the way to fame is, like the way to heaven,—through much tribulation;—and, till I shall have the honour to be as much maltreated as Rabelais and Swift were, I must continue humble;—for I have not filled up the measure of half their *persecutions*.

The court is turning topsy-turvy. Lord Bute *le premier**;—Lord Talbot to be groom of the Chambers†, in the room of the D. of R——d;—Lord Hallifax to Ireland‡;—Sir F. Dashwood in Talbot's place;—Pitt seems unmoved;—a peace inevitable;—stocks rise;—the peers this moment kissing hands, &c. &c. (this week may be christened the kiss-hands week) for a hundred changes will happen in consequence of these. Pray present my

* Lord Bute was appointed Secretary of State on the 25th of March, 1761.

† Lord Talbot was appointed Steward of the household on the same day.

‡ Lord Hallifax was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland on the 20th of March, 1761.

compliments to Mrs. C. and all friends, and believe me, with the greatest fidelity,

Your ever obliged

L. STERNE.

P. S. Is it not strange that Lord Talbot should have power to remove the Duke of R——d?

Pray, when you have read this, send the news to Mrs. Sterne.

LETTER XVII.

TO J—— H—— S——, ESQ.

Dear H——, Coxwould, July 28, 1761.

I SYMPATHIZED for, or with you, on the detail you give me of your late agitations,—and would willingly have taken my horse, and trotted to the oracle to have inquired into the etymology of all your sufferings, had I not been assured, that all that evacuation of bilious matter, with all that abdominal motion attending it (both which are equal to a month's purgation and exercise) will have left you better than it found you.—Need one go to D——, to be told that all kind of mild (mark, I am going to talk more foolishly than your apothecary) opening, saponacious, dirty-shirt, sud-washing liquors are proper for you; and, consequently, all styptical potations death and destruction.—If you had not shut up your gall-ducts by these, the glauber-salts could not have hurt:—as it was, 'twas like a match to the gunpowder, by raising a fresh combustion, as all physick does at first; so that you have been let off, —*nitre, brimstone, and* charcoal (which is black-

ness itself) all at one blast.—'Twas well the piece did not burst; for I think it underwent great violence, and, as it is proof, will, I hope, do much service in this militating world.—Panty† is mistaken; I quarrel with no one.—There was that coxcomb of —— in the house, who lost temper with me for no other reason upon earth but that I could not fall down and worship a brazen image of learning and éloquence which he set up, to the persecution of all true believers.—I sat down upon *his altar*, and whistled in the time of his divine service,—and broke down his carved work, and kicked his incense-pot to the D——; so he retreated, *sed non sine felle in corde suo*.—I have wrote a *clerum*, whether I shall take my doctor's degrees or not.—I am much in doubt, but I trow not.—I go on with Tristram.—I have bought seven hundred books at a purchase, dog cheap,—and many good;—and I have been a week getting them set up in my best room here:—Why do not you transport yours to town? but I talk like a fool.—This will just catch you at your spaw. I wish you *incolumem apuá Londinum*.—Do you go there for good and all,—or ill?—I am, dear cousin,

Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XVIII

TO THE SAME.

Dear H——, Coxwould, [about August] 1761.

I REJOICE you are in London;—rest you there in *peace*:—*here* 'tis the devil.—You was a good pro-

† *The Rev. Mr.* R.—— L——

phet.—I wish myself back again, as you told me I should ;—but not because a thin, death-doing, pestiferous, north-east wind blows in a line directly from Crazy Castle turret full upon me, in this cuckoldy retreat (for I value the north-east wind and all its powers not a straw)—but the transition from rapid motion to absolute rest was too violent.—I should have walked about the streets of York ten days, as a proper medium to have passed through, before I entered upon my rest.—I staid but a moment, and I have been here but a few, to satisfy me I have not managed my miseries like a wise man ;—and if God, for my consolation under them, had not poured forth the spirit of Shandeism into me, which will not suffer me to think two moments upon any grave subject, I would else just now lie down and die,—die ;—and yet, in half an hour's time, I'll lay a guinea, I shall be as merry as a monkey,—and as mischievous too, and forget it all ;—so that this is but a copy of the present train running cross my brain.—And so you think this cursed stupid,—but that, my dear H——, depends much upon the *quotâ horâ* of your shabby clock ; if the pointer of it is in any quarter between ten in the morning or four in the afternoon,—I give it up ;—or, if the day is obscured by dark engendering clouds of either wet or dry weather, I am still lost.—But who knows but it may be five,—and the day as fine as ever shown upon the earth since the destruction of Sodom ;—and, peradventure, your honour may have got a good hearty dinner to-day, and eat and drank your intellectuals into a placidulish and a blandulish amalgama,—to bear nonsense :—so much for that.

'Tis *as cold and churlish* just now, as (if God had *not pleased it to be so)* it ought to have been in bleak

December; and therefore I am glad you are where you are, and where (I repeat it again) I wish I was also.—Curse of poverty, and absence from those we love!—they are two great evils which embitter all things;—and yet, with the first, I am not haunted much.—As to matrimony, I should be a beast to rail at it, for my wife is easy,—but the world is not;—and, had I staid from her a second longer, it would have been a burning shame,—else she declares herself happier without me;—but not in anger is this declaration made,—but in pure sober good sense, built on sound experience.—She hopes you will be able to strike a bargain for me before this time twelvemonth, to lead a bear round Europe: and, from this hope from you, I verily believe it is, that you are so high in her favour at present.—She swears you are a fellow of wit, though humorous: a funny, jolly soul, though somewhat splenetick; and (bating the love of women) as honest as *gold*:—how do you like the simile?—Oh, Lord! now you are going to Ranelagh to-night, and I am sitting, sorrowful as the prophet was, when the voice cried out to him, and said, "What dost thou here, Elijah?"—'Tis well the spirit does not make the same at Coxwould;—for, unless for the few sheep left me to take care of in this wilderness, I might as well, nay better, be at Mecca.—When we find we can, by a shifting of places, run away from ourselves, what think you of a jaunt there, before we finally pay a visit to the *Vale of Jehosaphat?*—As ill a fame as we have, I trust I shall one day or other see you face to face.—So tell the two Colonels, if they love good company, to live righteously and soberly, as *you do, and then* they will have no doubts or dangers

within or without them.—Present my best and warmest wishes to them, and advise the eldest to prop up his spirits, and get a rich dowager before the conclusion of the peace :—why will not the advice suit both, *par nobile fratrum ?*

To-morrow morning (if heaven permit) I begin the fifth volume* of Shandy :—I care not a curse for the criticks.—I'll load my vehicle with what goods *he* sends me, and they may take 'em off my hands, or let them alone. I am very valorous ;—and 'tis in proportion as we retire from the world, and see it in its true dimensions, that we despise it.—No bad rant !—God above bless you ! You know I am

Your affectionate cousin,

LAURENCE SSERNE.

What few remain of the Demoniacks, greet ;—and write me a letter, if you are able, as foolish as this.

LETTER XIX.

TO LADY ——.

Coxwould, Sept 21, 1761.

I RETURN to my new habitation, fully determined to write as hard as can be, and thank you most cordially, my dear lady, for your letter of congratulation upon my lord Fauconberg's having presented me with the curacy of this place,—though your congratulation comes somewhat of the latest, as I have been possessed of it some time.—I hope I have been of some service to his lordship ; and he has sufficient-

* *Alluding to the first edition.*

ly requited me.—'Tis seventy guineas a year in my pocket, though worth a hundred ;—but it obliges me to have a curate to officiate at Sutton and Stillington.—'Tis within a mile of his lordship's seat and park. 'Tis a very agreeable ride out in the chaise I purchased for my wife.—Lyd has a poney, which she delights in.—Whilst they take these diversions, I am scribbling away at my Tristram. These two volumes are, I think, the best.—I shall write as long as I live ; 'tis, in fact, my hobby-horse : and so much am I delighted with my uncle Toby's imaginary character, that I am become an enthusiast.—My Lydia helps to copy for me ;—and my wife knits, and listens as I read her chapters.—The coronation of his Majesty (whom God preserve !) has cost me the value of an ox, which is to be roasted whole in the middle of the town ; and my parishioners will, I suppose be very merry upon the occasion.—You will then be in town,—and feast your eyes with a sight which, 'tis to be hoped, will not be in either of our powers to see again ;—for, in point of age, we have about twenty years the start of his Majesty.—And now, my dear friend, I must finish this,—and, with every wish for your happiness, conclude myself your most sincere well-wisher and friend,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XX.

TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

My dear Friend, Paris, Jan. 31, 1762.

THINK not, because I have been a fortnight in *this metropolis* without writing to you, that there-

fore I have not had you and Mrs. Garrick a hundred times in my head and heart.—Heart! yes, yes, say you;—but I must not waste paper in *badinage* this post, whatever I do the next. Well! here I am, my friend, as much improved in my health, for the time, as ever your friendship could wish, or, at least, your faith give credit to.—By the bye, I am somewhat worse in my intellectuals; for my head is turned round with what I see, and the unexpected honours I have met with here. Tristram was almost as much known here as in London, at least among your men of condition and learning; and has got me introduced into so many circles ('tis *comme à Londres.)* I have just now a fortnight's dinners and suppers upon my hands.—My application to the Count de Choiseul goes on swimmingly; for not only Mr. Pelletiere (who, by the bye, sends ten thousand civilities to you and Mrs. Garrick) has undertaken my affair, but the Count de Limbourgh.—The Baron d'Holbach has offered any security for the inoffensiveness of my behaviour in France:—'tis more, you rogue, than you will do!—This Baron is one of the most learned noblemen here, the great protector of wits, and the *Sçavans*, who are no wits,—keeps open house three days a week.—His house is now, as yours was to me, my own.—He lives at great expense.—'Twas an odd incident when I was introduced to the Count de Bissie, which I was at his desire.—I found him reading Tristram.—This grandee does me great honours, and gives me leave to go a private way through his apartments into the Palais Royal, to view the Duke of Orleans's collections, everyday I have time.—I have *been at the doctors of* Sorbonne.—I hope in a fort-

night to break through, or rather from, the delights of this place, which, in the *Sçavoir Vivre*, exceeds all the places. I believe, in this section of the globe.

I am going, when this letter is wrote, with Mr. Fox and Mr. Maccartney to Versailles. The next morning I wait upon Mons. Titon, in company with Mr. Maccartney, who is known to him, to deliver your commands.—I have bought you the pamphlet upon theatrical, or rather tragical declamation. I have bought another in verse, worth reading; and you will receive them, with what I can pick up this week, by a servant of Mr. Hodges, whom he is sending back to England.

I was last night with Mr. Fox to see Mademoiselle Clairon, in *Iphigene*:—she is extremely great:—would to God you had one or two like her! What a luxury, to see you with one of such powers in the same interesting scene!—but 'tis too much.—Ah! Preville! thou art Mercury himself.—By virtue of taking a couple of boxes, we have bespoke, this week, *The Frenchman in London*, in which Preville is to send us home to supper *all happy*,—I mean about fifteen or sixteen English of distinction, who are now here, and live well with each other.

I am under great obligations to Mr. Pitt, who has behaved in every respect to me like a man of good breeding and good nature.—In a post or two I will write again.—Foley is an honest soul.—I could write six volumes of what has passed comically in this great scene, since these last fourteen days; but more of this hereafter.—We are all going into mourning; neither you nor Mrs. Garrick would *know me*, if you met me in my *remise*. Bless you *both!* Service to Mrs. Denis. Adieu, adieu! L. S.

LETTER XXI.

TO LADY D——.

London* Feb. 1 1762.

Your ladyship's kind enquiries after my health are indeed kind, and of a piece with the rest of your character. Indeed I am very ill, having broke a vessel in my lungs.—Hard writing in the summer, together with preaching, which I have not strength for, is ever fatal to me ;—but I cannot avoid the latter yet; and the former is too pleasurable to be given up.—I believe I shall try if the south of France will not be of service to me : his G. of Y. has most humanely given me the permission for a year or two. —I shall set off with great hopes of its efficacy, and shall write to my wife and daughter to come and join me at Paris, else my stay could not be so long. —" Le Fever's story has beguiled your ladyship of " your tears ;" and the thought of the accusing spirit flying up to heaven's chancery with the oath, you are kind enough to say is sublime. My friend, Mr. Garrick, thinks so too, and I am most vain of his approbation. Your ladyship's opinion adds not a little to my vanity.

I wish I had time to take a little excursion to Bath, were it only to thank you for all the obliging things you say in your letter ;—but 'tis impossible : —accept, at least, my warmest thanks.—If I could tempt my friend Mr. H—— to come to France, I should be truly happy.—If I can be of any service to you at Paris, command him who is, and ever will be, Your ladyship's faithful

L. Sterne.

* *This letter, though dated from London, was evidently written at Paris.*

LETTER XXII.

TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

Dear Garrick, Paris, March 19, 1762.

THIS will be put into your hands by Dr. Shippen, a physician, who has been here some time with Miss Poyntz, and is this moment setting off for your metropolis; so I snatch the opportunity of writing to you and my kind friend, Mrs. Garrick.—I see nothing like her here, and yet I have been introduced to one half of their best goddesses; and, in a month more, shall be admitted to the shrines of the other half;—but I neither worship nor fall (much) upon my knees before them; but, on the contrary, have converted many unto Shandeism;—for be it known, I Shandy it away fifty times more than I was ever wont, talk more nonsense than ever you heard me talk in your days, and to all sorts of people. *Qui le diable est cet homme-là*, said Choisseul, t'other day, *ce Chevalier Shandy*.—You'll think me as vain as a devil, was I to tell you the rest of the dialogue:—whether the bearer knows it or not, I know not.—'Twill serve up after supper, in Southampton-street, amongst other small dishes, after the fatigues of Richard the Third.—O God! they have nothing here which gives the nerves so smart a blow as those great characters in the hands of Garrick!—but I forgot I am writing to the man himself.—The devil take (as he will) these transports of enthusiasm! *Aprofos*:—The whole city of Paris is *bewitch'd* with the comick opera; and if it was not for *the affair* of the Jesuits, which takes up one half of *our talk*, the comick opera would have it all. It is a

tragical nuisance in all companies as it is; and, was it not for some sudden starts and dashes of Shandeism, which now and then either break the thread, or entangle it so, that the devil himself would be puzzled in winding it off,—I should die a martyr: —this, by the way, I never will.

I send you over some of these comick operas by the bearer, with the *Sallon*, a satire.—The French comedy, I seldom visit it; they act scarce any thing but tragedies;—and the Clairon is great, and Mademoiselle Dumesnil, in some places, still greater than her;—yet I cannot bear preaching: I fancy I got a surfeit of it in my younger days.—There is a tragedy to be damn'd to-night; peace be with it, and the gentle brain which made it! I have ten thousand things to tell you: I cannot write. I do a thousand things which cut no figure *but in the doing*;—and, as in London, I have the honour of having done and said a thousand things I never did or dreamt of,—and yet I dream abundantly.—If the devil stood behind me in the shape of a courier, I could not write faster than I do, having five letters more to dispatch by the same gentleman; he is going into another section of the globe; and, when he has seen you, he will depart in peace.

The Duke of Orleans has suffered my portrait to be added to the number of some odd men in his collection; and a gentleman, who lives with him, has taken it most expressively at full length. I purpose to obtain an etching of it, and to send it you. Your prayer for me, of *rosy health*, is heard. If I stay here for three or four months, I shall return more than *reinstated*.—*My* love to Mrs. Garrick.

I am, my dear Garrick, your most humble svt.

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXIII.

TO THE SAME.

My dear Garrick, Paris, April 10, 1762.

I SNATCH the occasion of Mr. Wilcox (the late Bishop of Rochester's son) leaving this place for England, to write to you; and I enclose it to Hall, who will put it into your hand, possibly behind the scenes. I hear no news of you, or your *empire*; I would have said *kingdom*, but here every thing is hyperbolized;—and if a woman is but simply pleased,—'tis *Je suis charmé*;—and if she is charmed, 'tis nothing less than that she is *ravi*-sh'd;—and when ravish'd (which may happen) there is nothing left for her but to fly to the other world for a metaphor, and swear, *Qu'elle étoit tout extasiée*;—which mode of speaking is, by the bye, here creeping into use; and there is scarce a woman who understands the *bon ton*, but is seven times in a day in downright ecstasy;—that is, the devil's in her,—by a small mistake of one word for the other.—Now, where am I got?

I have been these two days reading a tragedy, given me by a lady of talents to read; and conjecture if it would do for you:—'Tis from the plan of Diderot; and possibly half a translation of it:—The Natural Son, or the Triumph of Virtue, in five acts. —It has too much sentiment in it (at least for me) the speeches too long, and savour too much of *preaching*;—this may be a second reason it is not *to my* taste.—'Tis all love, love, love, throughout, *without* much separation in the character; so I fear

it would not do for your stage, and perhaps for the very reasons which recommend it to a French one. —After a vile suspension of three weeks, we are beginning with our comedies and operas again :—yours, I hear, never flourished more ;—here, the comick actors were never so low ;—the tragedians hold up their heads, in all senses. I have known *one little man* support the theatrical world, like a David Atlas, upon his shoulders ; but Preville can't do half as much here, though Mademoiselle Clairon stands by him, and sits her back to his :—she is very great, however, and highly improved since you saw her ;—she also supports her dignity at table, and has her publick day every Thursday, when she *gives to eat* (as they say here) to all that are hungry and dry.

You are much talked of here, and much expected, as soon as the peace will let you.—These two last days you have happened to engross the whole conversation at two great houses where I was at dinner.—'Tis the greatest problem in nature, in this meridian, that one and the same man should possess such tragick and comick powers, and in such an equilibrio, as to divide the world for which of the two nature intended him.

Crebillion has made a convention with me, which, if he is not too lazy, will be no bad *persistage* :—As soon as I get to Toulouse, he has agreed to write me an expostulatory letter upon the indecorums of T. Shandy ;—which is to be answered by recrimination upon the liberties in his own works :—these are to be printed together,—Crebellion against Sterne ;—Sterne against Crebellion :—the copy to be sold, and the *money* equally divided.—This is *good Swiss-policy.*

I am recovered greatly; and if I could spend one whole winter at Toulouse, I should be fortified, *in my inner man*, beyond all danger of relapsing.—A sad asthma my daughter has been martyr'd with these three winters (but mostly this last) makes it, I fear, necessary she should try the last remedy of a warmer and softer air; so I am going this week to Versailles, to wait upon count Choisseul to solicit passports for them.—If this system takes place, they join me here;—and, after a month's stay, we all decamp for the south of France:—if not, I shall see you in June next. Mr. Fox and Mr. Maccartney having left Paris, I live altogether in French families.—I laugh till I cry, and, in the same tender moments, *cry till I laugh*. I Shandy it more than ever; and verily do believe, that by mere Shandeism, sublimated by a laughter-loving people, I fence as much against infirmities as I do by the benefit of air and climate. Adieu, dear Garrick:—present ten thousand of my best respects and wishes to and for my friend Mrs. Garrick;—had she been last night upon the Thuilleries, she would have annihilated a thousand French goddesses *in one single turn*.

I am, most truly,
my dear friend,
L. STERNE.

LETTER XXIV.

TO MRS. STERNE, YORK.

My Dear, Paris, May 16, 1762.

It is a thousand to one that this reaches you *before you have* set out;—however, I take the chance

—You will receive one wrote last night, the moment you get to Mr. E. and to wish you joy of your arrival in town.—To that letter which you will find in town, I have nothing to add that I can think on, for I have almost drain'd my brains dry upon the subject. For God's sake, rise early and gallop away in the cool;—and always see that you have not forgot your baggage in changing post-chaises.—You will find good tea upon the road from York to Dover;—only bring a little to carry you from Calais to Paris.—Give the custom-house-officers what I told you;—at Calais give more, if you have much Scotch snuff;—but as tobacco is good here, you had best bring a Scotch-mill and make it yourself; that is, order your valet to manufacture it;—'twill keep him out of mischief.—I would advise you to take three days in coming up, for fear of heating yourselves.—See that they do not give you a bad vehicle, when a better is in the yard; but you will look sharp.—Drink small Rhenish, to keep you cool (that is, if you like it). Live well, and deny yourselves nothing your hearts wish. So God in heaven prosper and go along with you!—kiss my Lydia, and believe me both affectionately,

Yours,

L. Sterne.

LETTER XXV.

TO THE SAME.

My Dear, Paris, May 31, 1762.

There have *no mails* arrived here till this morn*ing, for three posts;* so I expected, with great im-

patience, a letter from you and Lydia;—and lo! it is arrived. You are as busy as Throp's wife; and by the time you receive this, you will be busier still. —I have exhausted all my ideas about your journey, —and what is needful for you to do before and during it;—so I write only to tell you I am well.—Mr. Colebrooks, the minister of Swisserland's secretary, I got this morning to write a letter for you to the governor of the custom-house-office, at Calais: it shall be sent you next post.—You must be cautious about Scotch snuff;—take half a pound in your pocket, and make Lyd do the same. 'Tis well I bought you a chaise;—there is no getting one in Paris now, but at an enormous price,—for they are all sent to the army; and such a one as yours we have not been able to match for forty guineas, for a friend of mine who is going from hence to Italy.—The weather was never known to set in so hot as it has done the latter end of this month; so he and his party are to get into his chaises by four in the morning, and travel till nine,—and not stir out again till six;—but I hope this severe heat will abate by the time you come here:—however, I beg of you once more to take special care of heating your blood in travelling, and come *tout doucement* when you find the heat too much. I shall look impatiently for intelligence from you, and hope to hear all goes well; that you conquer all difficulties, that you have received your passport, my picture, &c. Write, and tell me something of every thing. I long to see you both, you may be assured, my dear wife and child, after so long a separation;—and write me a *line directly*, that I may have all the notice you can *give me*,—that I may have apartments ready and fit

for you when you arrive.—For my own part, I shall continue writing to you a fortnight longer.—Present my respects to all friends.—You have bid Mr. C. get my visitations at P. done for me, &c. &c. If any offers are made about the enclosure at Rascal, they must be enclosed to me;—nothing that is fairly proposed shall stand still on my score. Do all for the best, as he who guides all things will, I hope, do for us!—so heaven preserve you both!—believe me your affectionate

L. STERNE.

Love to my Lydia.—I have bought her a gold watch, to present to her when she comes.

LETTER XXVI.

TO THE SAME.

My Dear, Paris, June 7, 1762.

I KEEP my promise, and write to you again.—I am sorry the bureau must be open'd for the deeds;—but you will see it done.—I imagine you are convinced of the necessity of bringing three hundred pounds in your pocket.—If you consider, Lydia must have two slight negligees:—you will want a new gown or two.—As for painted linens, buy them in town; they will be more admired because English than French.—Mrs. H. writes me word that I am mistaken about buying silk cheaper at Toulouse than Paris; that she advises you to buy what you want here,—where they are very beauti-

ful and cheap, as well as blonds, gauzes, &c.—These, I say, will all cost you sixty guineas;—and you must have them;—for in this country nothing must be spared for the back;—and if you dine on an onion, and lie in a garret seven stories high, you must not betray it in your clothes; according to which, you are well or ill look'd on. When we are got to Toulouse, we must begin to turn the penny; and we may (if you do not game much) live very cheap.—I think that expression will divert you;—and now, God knows, I have not a wish but for your health, comfort, and safe arrival here.—Write to me every other post, that I may know how you go on.—You will be in raptures with your chariot:—Mr. R. a gentleman of fortune, who is going to Italy, and has seen it, has offered me thirty guineas for my bargain. You will wonder all the way, how I am to find room in it for a third. To ease you of this wonder, 'tis by what the coachmakers here call a cave; which is a second bottom added [illegible] that you set your feet upon, which lets the person (who sits over-against you) down with his knees to your ancles; and by which you have all more room,—and, what is more, less heat,—because his head does not intercept the fore-glass,—little or nothing.—Lyd and I will enjoy this by turns; sometimes I shall take a *bidet* (a little post-horse) and scamper before;—at other times, I shall sit *in fresco* upon the arm-chair without doors; and one way or other will do very well.—I am under infinite obligations to Mr. Thornhill, for accommodating me thus; and so genteelly, for 'tis like making a present of it.—Mr. T—— will send you an order to receive it at

Calais :—and now, my dear girls, have I forgot any thing ?

Adieu ! adieu !

yours, most affectionately,

L. STERNE.

A week or ten days will enable you to see every thing ;—and so long you must stay to rest your bones.

LETTER XXVII.

TO THE SAME.

My Dearest, Paris, June 14, 1762,

HAVING an opportunity of writing by a friend who is setting out this morning for London, I write again, in case the two last letters I have wrote this week to you, should be detained by contrary winds at Calais.—I have wrote to Mr. E——, by the same hand, to thank him for his kindness to you, in the handsomest manner I could ;—and have told him, his good heart, and his wife's, have made them overlook the trouble of having you at his house ; but that if he takes you apartments near him, they will have occasion still enough left to shew their friendship to us.—I have begged him to assist you, and stand by you as if he was in my place, with regard to the sale of the Shandys ;—and then the copy-right.—Mark to keep these things distinct in your head :—but Becket, I have ever found to be a man of probity,—and, I dare say, you will have very little trouble in finishing matters with him ;—and

would rather wish you to treat with him than another man ;—but whoever buys the fifth and sixth volumes of Shandys, must have the nay-say of the seventh and eight *. I wish, when you come here, in case the weather is too hot to travel, you could think it pleasant to go to the Spa for four or six weeks, where we could live for half the money we should spend at Paris :—after that, we should take the sweetest season of the vintage to go to the south of France ; but we will put our heads together, and you shall just do as you please in this, and in every thing which depends on me,—for I am a being perfectly contented, when others are pleased ;—to bear and forbear will ever be my maxim,—only I fear the heats through a journey of five hundred miles for you and my Lydia, more than for myself.

Do not forget the watch-chains ;—bring a couple for a gentleman's watch likewise : we shall lie under great obligations to the Abbe M., and must make him such a small acknowledgment :—according to my way of flourishing, 'twill be a present worth a kingdom to him.—They have bad pins, and vile needles here ;—bring for yourself, and some for presents ;—as also a strong bottle-skrew for whatever scrub we may hire as butler, coachman, &c. to uncork us our Frontiniack.—You will find a letter for you at the Lyon d'Argent.—Send for your chaise into the court-yard, and see all is right. Buy a chain at Calais, strong enough not to be cut off ; and let your portmanteau be tied on the forepart of your chaise, for fear of a dog's trick :—so God bless you both, and remember me to my Lydia.

I am yours affectionately, L. STERNE.

* Alluding to the first edition.

LETTER XXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

My Dearest, Paris, June 17, 1762.

PROBABLY you will receive another letter with this, by the same post;—if so, read this the last.—It will be the last you can possibly receive at York; for I hope it will catch you just as you are upon the wing:—if that should happen, I suppose, in course, you have executed the contents of it, in all things which relate to pecuniary matters; and when these are settled to your mind, you will have got through your last difficulty:—every thing else will be a step of pleasure: and by the time you have got half a dozen stages, you will set up your pipes and sing Te Deum together, as you whisk it along.—Desiré Mr. C—— to send me a proper letter of attorney by you: he will receive it back by return of post. You have done every thing well with regard to our Sutton and Stillington affairs, and left things in the best channel.—If I was not sure you must have long since got my picture, garnets, &c. I would write and scold Mr. T—— abominably:—he put them in Becket's hands, to be forwarded by the stage-coach to you, as soon as he got to town.—I long to hear from you, and that all my letters and things are come safe to you, and then you will say I have not been a bad lad; for you will find I have been writing continually, as I wished you to do.—Bring your silver coffee-pot, 'twill serve both to give *water, lemonade, and orjead*;—to say nothing of *coffee and chocolate, which*, by the bye, is both cheap

and good at Toulouse, like other things. I had like to have forgot a most necessary thing :—there are no copper tea-kettles to be had in France ; and we shall find such a thing the most comfortable utensil in the house :—buy a good strong one, which will hold two quarts :—a dish of tea will be of comfort to us in our journey south.—I have a bronze tea-pot, which we will carry also :—as china cannot be brought over from England, we must make up a villanous party-coloured tea-equipage, to regale ourselves, and our English friends, whilst we are at Toulouse.—I hope you have got your bill from Becket.—There is a good-natured kind of a trader I have just heard of, at Mr. Foley's, who they think will be coming off from England to France, with horses, the latter end of June. He happened to come over with a lady, who is sister to Mr. Foley's partner ; and I have got her to write a letter to him in London, this post, to beg he will seek you at Mr. E——'s ; and, in case a cartel-ship does not go off before he goes, to take you under his care. He was infinitely friendly, in the same office, last year, to the lady who now writes to him, and nursed her on ship-board, and defended her by land with great good-will.—Do not say I forget you, or whatever can be conducive to your ease of mind, in this journey.—I wish I was with you, to do these offices myself, and to strew roses on your way ; but I shall have time and occasion to shew you I am not wanting.—Now, my dears, once more pluck up your spirits,—trust in God,—in me,—and in yourself ;—with this, was you put to it, you would encounter *all these* difficulties ten times told.—Write instantly, *and tell me* you triumph over all fears ; tell me

Lydia is better, and a helpmate to you.—You say she grows like me :—let her shew me she does so in her contempt of small dangers, and fighting against the apprehensions of them, which is better still.—As I will not have F.'s share of the books, you will inform him so.— Give my love to Mr. Fothergill, and to those true friends which envy has spared me ;—and for the rest, *laissez passer*.—You will find I speak French tolerably ; but I only wish to be understood.—You will soon speak better ; a month's play with a French Demoiselle will make Lyd chatter like a magpye. Mrs. —— understood not a word of it when she got here ; and writes me word she begins to prate apace :—you will do the same in a fortnight.—Dear Bess, I have a thousand wishes ; but have a hope of every one of them ;—you shall chant the same *jubilate*, my dears : so God bless you ! My duty to Lydia, which implies my love too. Adieu. Believe me

your affectionate

L. STERNE.

Memorandum.—Bring watch-chains, tea-kettle, knives, cookery-book, &c.

You will smile at this last article—so adieu.—At Dover, the Cross-Keys ; at Calais, the Lyon d'Argent,—the master, a Turk in grain.

LETTER XXIX.

TO LADY D.

Paris, July 9, 1762.

I WILL not send your Ladyship the trifles you bid me purchase, without a line. I am very well pleased with Paris. Indeed I meet with so many civilities amongst the people here, that I must sing their praises :—the French have a great deal of urbanity in their composition; and to stay a little time amongst them will be agreeable.—I splutter French so as to be understood ;—but I have had a droll adventure here, in which my Latin was of some service to me : I had hired a chaise and a horse to go about seven miles into the country, but, *Shandean-like*, did not take notice the horse was almost dead when I took him. Before I got half-way, the poor animal dropped down dead ;—so I was forced to appear before the police, and began to tell my story in French, which was, that the poor beast had to do with a worse beast than himself, namely, *his master*, who had driven him all the day before (Jehu like) —and that he had neither had corn or hay, therefore I was not to pay for the horse ;—but I might as well have whistled as have spoke French ; and I believe my Latin was equal to my uncle Toby's Lillabullero, —being not understood, because of its purity ; but by dint of words I forced my judge to do me justice :—no uncommon thing, by the way, in France.

My wife and daughter are arrived : the latter does *nothing but look* out of the window, and complain *of the torment* of being frizzled,—I wish she may

ever remain a child of nature.—I hate children of art.

I hope this will find your Ladyship well;—and that you will be kind enough to direct to me at Toulouse; which place I shall set out for very soon. I am, with truth and sincerity,

your Ladyship's
most faithful
L. STERNE.

LETTER XXX.

TO MR E.

Dear Sir, Paris, July 12, 1762.

MY wife and daughter arrived here safe and sound on Thursday, and are in high raptures with the speed and pleasantness of their journey; and, particularly, of all they see and meet with here. But in their journey from York to Paris, nothing has given them a more sensible and lasting pleasure than the marks of kindness they received from you and Mrs. E.—The friendship, good-will, and politeness of my two friends, I never doubted to me or mine; and I return you both all a grateful man is capable of, which is merely my thanks. I have taken, however, the liberty of sending an Indian taffety, which Mrs. E. must do me the honour to wear for my wife's sake; who would have got it made up, but that Mr. Stanhope, the Consul of Algiers, who sets off tomorrow morning for London, has been so kind (I mean his lady) as to take charge of it; and we had

but just time to procure it; and had we missed the opportunity, we should have been obliged to have left it behind us at Paris, we knew not when or how to get it to our friend.—I wish it had been better a worth paragraph. If there is any thing we can buy or procure for you here (intelligence included) you have a right to command me,—for I am yours, with my wife and girl's kind love to you and Mrs. E.

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXXI.

TO J—— H—— S——, ESQ.

My dear H. Toulouse, August 12, 1762.

BY the time you have got to the end of this long letter, you will perceive that I have not been able to answer your last till now:—I have had the intention of doing it almost as often as my prayers in my head:—'tis thus we use our best friends.—What an infamous story is that you have told me!—after some little remarks on it, the rest of my letter will go on like silk. **** —is a good-natured old easy fool, and has been deceived by the most artful of her sex; and she must have abundance of impudence and charlatanry, to have carried on such a farce. I pity the old man for being taken in for so much money:—a man of sense I should have laughed at. —My wife saw her when in town, and she had not the appearance of poverty; but when she wants to *melt* ****'s heart, she puts her gold watch and diamond rings in her drawer.—But he might have been

aware of her. I could not have been mistaken in her character;—and 'tis odd she should talk of her wealth to, one and tell another the reverse:—so good night to her.—About a week or ten days before my wife arrived at Paris, I had the same accident I had at Cambridge, of breaking a vessel in my lungs. It happened in the night,—and I bled the bed full; and finding in the morning I was likely to bleed to death, I sent immediately for a surgeon to bleed me at both arms:—this saved me; and, with lying speechless three days, I recovered upon my back in bed; the breach healed, and, in a week after, I got out.—This, with my weakness and hurrying about, made me think it high time to haste to Toulouse.—We have had four months of such heats that the oldest Frenchman never remembers the like:—'twas as hot as *Nebuchadnezzar's oven*, and never has relaxed one hour: in the height of this, 'twas our destiny (or rather destruction) to set out by way of Lyons, Montpellier, &c. to shorten, I trow, our sufferings.—Good God!—but 'tis over;—and here I am in my own house, quite settled by M—'s aid and good offices; for which I owe him more than I can express, or know how to pay at present. 'Tis in the prettiest situation in Toulouse, with near two acres of garden;—the house too good by half for us,—well furnished; for which I pay thirty pounds a year. —I have got a good cook,—my wife a decent *femme de chambre*,—and a good looking *laquais*.—The Abbè has planned our expenses, and set us in such a train, we cannot easily go wrong;—though, by the bye, the d——l is seldom found sleeping under a hedge. *Mr. Trotter* dined with me the day before

I left Paris,—I took care to see all executed according to your directions; but Trotter, I dare say, by this, has wrote to you. I made him happy beyond expression with your Crazy Tales; and more so with its frontispiece.—I am in spirits, writing a crazy chapter, with my face turned towards thy turret.—'Tis now I wish all warmer climates, countries, and every thing else, at ——, that separates me from our paternal seat;—*ce sera là où reposera ma cendre,—et ce sera là où mon cousin viendra repondre les pleurs deus ànotre a mitié.*—I am taking asses milk three times a day, and cows milk as often.—I long to see thy face again once more.—Greet the Colonel kindly in my name; and thank him cordially from me, for his many civilities to madame and mademoiselle Shandy at York, who send all due acknowledgments. The humour is over for France and Frenchmen; but that is not enough for you affectionate cousin,

L. S.

(A year will tire us all out, I trow) but, thank heaven, the post brings me a letter from my Anthony.—I felicitate you upon what Messrs. the reviewers allow you; they have too much judgment themselves not to allow you what you are actually possessed of, "talents, wit, and humour."—Well, write on, my dear cousin, and be guided by thy own fancy.— Oh! how I envy you all at Crazy Castle!—I could like to spend a month with you; and should return back again for the vintage.—I honour the man that has given the world an idea of our parental seat; 'tis well done.—I look at it ten times a day with a *quando te aspiciam?*—Now farewell!—

remember me to my beloved Colonel ;—greet Panty most lovingly on my behalf; and, if Mrs. C—— and Miss C——, &c. are at G——, greet them likewise with a holy kiss :—so God bless you!

LETTER XXXII.

TO MR. FOLEY, AT PARIS.

My dear Foley, Toulouse, Aug. 14, 1762.

After many turnings (*alias* digressions) to say nothing of downright overthrows, stops, and delays, we have arrived in three weeks at Toulouse, and are now settled in our houses with servants, &c. about us ; and look as composed as if we had been here seven years.—In our journey we suffered so much from the heats, it gives me pain to remember it :—I never saw a cloud from Paris to Nismes half as broad as a twenty-four sols piece.—Good God ! we were toasted, roasted, grill'd, stew'd, and carbonaded on one side or other all the way ;—and being all done enough (*assez cuits*) in the day, we were eat up at night by bugs, and other unswept-out vermin; the legal inhabitants (if length of possession gives right) of every inn we lay at.—Can you conceive a worse accident than that in such a journey, in the hottest day and hour of it, four miles from either tree or shrub which could cast a shade of the size of one of Eve's fig-leaves,—that we should break a hind wheel into ten thousand pieces, and be obliged in consequence to sit five hours on a gravelly road, *without one drop of* water, or possibility of getting

any !—To mend the matter, my two postillions were two dough-hearted fools, and fell a crying.—Nothing was to be done ! By heaven, quoth I, pulling off my coat and waistcoat, something shall be done, for I'll thrash you both within an inch of your lives,—and then make you take each of you a horse, and ride like two devils to the next post for a cart to carry my baggage, and a wheel to carry ourselves !—Our luggage weighed ten quintals.—'Twas the fair of Baucaire :—all the world was going or returning : —we were ask'd by every soul who pass'd by, If we were going to the fair of Baucaire ?—No wonder, quoth I, we have goods enough ! *Vous avez raison, mes amis.*

Well, here we are, after all, my dear friend,—and most deliciously placed at the extremity of the town, in an excellent house, well furnish'd, and excellent beyond any thing I look'd for.—'Tis built in the form of a hotel, with a pretty court towards the town ;—and behind, the best gardens in Toulouse, laid out in serpentine walks ; and so large, that the company in our quarter usually come to walk there in the evenings, for which they have my consent : —" the more the merrier." The house consists of a good *salle â manger* above stairs, joining to the very great *salle â compagnie* as large as the Baron d'Holbach's ; three handsome bed-chambers, with dressing-rooms to them :—below stairs, two very good rooms for myself ; one to study in, the other to see company.—I have moreover cellars round the court, and all other offices.—Of the same landlord I have bargained to have the use of a country-house, which he has two miles out of town ; so that *myself and all* my family have nothing more to do

than to take our hats and remove from the one to the other.—My landlord is moreover to keep the gardens in order :—and what do you think I am to pay for all this ? Neither more nor less than thirty pounds a year ! All things are cheap in proportion : —so we shall live for very little.—I dined yesterday with Mr. H——; he is most pleasantly situated ; and they are all well.—As for the books you have received for D——, the bookseller was a fool not to send the bill with them :—I will write to him about it.—I wish you was with me for two months ; it would cure you of all evils, ghostly and bodily : but this, like many other wishes both for you and myself, must have its completion elsewhere.—Adieu, my kind friend, and believe that I love you as much from inclination as reason, for

I am most truly yours,

L. Sterne.

My wife and girl join in compliments to you.—My best respects to my worthy Baron d'Halbach, and all that society.—Remember me to my friend Mr. Panchaud.

LETTER XXXIII.

TO J—— H—— S——, ESQ.

My dear H——, Toulouse, Oct. 19, 1762.

I received your letter yesterday ;—so it has been travelling from Crazy Castle to Toulouse full eighteen days :—if I had nothing to stop me I would engage to set out this morning, and knock at *Crazy Castle gates in* three days less time ;—by

which time, I should find you and the Colonel, Panty, &c. all alone ;—the season I most wish and like to be with you.—I rejoice from my heart, down to my reins, that you have snatch'd so many happy and sunshiny days out of the hands of the blue devils.—If we live to meet and join our forces as heretofore, we will give these gentry a drubbing, and turn them forever out of their usurped citadel :—some legions of them have been put to flight already by your operations this last campaign, and I hope to have a hand in dispersing the remainder, the first time my dear cousin sets up his banners again under the square tower. —But what art thou meditating with axes and hammers ?—" I know the pride and the naughtiness of " thy heart," and thou lovest the sweet visions of architraves, friezes, and pediments with their tympanums ; and thou hast found out a pretence, *a raison de cinq cent livres sterling*, to be laid out in four years, &c. &c. (so as not to be felt, which is always added by the d——l as a bait, to justify thyself unto thyself.—It may be very wise to do this ;—but it is wiser to keep one's money in one's pocket, whilst there are wars without, and rumours of wars within. St. —— advises his disciples to sell both coat and waistcoat,—and go rather without shirt or sword, than leave no money in their scrip to go to Jerusalem with.—Now those *quatre ans consecutifs*, my dear Anthony, are the most precious morsels of thy life to come (in this world) ; and thou wilt do well to enjoy that morsel without cares, calculations, and curses, and damns, and debts ;—for as sure as stone is stone, and mortar is mortar, &c. 'twill be one of the many works of thy repentance.—But after all, if *the fates* have decreed it, as you and I have some-

time supposed it,—on account of your generosity, "that you are never to be a monied man," the decree will be fulfilled whether you adorn your castle, and line it with cedar, and paint it withinside and withoutside with vermillion, or not,—*et cele étant* (having a bottle of Frontiniack and glass at my right hand) I drink, dear Anthony, to thy health and happiness, and to the final accomplishments of all thy lunary and sublunary projects. For six weeks together, after I wrote my last letter to you, my projects were many stories higher; for I was all that time, as I thought, journeying on to the other world. —I fell ill of an epidemick vile fever, which killed hundreds about me.—The physicians here are the errantest charlatans in Europe, or the most ignorant of all pretending fools.—I withdrew what was left of me out of their hands, and recommended my affairs entirely to Dame Nature: she (dear goddess) has saved me in fifty different pinching bouts; and I begin to have a kind of enthusiasm now in her favour, and in my own, that one or two more escapes will make me believe I shall leave you all by translation, and not by fair death. I am now stout and foolish again as a happy man can wish to be; and am busy playing the fool with my uncle Toby, whom I have got soused over head and ears in love. —I have many hints and projects for other works; all will go on I trust as I wish in this matter.— When I have reaped the benefit of this winter at Toulouse, I cannot see I have any thing more to do with it; therefore, after having gone with my wife and girl to Bagnieres, I shall return from whence I came.—Now my wife wants to stay another year to *save money; and this* opposition of wishes, though

it will not be as sour as lemon, yet 'twill not be as sweet as sugar-candy.—I wish T— would lead sir Charles to Toulouse; 'tis as good as any town in the south of France.—For my own part,—'tis not to my taste;—but I believe, the ground-work of my *ennui* is more to the eternal *platitude* of the French characters:—little variety, no originality in it at all,—than to any other cause, for they are very civil; but civility itself, in that uniform, wearies and bothers one to death.—If I dont mind, I shall grow most stupid and sententious.—Miss Shandy is hard at it with musick, dancing, and French-speaking; in the last of which she does *à merveille*, and speaks it with an excellent accent, considering she practices withinsight the Pyrenean mountains.—If the snows will suffer me, I propose to spend two or three months at Barege, or Bagnieres; but my dear wife is against all schemes of additional expenses; which wicked propensity (though not of despotick power) yet I cannot suffer,—though, by the bye, laudable enough.—But she may talk:—I will do my own way; and she will acquiesce without a word of debate on the subject.—Who can say so much in praise of his wife? Few I trow.—M— is out of town, vintaging;—so write to me Monsieur Sterne, *gentilhomme Anglois*:—'twill find me.—We are as much out of the road of all intelligence here, as at the Cape of Good Hope;—so write a long nonsensical letter like this, now and then, to me;—in which, say nothing but what may be shewn (though I love every paragraph and spirited stroke of your pen, others might not); for you must know, a letter no sooner arrives from England, but curiosity is upon her

knees to know the contents.——Adieu, dear H. Believe me

Your affectionate

L. STERNE.

We have had bitter cold weather here these fourteen days,—which has obliged us to sit with whole pagells of wood lighted up to our noses:—'tis a dear article;—but every thing else being extreme cheap, Madame keeps an excellent good house, with *soupe*, *bouille*, *roti*,—&c. &c. for two hundred and fifty pounds a year.

LETTTER XXXIV.

TO MR. FOLEY, AT PARIS.

My dear Foley, Toulouse. Nov. 9, 1762.

I HAVE had this week your letter on my table, and hope you will forgive my not answering it sooner;—and even to-day I can but write you ten lines, being engaged at Mrs. M—'s. I would not omit one post more acknowledging the favour. In a few posts I will write you a long one gratis; that is, for love.—Thank you for having done what I desired you;—and for the future, direct to me under cover at Monsier Brousse's:—I receive all letters through him, more punctual and sooner than when left at the post-house.—

H——'s family greet you with mine; we are much together, and never forget you.—Forget me not to *the Baron, and all* the circle;—nor to your *domestick circle.*

I am got pretty well, and sport much with uncle Toby in the volume I am now fabricating for the laughing part of the world;—for the melancholy part of it, I have nothing but my prayers; so God help them. I shall hear from you in a post or two at least, after you receive this. In the mean time, dear Foley, adieu, and believe no man wishes or esteems you more than your

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXXV.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Foley, Toulouse, Wednesday, Dec, 3. 1762.

I HAVE for this last fortnight, every post-day, gone to Messrs. B—— and sons, in expectation of the pleasure of a letter from you, with the remittance I desired you to send me here.—When a man has no more than half a dozen guineas in his pocket, and a thousand miles from home,—and in a country where he can as soon raise the d——l as a six livre piece to go to market with, in case he had changed his last guinea,—you will not envy my situation. God bless you, remit me the balance due upon the receipt of this.—We are all at H——'s, practising a play we are to act here this Christmas holidays;—all the *dramatis personæ* are of the English, of which we have a happy society, living together like brothers and sisters.—Your banker here has just sent me *word, the tea* Mr. H—— wrote for, is to be delivered *into my hands*;—'tis all one into whose hands the

treasure falls; we shall pay Brousse for it the day we get it.—We join in our most friendly respects, and believe me, dear Foley, truly yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

My dear Foley, Toulouse, Dec. 17, 1762.

THE post after I wrote last, I received yours, with the enclosed draught upon the receiver; for which I return you all thanks. I have received, this day, likewise the box and tea, all safe and sound;—so we shall all of us be in our cups this Christmas, and drink without fear or stint. We begin to live extremely happy, and are all together every night, —fiddling, laughing, and singing, and cracking jokes. You will scarce believe the news I tell you. There are a company of English strollers arrived here, who are to act comedies all the Christmas; and are now busy in making dresses, and preparing some of our best comedies.—Your wonder will cease, when I inform you these strollers are your friends with the rest of our society, to whom I proposed this scheme *soulagement*;—and I assure you we do well. The next week, with a grand orchestra, we play the Busy Body,—and the Journey to London the week after; but I have some thoughts of adapting it to our situation, and making it the Journey to Toulouse, which, with the change of half a dozen scenes, may be easily done.—Thus, my dear

F—, for want of something better, we have recourse to ourselves, and strike out the best amusements we can from such materials.—My kind love and friendship to all my true friends; my service to the rest. H——'s family have just left me, having been this last week with us;—they will be with me all the holidays.—In summer we shall visit them, and balance hospitalities. Adieu.

Yours most truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXXVII.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Foley, Toulouse, March 29, 1763.

THOUGH that's a mistake (I mean the date of the place); for I write at Mr. H——'s in the country, and have been there with my people all the week. —"How does Tristram do?" you say in yours to him;—faith but so so.—The worst of human maladies is poverty;—though that's a second lie; for poverty of spirit is worse than poverty of purse by ten thousand per cent.—I enclose you a remedy for the one, a draught of a hundred and thirty pounds, for which I insist upon a rescription by the very return,—or I will send you and all your commissaries to the d——l.—I do not hear they have tasted of one fleshy banquet all this Lent. You will make an excellent *grille*. P——, they can make *nothing of* him but *bouillon*.—I mean my other two *friends no ill*; so shall send them a reprieve, as they

acted out of necessity—not choice. My kind respects to Baron d'Holbach, and all his household. Say all that's kind for me to my other friends. You know how much, dear Foley, I am yours,

L. STERNE.

I have not five Louis to vapour with in this land of coxcombs. My wife's compliments.

LETTER XXXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Foley, Toulouse, April 18, 1768.

I THANK you for your punctuality in sending me the rescription, and for your box by the courier, which came safe by last post. I was not surprised much with your account of Lord ***** being obliged to give way;—and for the rest, all follows in course. I suppose you will endeavour to fish and catch something for yourself in these troubled waters; at least I wish you all a reasonable man can wish for himself, which is wishing enough for you: all the rest is in the brain. Mr. Woodhouse (whom you know) is also here; he is a most amiable worthy man; and I have the pleasure of having him much with me. In a short time he proceeds to Italy. The first week in June I decamp like a patriarch with my whole household, to pitch our tents for three months at the foot of the Pyrenean Hills at *Bagnieres*, where I expect much health *and much amusement* from the concourse of adven-

turers from all corners of the earth. Mrs. M—— sets out, at the same time, for another part of the Pyrenean Hills, at Courtray; from thence to Italy. This is the general plan of operation here, except that I have some thoughts of spending the winter at Florence, and crossing over with my family to Leghorn by water; and in April of returning, by way of Paris, home.—But this is a sketch only; for in all things I am governed by circumstances;—so that what is fit to be done on Monday, may be very unwise on Saturday. On all days of the week believe me yours,

With unfeigned truth,

L. STERNE.

P S. All compliments to my Parisian friends.

LETTER XXXIX.

TO THE SAME.

My dear Foley, Toulouse, April 29, 1763.

LAST post my agent wrote me word, he would send up from York a bill for fourscore guineas, with orders to be paid into Mr. Selwin's hands for me. This, he said, he would expedite immediately; so 'tis possible you may have had advice of it;—and 'tis possible also the money may not be paid this fortnight; therefore, as I set out for Bagnieres in that time, be so good as to give me credit for the money for a few posts or so, and send me either a rescription for the money, or a dranght for it;—at

the receipt of which, we shall decamp for ten or twelve weeks.—You will receive twenty pounds more on my account; which send also:—so much for that. As for pleasure, you have it all amongst you at Paris; we have nothing here which deserves the name.—I shall scarce be tempted to sojourn another winter in Toulouse; for I cannot say it suits my health as I hoped; 'tis too moist,—and I cannot keep clear of agues here;—so that, if I stay the next winter on this side of the water, 'twill be either at Nice or Florence;—and I shall return to England in April.—Wherever I am, believe me, dear Foley, that I am.

Yours faithfully,

L. STERNE.

Madame and Mademoiselle present their best compliments. Remember me to all I regard, particularly Messrs. Panchaud, and the rest of your *household.*

LETTER XL.

TO THE SAME.

Toulouse, May 21, 1763.

I TOOK the liberty, three weeks ago, to desire you would be so kind as to send me fourscore pounds, having received a letter the same post from my agent, that he would order the money to be paid to your correspondent in London in a fortnight.—It is some disappointment to me that you have taken no

notice of my letter, especially as I told you we waited for the money before we set out for Bagnieres; —and so little distrust had I that such a civility would be refused me, that we have actually had all our things packed up these eight days, in hourly expectation of receiving a letter.—Perhaps my good friend has waited till he heard the money was paid in London;—but you might have trusted to my honour, that all the cash in your iron-box (and all the bankers is Europe put together) could not have tempted me to say the thing *that is not*.—I hope, before this, you will have received an account of the money being paid in London. But it would have been taken kindly, if you had wrote me word you would transmit me the money when you had received it, but no sooner; for Mr. R——, of Montpellier, though I know him not, yet knows enough of me to have given me credit for a fortnight for ten times the sum.

I am, dear F——, your friend
and hearty well-wisher,
L. STERNE.

I saw the family of the H—— yesterday, and asked them if you was in the land of the living.—They said, Yea; for they had just received a letter from you.—After all, I heartily forgive you; for you have done me a signal service in mortifying me, and it is this:—I am determined to grow rich upon it.

Adieu, and God send you wealth and happiness. All compliments to ——. Before April next, I am obliged to revisit your metropolis, in my way to England.

LETTER XLI.

TO THE SAME.

My dear Foley, Toulouse, June 9, 1763.

I THIS moment received yours; consequently, the moment I got it I sat down to answer it.—So much for a logical inference.

Now, believe me, I had never wrote you so testy a letter, had I not both loved and esteemed you;—and it was merely in vindication of the rights of friendship that I wrote in a way as if I was hurt;—for neglect me in your heart, I knew you could not, without cause; which my heart told me I never had—nor will ever give you.—I was the best friends with you that ever I was in my life, before my letter had got a league, and pleaded the true excuse for my friend, "That he was oppressed with a multitude of business." Go on, my dear F——, and have but that excuse (so much do I regard your interest) that I would be content to suffer a *real evil* without future murmuring:—but, in truth, my disappointment was partly chimerical at the bottom, having a letter of credit for two hundred pounds from a person I never saw, by me;—but which, out of a nicety of temper, I would not make any use of—I set out in two days for Bagnieres; but direct to me to Brousse, who will forward all my letters.—Dear F—— adieu. Believe me,

Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XLII.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Foley, Toulouse, June 12, 1763.

LUCKILY, just before I was stepping into my chaise for Bagnieres, has a strayed fifty pound bill found its way to me; so I have sent it to its lawful owner enclosed.—My noodle of an agent, instead of getting Mr. Selwyn to advise you he had received the money (which would have been enough) has got a bill for it, and sent it rambling to the farthest part of France after me: and, if it had not caught me just now, it might have followed me into Spain; for I shall cross the Pyreneans, and spend a week in that kingdom, which is enough for a fertile brain to write a volume upon.—When I write the history of my travels,—Memorandum! I am not to forget how honest a man I have for a banker at Paris.—But, my dear friend, when you say you dare trust me for what little occasions I may have, you have as much faith as honesty,—and more of both than of good policy.—I thank you however ten thousand times; —and, except such liberty as I have lately taken with you,—and that too at a pinch,—I say, beyond that I will not trespass upon your good nature or friendliness to serve me.—God bless you, dear F—.

I am yours whilst

L. STERNE.

LETTER XLIII.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Foley, Montpellier, Oct. 5, 1763.

I AM ashamed I have not taken an opportunity of thanking you before now, for your friendly act of civility, in ordering Brousse, your correspondent at Toulouse, in case I should have occasion, to pay me fifteen hundred livres ;—which, as I know the offer came from your heart, I made no difficulty of accepting.—In my way through Toulouse to Marseilles, where we have been,—but neither liking the place nor Aix (particularly the latter, it being a parliament town, of which Toulouse has given me a surfeit) we have returned here, where we shall reside the winter.—My wife and daughter purpose to stay a year at least behind me, and, when winter is over, to return to Toulouse, or go to Montauban where they will stay till they return, or I fetch them. —For myself, I shall set out in February for England, where my heart has been fled these six months: —but I shall stay a fortnight with my friends at Paris ; though I verily believe, if it was not for the pleasure of seeing and chattering with you, I should pass on directly to Brussels, and so on to Rotterdam, for the sake of seeing Holland, and embark from thence to London.—But I must stay a little with those I love and have so many reasons to regard :—you cannot place too much of this to your own score.—I have had an offer of going to Italy a fortnight ago ;—but I must like my subject as well as the terms; neither of which were to my mind.— *Pray what English* have you at Paris ? where is my

young friend Mr. F——? We hear of three or four English families coming to us here.—If I can be serviceable to any you would serve, you have but to write.—Mr. H—— has sent my friend W——'s picture.—You have seen the original, or I would have sent it to you—I believe I shall beg leave to get a copy of my own from yours, when I come *in propria personæ*;—till when, God bless you, my dear friend, and believe me

Most faithfully yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XLIV.

TO THE SAME.

My dear Friend, Montpellier, Jan. 5, 1764.

You see I cannot pass over the fifth of the month without thinking of you, and writing to you.—The last is a periodical habit;—the first is from my heart; and I do it oftener than I remember:—however, from both motives together, I maintain I have a right to the pleasure of a single line,—be it only to tell me how your watch goes.—You know how much happier it would make me to know that all things belonging to you went on well.—You are going to have them all to yourself, I hear; and that Mr. S.—— is true to his first intention of leaving business.—I hope this will enable you to accomplish yours in a shorter time, that you may get to your long-wished-for retreat of tranquillity and silence.—When you have got to your fire-side, and into your arm chair (and, by the bye, have another to spare for a friend) and are so much a sovereign

as to sit in your furred cap, if you like it, though I should not (for a man's ideas are at least the cleaner for being dressed decently) why then it will be a miracle if I do not glide in like a ghost upon you, —and, in a very unghost-like fashion, help you off with a bottle of your best wine.

January 15.—It does not happen every day that a letter begun in the most perfect health, should be concluded in the greatest weakness.—I wish the vulgar, high and low, do not say it was a judgment upon me, for taking all this liberty with ghosts.—Be it as it may,—I took a ride, when the first part of this was wrote, towards Perenas,—and returned home in a shivering fit, though I ought to have been in a fever, for I had tired my beast; and he was as unmoveable as Don Quixotte's wooden horse; and my arm was half dislocated in whipping him.—This, quoth I, is inhuman.—No, says a peasant on foot behind me, I'll drive him home;—so he laid on his posteriors; but 'twas needless: as his face was turn'd towards Montpellier, he began to trot. But to return:—This fever has confined me ten days in my bed;—I have suffered in this scuffle with death terribly;—but unless the spirit of prophecy deceive me,—I shall not die but live.—In the mean time, dear F. let us live as merrily, but as innocently, as we can.—It has ever been as good, if not better, than a bishoprick to me;—and I desire no other.—Adieu, my dear friend, and believe me yours,

L. Sterne.

Please to give the enclosed to Mr. T. and tell him I thank him cordially from my heart for his great good-will.

LETTER XLV.

TO THE SAME.

My dear Friend, Montpellier, Jan. 20, 1764.

HEARING by Lord Rochford (who in passing through here in his way to Madrid has given me a call) that my worthy friend Mr. Fox was now at Paris,—I have enclosed a letter to him, which you will present in course, or direct to him. I suppose you are full of English;—but, in short, we are here as if in another world, where, unless some strayed soul arrives, we know nothing of what is going on in yours. Lord G——r, I suppose, is gone from Paris, or I had wrote also to him. I know you are as busy as a bee, and have few moments to yourself;—nevertheless, bestow one of them upon an old friend, and write me a line;—and if Mr. F. is too idle, and has ought to say to me, pray write a second line for him.—We had a letter from Miss P—— this week, who it seems has decamped forever from Paris.—All is for the best;—which is my general reflection upon many things in this world.—Well, I shall shortly come and shake you by the hand in St. Sauveur, if still you are there. My wife returns to Toulouse, and purposes to spend the summer at Bagnieres;—I, on the contrary, go and visit my wife, the church in Yorkshire.—We all live the longer,—at least the happier, for having things our own way.—This is my conjugal maxim:—I own 'tis not the best of maxims;—but I maintain 'tis not *the worst.* Adieu, dear F. and believe me

Yours with truth,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XLVI.

TO MRS. F.

Montpellier, Feb. 1, 1764.

I AM preparing, my dear Mrs. F. to leave France, for I am heartily tired of it.—That insipidity there is in French characters, has disgusted your friend Yorick.—I have been dangerously ill, and cannot think that the sharp air of Montpellier has been of service to me; and so my physicians told me when they had me under their hands for above a month: — "If you stay any longer here, sir, it will be fatal "to you."—And why, good people, were you not kind enough to tell me this sooner?—After having discharged them, I told Mrs. Sterne that I should set out for England very soon; but as she chooses to remain in France for two or three years, I have no objection, except that I wish my girl in England. —The states of Languedoc are met;—'tis a fine raree-shew, with the usual accompaniments of fiddles, bears, and puppet-shews. I believe I shall step into my post-chaise with more alacrity to fly from these sights, than a Frenchman would to fly to them;—and, except a tear at parting with my little slut, I shall be in high spirits; and every step I take that brings me nearer England, will, I think, help to set this poor frame to rights. Now pray write to me, directed to Mr. F. at Paris, and tell me what I am to bring you over. How do I long to greet all my friends; few do I value more than yourself.—*My wife* chooses to go to Montauban, *rather than stay here*; in which I am truly passive.

—If this should not find you at Bath, I hope it will be forwarded to you, as I wish to fulfil your commissions;—and so adieu.—Accept every warm wish for your health, and believe me ever yours,

L. STERNE.

P. S. My physicians have almost poisoned me with what they call *bouillons refraichissants*:—'tis a cock flayed alive, and boiled with poppy-seeds, then pounded in a mortar, afterwards passed through a sieve.—There is to be one crawfish in it; and I was gravely told it must be a male one;—a female would do me more hurt than good!

LETTER XLVII.

TO MISS STERNE.

My dear Lydia, Paris, May 15, 1764.

By this time I suppose your mother and self are fixed at Montauban, and I therefore direct to your banker, to be delivered to you.—I acquiesced in your staying in France:—likewise it was your mother's wish:—but I must tell you both (that unless your health had not been a plea made use of) I should have wished you both to return with me.—I have sent you the Spectators, and other books, particularly Metastasio; but I beg my girl to read the former, and only make the latter her amusement.—I hope you have not forgot my last request, *to make no* friendships with the French women;—*not that I think* ill of them all; but sometimes wo-

men of the best principles are the most insinuating; —nay, I am so jealous of you, that I should be miserable were I to see you had the least grain of coquetry in your composition.—You have enough to do;—for I have also sent you a guittar;—and as you have no genius for drawing (though you never could be made to believe it) pray waste not your time about it.—Remember to write to me as to a friend:—in short, whatever comes into your little head; and then it will be natural. If your mother's rheumatism continues, and she chooses to go to Bagnieres, tell her not to be stopped for want of money, for my purse shall be as open as my heart. I have preached at the Ambassador's chapel.—Hezekiah.*— (An odd subject your mother will say). There was a concourse of all nations, and religions too.—I shall leave Paris in a few days. I am lodged in the same hotel with Mr. T——: they are good and generous souls.—Tell your mother that I hope she will write to me; and that when she does so, I may also receive a letter from my Lydia.

Kiss your mother from me, and believe me

Your affectionate

L. STERNE.

* See vol. iv. page 200.

LETTER XLVIII.

TO MR. FOLEY.

My dear Foley, York, August 6, 1764.

THERE is a young lady with whom I have sent a letter to you, who will arrive at Paris, in her way to Italy ;—her name is Miss Tuting: a lady known and loved by the whole kingdom :—if you can be of any aid to her in your advice, &c. as to her journey, &c. your good nature and politeness I am sure need no spur from me to do it. I was sorry we were like the two buckets of a well, whilst in London, for we were never able to be both resident together the month I continued in and about the environs. If I get a cough this winter which holds me three days, you will certainly see me at Paris the week following; for now I abandon every thing in this world to health and to my friends ;—for the last sermon that I shall ever preach, was preached at Paris ;—so I am altogether an idle man, or rather a free one, which is better. I sent, last post, twenty pounds to Mrs. Sterne ; which makes a hundred pounds remitted since I got here. You must pay yourself what I owe you out of it,—and place the rest to account. Betwixt this and Lady-day next, Mrs. Sterne will draw, from time to time, upon you to about the amount of a hundred Louis,—but not more,—(I think) I having left her a hundred in her pocket.—But you shall always have money beforehand of mine ;—and she purposes to spend no far*ther* than five thousand livres in the year ;—but *twenty pounds* this way or that, makes no difference

between us.—Give my kindest compliments to Mr. P——. I have a thousand things to say to you; and would go half way to Paris to tell them you in your ear. The Messrs. T——, H——, &c, and many more of your friends with whom I now am, send their services.—Mine to all friends.—Yours, dear F. most truly.

L. STERNE.

LETTER XLIX.

TO J—— H—— S——, ESQ.

September 4, 1764.

Now, my dear, dear Anthony, I do not think a week or ten days playing the good fellow (at this very time) at Scarborough so abominable a thing; but if a man could get there cleverly, and every soul in his house in the mind to try what could be done in furtherance thereof, I have no one to consult in this affair;—therefore, as a man may do worse things, the English of all which is this,—That I am going to leave a few poor sheep here in the wilderness for fourteen days;—and, from pride and haughtiness of heart, to go and see what is doing at Scarborough,—steadfastly meaning afterwards to lead a new life and strengthen my faith.—Now some folk say there is much company there; and some say not;—and I believe there is neither the one nor the other;—but will be both, if the world will have but a month's patience or so.—No, *my dear H——, I did* not delay sending your letter

directly to the post.—As there are critical times, or rather turns and revolutions in *** humours, I knew not what the delay of an hour might hazard.—I will answer for him he has seventy times seven forgiven you,—and as often wish'd you at the d—l. After many oscillations, the pendulum will rest as firm as ever.

I send all kind compliments to Sir C. D—and G—s. I love them from my soul.—If G—t is with you, him also.—I go on, not rapidly, but well enough, with my uncle Toby's amours.—There is no sitting and cudgelling one's brains whilst the sun shines bright;—'twill be all over in six or seven weeks; and there are dismal months enow after, to endure suffocation by a brimstone fire-side.—If you can get to Scarborough, do.—A man who makes six tons of alum a week, may do any thing.—Lord Granby is to be there.—What a temptation!

Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER L.

TO THE SAME.

My dear Cousin, Coxwould, Thursday, Sept. 1764.

I AM but this moment returned from Scarborough, where I have been drinking the waters ever since the races; and have received marvellous strength, had I not debilitated it as fast as I got it, by playing the good fellow with Lord Granby and Co. too much. *I rejoice* you have been encamp'd at Harrowgate; *from which*, by now, I suppose you are decamp'd;

—otherwise, as idle a beast as I have been, I would have sacrificed a few days to the god of laughter with you and your jolly set.—I have done nothing good that I know of, since I left you, except paying off your guinea and a half to K——, in my way through York hither.—I must try now and do better. Go on and prosper for a month.

Your affectionate

L. STERNE.

LETTER LI.

TO MR. FOLEY, AT PARIS.

My dear Friend, York, Sept. 29, 1764.

I HAVING just had the honour of a letter from Miss Tuting, full of the acknowledgments of your attention and kind services to her,—I will not believe these arose from the D. of A———'s letters, nor mine. Surely, *she needed no recommendation*; —the truest and most honest compliment I can pay you, is to say they came from your own good heart, only you was introduced to the object;—for the rest follow'd in course.—However, let me cast in my mite of thanks to the treasury which belongs to good-natured actions. I have been with lord G—y these three weeks at Scarborough;—the pleasures of which I found somewhat more exalted than those of Bagnieres last year.—I am now returned to my philosophical hut to finish Tristram, which I calculate will be ready for the world about Christmas; at which time I decamp from hence, and fix my head-*quarters at London* for the winter,—unless my

cough pushes me forwards to your metropolis,—or that I can persuade some *gros* my lord to take a trip to you.—I'll try if I can make him relish the joys of the *Thuilleries*, *Opera Comique*, *&c.*

I had this week a letter from Mrs. Sterne, from Montauban; in which she tells me she has occasion for fifty pounds immediately.—Will you send an order to your correspondent at Montauban to pay her so much cash;—and I will, in three weeks, send as much to Becket.—But as her purse is low, for God's sake write directly.—Now you must do something equally essential,—to rectify a mistake in the mind of your correspondent there, who it seems gave her a hint, not long ago, *that she was separated from me for life.* Now as this is not true in the first place, and may give a disadvantageous impression of her to those she lives amongst,—'twould be unmerciful to let her, or my daughter, suffer by it;—so do be so good as to undeceive him;—for, in a year or two she proposes (and indeed I expect it with impatience from her) to rejoin me;—and tell them I have all the confidence in the world she will not spend more than I can afford; and I only mentioned two hundred guineas a year,—because 'twas right to name some certain sum; for which I begged you to give her credit.—I write to you of all my most intimate concerns, as to a brother; so excuse me, dear Foley. God bless you!—Believe me

Yours affectionately,

L. Sterne.

Compliments to Mr. Panchaud, D'Holbach, &c.

LETTER LII.

TO THE SAME.

My dear Friend, York, November 11, 1764.

I SENT, ten days ago, a bank-bill of thirty pounds to Mr. Becket; and, this post, one of sixty.—When I get to London, which will be in five weeks, you will receive what shall always keep you in bank for Mrs. Sterne; in the mean time I have desired Becket to send you fourscore pounds; and if my wife, before I get to London, should have occasion for fifty Louis, let her not wait a minute; and if I have not paid it, a week or a fortnight, I know, will break no squares with a good and worthy friend.—I will contrive to send you these two new volumes of Tristram as soon as ever I get them from the press.—You will read as odd a tour through France as ever was projected or executed by traveller, or travel-writers, since the world began.—'Tis a laughing good-tempered satire against travelling (as *pupfies* travel); Panchaud will enjoy it.—I am quite civil to your Parisians,—*et pour cause*, you know:—'tis likely I may see them in spring.—Is it possible for you to get me over a copy of my picture any how? If so, I would write to Mademoiselle N—— to make as good a copy from it as she possibly could,—with a view to do her service here;—and I would remit her the price.—I really believe it would be the parent of a dozen portraits to her, if she executes it with the spirit of the original in your hands,—for it will be seen by many;—and as my *phiz is as remarkable* as myself, if she preserves the

true character of both, it will do her honour and service too.—Write me a line about this, and tell me you are well and happy.—Will you present my kind respects to the worthy Baron?—I shall send him one of the best impressions of my picture from Mr. Reynolds's;—another to Monsieur P———.

My love to Mr. S——n and P——d.

I am most truly yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LIII.

TO J—— H—— S——, ESQ.

Dear, dear Cousin, Nov. 13, 1764.

'Tis a church militant week with me, full of marches and counter-marches,—and treaties about Stillington common, which we are going to enclose, otherwise I would have obeyed your summons;—and yet I could not well have done it this week neither, having received a letter from C—, who has been very ill; and is coming down to stay a week or ten days with me.—Now I know he is ambitious of being better acquainted with you; and longs from his soul for a sight of you in your own castle.—I cannot do otherwise than bring him with me;—nor can I gallop away and leave him in an empty house to pay a visit to from London, as he comes half express to see me.—I thank you for the care of my northern vintage.—I fear after all, I must give it a *fermentation* on the other side of the Alps, which is *better* than being on the lees with it; but nous ver-

tons :—yet I fear it has got such hold of my brain, and comes upon it like an armed man at nights.—I must give way, for quietness sake, or be hag-ridden with the conceit of it all my life long.—I have been *Miss-ridden* this last week by a couple of romping girls *(bien mises et comme il faut)* who might as well have been in the house with me (though perhaps not, my retreat here is too quiet for them) but they taken up all my time, and have given my judgment and fancy more airings than they wanted.—These things accord not well with sermon-making; —but 'tis my vile errantry, as Sancho says, and that is all that can be made of it.—I trust all goes swimmingly on with your alum; that the works amuse you, and call you twice out (at least) a day.—I shall see them, I trust, in ten days, or thereabouts.—If it was any way possible, I would set out this moment, though I have no cavalry *(except a she-ass.)* Give all friendly respects to Mrs. C. and to Col. H——s and the garrison, both of Guisbro and Skelton. I am, dear Anthony,

affectionately yours,

L. Sterne.

LETTER LIV.

TO MR. FOLEY, AT PARIS.

My dear Friend, York, Nov. 16, 1764.

Three posts before I had the favour of yours (which is come to hand this moment) I had wrote *to set Mrs. Sterne* right in her mistake,—that you

had any money of mine in your hands ;—being very sensible that the hundred pounds I had sent you, through Becket's hands, was but about what would balance with you. The reason of her error was owing to my writing her word I would send you a bill, in a post or two, for fifty pounds ; which, my finances falling short just then, I deferred : so that I had paid nothing to any one,—but was, however, come to York this day ; and I have sent you a draught for a hundred pounds. In honest truth, a fortnight ago I had not the cash ;—but I am as honest as the king (as Sancho Panca says) *only not so rich.*

Therefore, if Mrs. Sterne should want thirty Louis more, let her have them ; and I will balance all (which will not be much) with honour at Christmas, when I shall be in London, having now just finished my two volumes of Tristram.—I have some thoughts of going to Italy this year ;—at least I shall not defer it above another.—I have been with Lord Granby, and with Lord Shelburne ; but am now sat down till December in my sweet retirement. I wish you was sat down as happily, and as free from worldly cares.—In a few years, my dear F., I hope to see you a real country gentleman, though not altogether exiled from your friends in London ; there I shall spend every winter of my life, in the same lap of contentment where I enjoy myself now, and wherever I go :—we must bring three parts in four of the treat along with us. In short, we must be happy within, and then few things without us make much indifference. This is my Shandean philosophy.—You will read a comick account of my journey from Calais, through Paris, to the Garonne, in these volumes ; my friends tell me they are done

with spirit :—it must speak for itself. Give my kind respects to Mr. Selwyn and my friend Panchaud.—When you see Baron d'Holbach, present him my respects, and believe me, dear F.,

yours cordially,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LV.

TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

Dear Garrick, London, March 16, 1765.

I THREATENED you with a letter in one I wrote a few weeks ago to Foley ; but (to my shame be it spoken) I lead such a life of dissipation, I have never had a moment to myself which has not been broke in upon, by one engagement or impertinence or another ; and as plots thicken towards the latter end of a piece, I find, unless I take pen and ink just now, I shall not be able to do it till either I am got into the country, or you to the city. You are teazed and tormented too much by your correspondents, to return to us ; and with accounts how much your friends, and how much your theatre wants you ;—so that I will not magnify either our loss or yours, but hope cordially to see you soon.—Since I wrote last, I have frequently stepped into your house ; that is, as frequently as I could take the whole party, where I dined, along with me.—This was but justice to you, as I walked in as a wit ; but with regard to myself, I balanced the account thus :—I am *sometimes in my friend* ——'s house ; but he is al-

ways in Tristram Shandy's; where my friends say he will continue (and, I hope, the prophecy true for my own immortality) even when he himself is no more.

I have had a lucrative winter's campaign here.—Shandy sells well.—I am taxing the publick with two more volumes of sermons, which will more than double the gains of Shandy.—It goes into the world with a prancing list *de tout la noblesse*; which will bring me in three hundred pounds, exclusive of the sale of the copy;—so that, with all the contempt of money which *ma façon de penser* has ever impressed on me, I shall be rich in spite of myself: but I scorn, you must know, in the high *ton* I take at present, to pocket all this trash.—I set out to lay a portion of it out in the service of the world, in a tour round Italy; where I shall spring game, or the deuce is in the dice!—In the beginning of September I quit England, that I may avail myself of the time of vintage, when all nature is joyous; and so saunter, philosophically, for a year or so, on the other side the Alps.—I hope your pilgrimages have brought Mrs. Garrick and yourself back *à la fleur de jeunesse*.—May you both long feel the sweets of it, and your friends with you!—Do, dear friend, make my kindest wishes and compliments acceptable to the best and wisest of the daughters of Eve!—You shall ever believe, and ever find me affectionately yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LVI.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, April 6, 1765.

I SCALP you! my dear Garrick! my dear friend! —Foul befall the man who hurts a hair of your head! —and so full was I of that very sentiment, that my letter had not been put into the post-office ten minutes, before my heart smote me; and I sent to recal it,—but failed.—You are sadly to blame, Shandy, for this, quoth I, leaning with my head on my hand as I recriminated upon my false delicacy in the affair;—Garrick's nerves (if he has any left) are as fine and delicately spun as thy own!—his sentiments as honest and friendly!—Thou knowest, Shandy, that he loves thee,—why wilt thou hazard him a moment's pain? Puppy, fool, coxcomb, jackass, &c. &c.—and so I balanced the account to your favour, before I received it drawn up in *your way*. I say *your way*, for it is not stated so much to your honour and credit as I had passed the account before;—for it was a most lamented truth, that I never received one of the letters your friendship meant me, except whilst in Paris.—Oh! how I congratulate you for the anxiety the world has, and continues to be under, for your return!—Return, return to the few who love you, and the thousands who admire you!—The moment you set your foot upon your stage,—mark! I tell it you,—by some magick irresisted power, every fibre about your heart will vibrate afresh, and as strong and feelingly as ever; —*Nature with Glory* at her back, will light up the

within you; and there is enough of it left to heat and enlighten the world these many, many, many years!

Heaven be praised! (I utter it from my soul) that your lady, and my Minerva, is in a condition to walk to Windsor!—full rapturously will I lead the graceful pilgrim to the temple; where I will sacrifice with the purest incense to her;—but you may worship with me, or not;—'twill make no difference either in the truth or warmth of my devotion;—still (after all I have seen) I still maintain her peerless!

Powell, good heaven!—give me some one with less smoke and more fire!—There are who, like the pharisees, still think they shall be heard for *much* speaking. Come, come away, my dear Garrick, and teach us another lesson.

Adieu!—I love you dearly, and your lady better;—not hobbyhorsically,—but most sentimentally and affectionately;—for I am yours (that is, if you never say another word about ——) with all the sentiments of love and friendship you deserve from me,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LVII.

TO MR. FOLEY.

My dear Foley, Bath, April 15, 1765.

MY wife tells me she has drawn for one hundred *pounds*; and 'tis fit that you should be paid it *that minute*:—the money is now in Becket's hands.

Send me, my dear Foley, my account, that I may discharge the balance to this time, and know what to leave in your hands.—I have made a good campaign of it this year in the field of the *literari* :—my two volumes of Tristram, and two of sermons, which I shall print very soon, will bring me a considerable sum. Almost all the nobility in England honour me with their names ; and 'tis thought it will be the largest and most splendid list which ever pranced before a book since subscriptions came into fashion.—Pray present my most sincere compliments to Lady H——; whose name I hope to insert with many others.—As so many men of genius favour me with their names also, I will quarel with Mr. Hume, and call him deist, and what not, unless I have his name too.—My love to Lord W——. Your name, Foley, I have put in as a free-will offering of my labours. Your list of subscribers you will send :—'tis but a crown for sixteen sermons.—Dog cheap ! but I am in quest of honour, not money.—Adieu, adieu. Believe me, dear Foley,

yours truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LVIII.

TO MR. W.

Coxwould, May 23, 1765.

At this moment I am sitting in my summer-house with my head and heart full, not of my uncle Toby's *amours* with the widow Wadman, but my

sermons; and your letter has drawn me out of a pensive mood:—the spirit of it *pleaseth me*;—but, in this solitude, what can I tell or write to you but about myself?—I am glad that you are in love;—'twill cure you at least of the spleen; which has a bad effect on both man and woman.—I myself must ever have some Dulcinea in my head; it harmonizes the soul;—and, in those cases, I first endeavour to make the Lady believe so; or rather, I begin first to make myself believe that I am in love:—but I carry on my affairs quite in the French way, sentimentally,—*L'amour* (say they) *n'est rien sans sentiment*.—Now, notwithstanding they make such a pother about the *word*, they have no precise idea annex'd to it:—and so much for that same subject called love.—I must tell you how I have just treated a French gentleman of fortune in France, who took a liking to my daughter:—without any ceremony (having got my direction from my wife's banker) he wrote me word that he was in love with my daughter; and desired to know what *fortune* I would give her at present, and how much at my *death*:—by the bye, I think there was very little *sentiment* on *his side*.—My answer was, "Sir, I shall give her ten thousand pounds the day of marriage. My calculation is as follows:—She is not eighteen, you are sixty-two;—there goes five thousand pounds:—then, sir, you at least think her not ugly;—she has many accomplishments,—speaks Italian, French, plays upon the guittar; and as I fear you play upon no instrument whatever, I think you will be happy to take her at my terms; for here finishes the account of the ten thousand pounds."—I do not suppose but he will take this as I mean; that is, a flat refusal.—I have had a parsonage-house burnt

down by the carelessness of my curate's wife.—As soon as I can, I must rebuild it, I trow;—but I lack the means at present; yet I am never happier than when I have not a shilling in my pocket; for when I have, I can never call it my own.—Adieu, my dear friend:—may you enjoy better health than me, though not better spirits, for that is impossible.

Yours sincerely,

L. STERNE.

My compliments to the Colonel.

LETTER LIX.

TO MR. FOLEY, AT PARIS.

My dear Sir, York, July 13, 1765.

I WROTE some time in spring, to beg you would favour me with my account. I believe you was set out from Paris, and that Mr. Garrick brought the letter with him; which, possibly, he gave you. In the hurry of your business you might forget the contents of it: and in the hurry of mine in town (though I called once) I could not get to see you. I decamp for Italy in September; and shall see your face at Paris, you may be sure:—but I shall see it with more pleasure when I am out of debt;—which is your own fault, for Becket has had money left in his hands for that purpose.—Do send Mrs. Sterne her two last volumes of Tristram; they arrived with yours in spring, and she complains she has not got them.—*My best* services to Mr. Panchaud.—I *am busy composing* two volumes of sermons: they

will be printed in September, though I fear not time enough to bring them with me. Your name is amongst the list of a few of my honourary subscribers, who subscribe for love.—If you see Baron d'Holbach and Diderot, present my respects to them. —If the Baron wants any English books, he will let me know, and I will bring them with me.—Adieu.

I am truly yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LX.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Sir, London, October 7, 1765.

IT is a terrible thing to be in Paris without a periwig on a man's head! In seven days from the date of this, I should be in that case, unless you tell your neighbour, Madame Requiere, to get her *bon mari de me faire un peruque à bourse, au mieux—c'est-à-dire—une la plus extraordinaire—la plus jolie—la plus gentille—et la plus—*

Mais qu'importe? j'ai l'honneur d'être grand critique—et bien difficile encore dans les affaires de peruques;—and, in one word, that he gets it done in five days after notice—

I beg pardon for this liberty, my dear friend, and for the trouble of forwarding this by the very next post. If my friend Mr. F. is in Paris, my kind love to him, and respects to all others.—In sad haste.—

Yours truly,

L. STERNE.

I have paid into Mr. Becket's hands six hundred pounds! which you may draw upon at sight, according as either Mrs. Sterne or myself make it expedient.

LETTER LXI.

TO MR. PANCHAUD, AT PARIS.

Dear Sir, Beau Point Voisin, Nov. 7, 1765.

I FORGOT to desire you to forward whatever letters came to your hand, to your banker at Rome, to wait for me against I get there, as it is uncertain how long I may stay at Turin, &c. &c.: at present, I am held a prisoner in this town by the sudden swelling of two pityful rivulets, from the snows melting on the Alps; so that we cannot either advance to them, nor retire back again to Lyons:—for how long the gentlemen, who are my fellow-travellers, and myself, shall languish in this state of vexatious captivity, heaven and earth surely know; for it rains as if they were coming together to settle the matter!—I had an agreeable journey to Lyons; and a joyous time there: dining and supping every day at the Commandant's.—Lord F. W. I left there, and about a dozen English.—If you see Lord Ossory, Lord William Gordon, and my friend Mr. Crawford, remember me to them. If Wilkes is at Paris yet, I send him all kind wishes.—Present my compliments, as well as thanks, to my good friend Miss P——; and believe me, dear sir, with all truth, yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXII.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Sir, Turin, Nov. 15, 1765.

After many difficulties I have got here safe and sound,—though eight days in passing the mountains of Savoy.—I am stopped here for ten days, by the whole country betwixt here and Milan being laid under water by continual rains;—but I am very happy, and have found my way into a dozen houses already.—To-morrow I am to be presented to the King; and when that ceremony is over, I shall have my hands full of engagements.—No English here but Sir James Macdonald, who meets with much respect, and Mr. Ogilby. We are all together, and shall depart in peace together.—My kind services to all. Pray forward the enclosed.

Yours most truly,

L. Sterne.

LETTER LXIII.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Sir, Turin, Nov. 28, 1765.

I am just leaving this place with Sir James Macdonald for Milan, &c.—We have spent a joyous fortnight here, and met with all kinds of honours; *and with regret* do we both bid adieu:—but health *on my side*,—and good sense on his,—say 'tis better

to be at Rome;—you say at Paris;—but you put variety out of the question.—I intreat you to forward the enclosed to Mrs. Sterne. My compliments to all friends; more particularly to those I most value (that includes Mr. F. if he is in Paris).

I am yours most truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXIV.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Sir, Florence, Dec. 18, 1765.

I HAVE been a month passing the plains of Lombardy,—stopping in my way at Milan, Parma, Placenza, and Bologna,—with weather as delicious as a kindly April in England;—and have been three days in crossing a part of the Appenines, covered with thick snow.—Sad transition!—I stay here three days to dine with our Plenipo Lords T——d and C——r; and in five days shall tread the Vatican, and be introduced to all the saints in the Pantheon.—I stay but fourteen days to pay these civilities, and then decamp for Naples,—pray send the enclosed to my wife, and Becket's letter to London.

Yours truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXV.

TO MISS STERNE.

My dear Girl, Naples, February 3, 1766.

YOUR letter, my Lydia, has made me both laugh and cry. Sorry am I that you are both so afflicted with the ague; and by all means I wish you both to fly from Tours; because, I remember it is situated between two rivers, la Loire and le Cher, which must occasion fogs, and damp unwholesome weather; therefore, for the same reason go not to Bourges en Bresse; 'tis as vile a place for agues.—I find myself infinitely better than I was, and hope to have added at least ten years to my life, by this journey to Italy; the climate is heavenly, and I find new principles of health in me, which I have long been a stranger to; but trust me, my Lydia, I will find you out, wherever you are, in May. Therefore, I beg you to direct to me at Belloni's at Rome, that I may have some idea where you will be then.—The account you give me of Mrs. C—— is truly amiable; I shall ever honour her.—Mr. C. is a diverting companion:—what he said of your little French admirer, was truly droll. The Marquis de ——— is an impostor, and not worthy of your acquaintance; he only pretended to know me, to get introduced to your mother.——I desire you will get your mother to write to Mr. C., that I may discharge every debt; and then, my Lydia, if I live the produce of my pen shall be yours: if fate reserves me not that, the humane and good (part for thy father's sake, part for thy own) will never abant-

don thee!—If your mother's health will permit her to return with me to England, your summers I will render as agreeable as I can at Coxwould; your winters at York.—You know my publications call me to London.—If Mr. and Mrs. C—— are still at Tours, thank them from me for their cordiality to my wife and daughter. I have purchased you some little trifles, which I shall give you when we meet, as proofs of affection from

Your fond father,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXVI.

TO J—— H—— S——, ESQ.

My dear H. Naples, February 5, 1766.

'Tis an age since I have heard from you;—but as I read the London Chronicle, and find no tidings of your death, or that you are even at the point of it, I take it as I wish it, that you have got over thus much of the winter, free from the damps both of climate and spirits:—and here I am, as happy as a king after all, growing fat, sleek, and well-liking; not improving in stature, but in breadth.—We have a jolly carnival of it; nothing but operas, punchinelloes, festinoes, and masquerades. We (that is, *nous autres*) are all dressing out for one this night at the Princess Francavivalla's, which is to be superb. The English dine with her (exclusive): and so much for small chat,—except that I saw a little *comedy acted last* week, with more expression and

spirit, and true character, than I shall see one hastily again.—I stay here till the Holy Week, which I shall pass at Rome, where I occupy myself a month: —my plan was to have gone from thence for a fortnight to Florence, and then by Leghorn to Marseilles directly home; but am diverted from this by the repeated proposals of accompanying a gentleman who is returning by Venice, Vienna, Saxony, Berlin, and so by the Spaw, and thence through Holland to England:—'tis with Mr. E. I have known him these three years, and have been with him ever since I reached Rome; and as I know him to be a good-hearted young gentleman, I have no doubt of making it answer both his views and mine; at least I am persuaded we shall return home together (as we set out) with friendship and goodwill.—Write your next letter to me at Rome, and do me the following favour, if it lies in your way, which I think it does, to get me a letter of recommendation to our Ambassador (Lord Stormont) at Vienna. I have not the honour to be known to his Lordship; but Lords P——, or H——, or twenty you better know, would write a certificate for me; importing, that I am not fallen out of the clouds. If this will cost my cousin little trouble, do enclose it in your next letter to me at Belloni.—You have left Skelton I trow a month, and I fear have had a most sharp winter, if one may judge of it from the severity of the weather here, and all over Italy, which exceeded any thing known till within these three weeks, that the sun has been as hot as we could bear it. Give my kind services to my friends; especially to the household of faith:—my dear Garland, to Gilbert,—to the worthy Colonel,—to Cardinal S——,

—to my fellow-labourer Pantagruel.—Dear cousin Anthony, receive my kindest love and wishes.

Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

P. S. Upon second thoughts, direct your next to me at Mr. W. 's, banker at Venice.

LETTER LXVII.

TO MR. FOLEY, AT PARIS.

Dear Sir, Naples, February 8, 1766.

I DESIRE Mrs. Sterne may have what cash she wants,—if she has not received it before now: she sends me word she has been in want of cash these three weeks: be so kind as to prevent this uneasiness to her; which is doubly so to me. I have made very little use of your letters of credit, having, since I . . . left Paris, taken up no more money than about fifty Louis at Turin, as much at Rome, and a few ducats here; and as I now travel from hence to Rome, Venice, through Vienna to Berlin, &c. with a gentleman of fortune, I shall draw for little more till my return; so you will have always enough to spare for my wife. The beginning of March be so kind as to let her have a hundred pounds to begin her year with.

There are a good many English here; very few in Rome, or other parts of Italy. The air of Naples agrees very well with me;—I shall return fat.—My friendship to all who honour me with theirs.—Adieu, *my dear friend*:—I am ever yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXVIII.

TO MR. PANCHAUD, AT PARIS.

Dear Sir, Naples, February 14, 1766.

I WROTE last week to you, to desire you would let Mrs. Sterne have what money she wanted.—It may happen, as that letter went enclosed in one to her at Tours, that you will receive this first. I have made little use of your letters of credit, as you will see by that letter; nor shall I want much (if any) till you see me, as I travel now in company with a gentleman:—however, as we return by Venice, Vienna, Berlin, &c. to the Spaw, I should be glad if you will draw me a letter of credit upon some one at Venice, to the extent of fifty Louis;—but I am persuaded I shall not want half of them:—however, in case of sickness or accidents, one would not go so long a rout without money in one's pocket.—The bankers here are not so conscientious as my friend P.; they would make me pay twelve per cent. if I was to get a letter here. I beg your letters, &c. may be enclosed to Mr. Watson at Venice,—where we shall be in the Ascension. I have received much benefit from the air of Naples;—but quit it to be at Rome before the Holy Week. There are about five-and-twenty English here;—but most of them will be decamped in two months:—there are scarce a third of the number at Rome; I suppose, therefore, that Paris is full.—My warmest wishes attend you,—with my love to Mr. F. and compliments to all.—I am, dear sir, very faithfully, *yours,*

L. STERNE.

Sir James Macdonald is in the house with me, and is just recovering from a long and most cruel fit of the rheumatism.

LETTER LXIX.

TO J—— M—— S——, ESQ.

Dear Anthony, May 25, near Dijon, 1766.

My desire of seeing both my wife and girl, has turned me out of my road towards a delicious chateau of the Countess of M—, where I have been patriarching it these seven days with her ladyship, and a half a dozen of very handsome and agreeable ladies.—Her ladyship has the best of hearts :—a valuable present not given to every one. To-morrow, with regret, I shall quit this agreeable circle, and post it night and day to Paris, where I shall arrive in two days, and just wind myself up, when I am there, enough to roll on to Calais ;—so I hope to sup with you the king's birth-day, according to a plan of sixteen days standing. Never man has been such a wild-goose chace after a wife as I have been. —After having sought her in five or six different towns, I found her at last in *Franche Compté*.—Poor woman ! she was very cordial, &c. and begs to stay another year or so.—My Lydia pleases me much. —I found her greatly improved in every thing I wished her.—I am most unaccountably well, and most unaccountably nonsensical ;—'tis at least a proof of good spirits ; which is a sign and token *given me in these latter* days, that I must take up

again the pen. In faith, I think I shall die with it in my hand; but I shall live these ten years, my Anthony, notwithstanding the fears of my wife, whom I left most melancholy on that account. This is a delicious part of the world; most celestial weather, and we lie all day, without damps, upon the grass,—and that is the whole of it, except the inner man (for her ladyship is not stingy of her wine) is inspired twice a day with the best Burgundy that grows upon the mountains which terminate our lands here. Surely, you will not have decamped to Crazy Castle before I reach town. The summer here is set in in good earnest:—'tis more than we can say for Yorkshire. I hope to hear a good tale of your alum-works. Have you no other works in hand? I do not expect to hear from you; so God prosper you, and all your undertakings.—I am, my dear cousin,

Most affectionately yours,

L. STERNE.

Remember me to Mr. G——, Cardinal S——, the Colonel, &c.

LETTER LXX.

TO MR. PANCHAUD, AT PARIS.

Dear Sir, York, June 28, 1766.

I WROTE last week to Mr. Becket to discharge the balance due to you;—and I have received a letter from him, telling me, that if you will draw upon him for one hundred and sixty pounds, he will punc-

tually pay it to your order ;—so send the draughts when you please.—Mrs. Sterne writes me word, she wants fifty pounds ; which I desire you will let her have : I will take care to remit it to your correspondent. I have such an entire confidence in my wife, that she spends as little as she can, though she is confined to no particular sum :—her expenses will not exceed three hundred pounds a year, unless by ill-health or a journey,—and I am very willing she should have it ;—and you may rely, in case it ever happens that she should draw for fifty or a hundred pounds extraordinary, that it and every demand shall be punctually paid,—and with proper thanks ; and for this the whole Shandean family are ready to stand security. 'Tis imposible to tell you how sorry I was that my affairs hurried me so quick through Paris, as to deprive me of seeing my old friend Mr. Foley, and of the pleasure I proposed in being made known to his better half ;—but I have a probability of seeing him this winter. Adieu, dear sir, and believe me

Most cordially yours,

L. Sterne.

P. S. Mrs. Sterne is going to Chalons ; but your letter will find her, I believe, at Avignon.—She is very poorly ;—and my daughter writes to me, with sad grief of heart, that she is worse.

LETTER LXXI.

TO MR. S.

Dear Sir, Coxwould, July 23, 1766.

One might be led to think that there is a fatality regarding us:—we make appointments to meet; and for these two years have not seen each other's face but twice;—we must try and do better for the future. Having sought you with more zeal than C—— sought the Lord, in order to deliver you the books you bade me purchase for you at Paris.—I was forced to pay carriage for them from London down to York;—but as I shall neither charge you the books nor the carriage,—'tis not worth talking about. Never man, my dear sir, has had a more agreeable tour than your Yorick;—and at present I am in my peaceful retreat, writing the ninth volume* of Tristram. I shall publish but one this year; and the next I shall begin a new work of four volumes, which when finished, I shall continue Tristram with fresh spirit. What a difference of scene here? But, with a disposition to be happy, 'tis neither this place nor t'other that renders us the reverse. In short, each man's happiness depends upon himself:—he is a fool if he does not enjoy it.

What are you about, dear S——? Give me some account of your pleasures.—You had better come to me for a fortnight, and I will shew, or give you (if needful) a practical dose of my philosophy; but I hope you do not want it;—if you did, 'twould

* Alluding to the first edition.

be the office of a friend to give it. Will not even our races tempt you? You see I use all arguments. —Believe me yours most truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXII.

TO MR. PANCHAUD, AT PARIS.

My dear Friend, Coxwould, Sept. 21, 1766.

IF Mrs. Sterne should draw upon you for fifty Louis d'ors, be so kind as to remit her the money; —and pray be so good as not to draw upon Mr. Becket for it (as he owes me nothing) but favour me with the draught, which I will pay to Mr. Selwin. A young nobleman is now negociating a jaunt with me for six weeks, about Christmas, to the Fauxbourg de St. Germain.—I should like much to be with you for so long;—and if my wife should grow worse (having had a very poor account of her in my daughter's last) I cannot think of her being without me;—and however expensive the journey would be, I would fly to Avignon to administer consolation to both her and my poor girl.—Wherever I am, believe me, dear sir,

Yours,

L. STERNE.

My kind compliments to Mr. Foley. Though I have not the honour of knowing his rib, I see no reason why I may not present all due respects to

the better half of so old a friend, which I do by these presents ;—with my friendliest wishes to Miss P.

LETTER LXXIII.

TO MR. FOLEY, AT PARIS.

My Dear Foley, Coxwould, October 25, 1766.

I DESIRED you would be so good as to remit to Mrs. Sterne fifty Louis, a month ago.—I dare say you have done it ;—but her illness must have cost her a good deal ;—therefore, having paid the last fifty pounds into Mr. Selwin's hands, I beg you to send her thirty guineas more,—for which I send a bank-bill to Mr. Becket by this post ;—but surely had I not done so, you would not stick at it ;—for be assured, my dear Foley, that the first Lord of the Treasury is neither more able nor more willing (nor perhaps half so punctual) in repaying with honour all I ever can be in your books.—My daughter says her mother is very ill,—and I fear, going fast down, by all accounts :—'tis melancholy in her situation to want any aid that is in my power to give.—Do write to her ;—and believe me, with all compliments to your Hotel,

Yours very truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXIV.

TO MR. PANCHAUD.

Dear Sir, York, November 25, 1766.

I JUST received yours; and am glad that the balance of accounts is now paid to you.—Thus far all goes well.—I have received a letter from my daughter with the pleasing tidings that she thinks her mother out of danger,—and that the air of the country is delightful (excepting the winds); but the description of the chateau my wife has hired is really pretty:—on the side of the Fountain of Vaucluse,—with seven rooms of a floor, half furnished with tapestry, half with blue taffety, the permission to fish, and to have game; so many partridges a week, &c.; and the price—guess! sixteen guineas a year!—there's for you, P. About the latter end of next month, my wife will have occasion for a hundred guineas;—and pray be so good, my dear sir, as to give orders that she may not be disappointed:—she is going to spend the Carnival at Marseilles at Christmas.—I shall be in London by Christmas-week, and then shall balance this remittance to Mrs. S. with Mr. S——. I am going to lie-in of another child of the Shandaick procreation, in town.—I hope you wish me a safe delivery.—I fear my friend Mr. F. will have left town before I get there.—Adieu, dear sir.—I wish you every thing in this world which will do you good, for I am, with unfeigned truth,

Yours,

L. STERNE.

Make my compliments acceptable to the good and worthy Baron d'Holbach,—Miss P. &c. &c.

LETTER LXXV.

FROM IGNATIUS SANCHO TO MR. STERNE.

Reverend Sir, 1766.

It would be an insult on your humanity (or, perhaps, look like it) to apologize for the liberty I am taking.—I am one of those people whom the vulgar aud illiberal call negroes.—The first part of my life was rather unlucky, as I was placed in a family who judged ignorance the best and only security for obedience.—A little reading and writing I got by unwearied application.—The latter part of my life has been, through God's blessing, truly fortunate,—having spent it in the service of one of the best and greatest families in the kingdom.—My chief pleasure has been books :—Philanthropy I adore.—How very much, good sir, am I (amongst millions) indebted to you for the character of your amiable Uncle Toby!—I declare I would walk ten miles in the dog-days, to shake hands with the honest Corporal.—Your sermons have touched me to the heart, and, I hope, have amended it; which brings me to the point.—In your tenth discourse,* is this very affecting passage :— " Consider how " great a part of our species in all ages down to " this,—have been trod under the feet of cruel and

* See Vol. IV. of this edition, p. 121.

" capricious tyrants, who would neither hear their " cries, nor pity their distresses.—Consider slavery, " —what it is, how bitter a draught, and how many " millions are made to drink of it."—Of all my favourite authors, not one has drawn a tear in favour of my miserable black brethren,—excepting yourself, and the humane author of Sir Geo. Ellison. —I think you will forgive me,—I am sure you will applaud me,—for beseeching you to give one half hour's attention to slavery, as it is this day practised in our West Indies.—That subject, handled in your striking manner, would ease the yoke (perhaps) of many;—but if only of one,—gracious God! what a feast to a benevolent heart! and sure I am, you are an epicurean in acts of charity.—You, who are universally read, and as universally admired,—you could not fail.—Dear sir, think in me you behold the uplifted hands of thousands of my brother Moors. Grief (you pathetically observe) is eloquent: figure to yourself their attitudes, hear their supplicating addresses!—alas! you cannot refuse. Humanity must comply;—in which hope, I beg permission to subscribe myself,

Reverend Sir, &c.

I. S.

LETTER LXXVI.

FROM MR. STERNE TO IGNATIUS SANCHO.

Coxwould, July 27, 1766.

THERE is a *strange* coincidence, Sancho, in the *little events (as well* as in the great ones) of this

world; for I had been writing a tender tale of the sorrows of a friendless poor negro-girl; and my eyes had scarce done smarting with it when your letter of recommendation, in behalf of so many of her brethren and sisters, came to me;—but why *her brethren?*—or yours, Sancho,—any more than mine? It is by the finest tints and most insensible gradations that nature descends from the fairest face about St. James's to the sootiest complexion in Africa.—At which tint of these is it, that the ties of blood are to cease? and how many shades must we descend lower still in the scale, ere mercy is to vanish with them? But 'tis no uncommon thing, my good Sancho, for one half of the world to use the other half of it like brutes, and then endeavour to make them so! For my own part, I never look *westward* (when I am in a pensive mood at least) but I think of the burdens which our brothers and sisters are *there* carrying; and, could I ease their shoulders from one ounce of them, I declare I would set out this hour upon a pilgrimage to Mecca for their sakes;—which by the bye, Sancho, exceeds your walk of ten miles in about the same proportion that a visit of humanity should one of mere form.—However, if you meant my Uncle Toby, more he is your debtor.—If I can weave the tale I have wrote into the work I am about,—'tis at the service of the afflicted,—and a much greater matter; for, in serious truth, it casts a sad shade upon the world, that so great a part of it are, and have been so long, bound in chains of darkness, and in chains of misery; and I cannot but both respect and felicitate you, *that, by so* much laudable diligence you have broke *the one;*—and that, by falling into the hands of so

;ood and merciful a family, Providence has rescued 'ou from the other.

And so, good-hearted Sancho, adieu! and, be-ieve me, I will not forget your letter.

Yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXVII.

TO MR. W.

Coxwould, Dec. 20, 1766.

THANKS, my dear W——, for your letter.—I am just preparing to come and greet you and many other friends in town.—I have drained my ink-stand-ish to the bottom; and, after I have published, shall set my face, not towards Jerusalem, but to-wards the Alps.—I find I must once more fly from death whilst I have strength.—I shall go to Naples, and see whether the air of that place will not set this poor frame to rights.—As to the project of getting a bear to lead, I think I have enough to do to govern myself;—and however profitable it might be (accord-ing to your opinion) I am sure it would be unpleas-urable.—Few are the minutes of life; and I do not think that I have any to throw away on any one being. —I shall spend nine or ten months in Italy, and call upon my wife and daughter in France at my return; —so shall be back by the king's birth-day.—What a project!—and now, my dear friend, am I going to York; not for the sake of society, nor to walk by the *side of the muddy* Ouse, but to recruit myself of the

most violent spitting of blood that ever mortal man experienced; because I had rather (in case 'tis ordained so) die there than in a post-chaise on the road.—If the amour of my uncle Toby do not please you, I am mistaken; and so with a droll story I will finish this letter.

A sensible friend of mine, with whom, not long ago, I spent some hours in conversation, met an apothecary (an acquaintance of ours).—The latter asked him how he did?—"Why, ill, very ill. I have been with Sterne, who has given me such a dose of *Attick salt*, that I am in a fever."——'Attick salt, sir! Attick salt! I have Glauber salt, I have Epsom salt in my shop, &c.—Oh! I suppose 'tis some French salt.—I wonder you would trust his report of the medicine; he cares not what he takes himself.'—I fancy I see you smile.—I long to be able to be in London, and embrace my friends there;—and shall enjoy myself a week or ten days at Paris with my friends, particularly the Baron d'Holbach, and the rest of the joyous set.—As to the females;—no, I will not say a word about them;—only I hate borrowed characters, taken up as a woman does her shift, for the purpose she intends to effectuate.—Adieu, adieu.—I am yours whilst

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXVIII.

TO MR. PANCHAUD, AT PARIS.

Dear P——, London, Feb. 13, 1767.

I PAID yesterday (by Mr. Becket) a hundred guineas, or pounds, I forget which, to Mr. Selwin: —but you must remit to Mrs. Sterne, at Marseilles, a hundred Louis before she leaves that place, which will be in less than three weeks. Have you got the ninth volume of Shandy* ?—it is liked the best of all here.—I am going to publish a Sentimental Journey through France and Italy.—The undertaking is protected and highly encouraged by all our noblesse ;—'tis subscribed for at a great rate ;—'twill be an original, in large quarto ; the subscription half a guinea.—If you can procure me the honour of a few names of men of science or fashion, I shall thank you ;—they will appear in good company, as all the nobility here almost have honoured me with their names.—My kindest remembrance to Mr. Foley.—Respects to Baron d'Holbach, and believe me ever, ever yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXIX.

TO MISS STERNE.

Old Bond-street, Feb. 23, 1767.

AND so, my Lydia, thy mother and thyself are returning back again from Marseilles to the banks of

* *Aluding* to the first edition.

the Sorgue,—and there thou wilt sit and fis
trouts.—I envy you the sweet situation.—Petra
tomb I should like to pay a sentimental visit
The Fount. in of Vaucluse, by thydescription,
be delightful.—I am also much pleased witl
account you give me of the Abbé de Sade :-
find great comfort in such a neighbour.—I am
he is so good as to correct thy translation o
sermons.—Dear girl, go on, and make me a pr
of thy work ;—but why not the house of mourn
'tis one of the best.—I long to receive the Li
Petrarch and his Laura, by your Abbé ; but
out of all patience with the answer the Ma
made the Abbé ; 'twas truly coarse ; and I wo
he bore it with any Christian patience.—But tc
subject of your letter.—I do not wish to know
was the busy fool who made your mother ur
about Mrs. ——— : 'tis true, I have a friendshi
her, but not to infatuation.—I believe I have j
ment enough to discern hers, and every won
faults. I honour thy mother for her answer.—'
she wished not to informed ; and begged hi
drop the subject.—Why do you say that
mother wants money ? Whilst I have a shil
shall you not have nine-pence out of it ?—I tl
if I have my enjoyments, I ought not to grudge
yours.—I shall not begin my Sentimental Jou
till I get to Coxwould.—I have laid a plan for sc
thing new, quite out of the beaten track. I w
had you with me, and I would introduce you to
of the most amiable and gentlest of beings, wh
have just been with ;—not Mrs. ——, but a
J——, the wife of as worthy a man as I ever
with : I esteem them both. He possesses e

manly virtue;—honour and bravery are his characteristicks, which have distinguished him nobly in several instances. I shall make you better acquainted with his character, by sending Orme's History, with the books you desired,—and it is well worth your reading; for Orme is an elegant writer, and a just one; he pays no man a compliment at the expense of truth.—Mrs. J—— is kind and friendly; of a sentimental turn of mind, and so sweet a disposition, that she is too good for the world she lives in.—Just God! if all were like her, what a life would this be!—Heaven, my Lydia, for some wise purpose has created different beings.—I wish my dear child knew her; thou art worthy of her friendship, and she already loves thee; for I sometimes tell her what I feel for thee.—This is a long letter.—Write soon, and never let your letters be studied ones; write naturally, and then you will write well.—I hope your mother has got quite well of her ague.—I have sent her some of Huxham's tincture of the bark.—I will order you a guittar, since the other is broke. Believe me, my Lydia, that I am yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXX.

TO MR. PANCHAUD, AT PARIS.

Dear Sir, London, Feb. 27, 1767.

MY daughter begs a present of me, and you must know I can deny her nothing.—It must be *strung with cat-gut*, and of five chords, si chiama in

Italiano la chitera di cinque corde. She cannot get such a thing at Marseilles; at Paris one may have every thing. Will you be so good to my girl as to make her happy in this affair, by getting some musical body to buy one, and send it her to Avignon, directed to Monsieur Teste?—I wrote last week to desire you would remit Mrs. S—— a hundred Louis; 'twill be all, except the guittar, I shall owe you. Send me your account, and I will pay Mr. Selwin.—Direct to me at Mr. Becket's. All kind respects to my friend Mr. F. and your sister.

Yours cordially,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXXI.*

TO ELIZA.†

ELIZA will receive my books with this. The sermons came all hot from the heart. I wish that I could give them any title to be offered to yours.

* This and the nine following Letters have no dates to them, but were evidently written in the months of March and April, 1767. They are, therefore, here placed together.

† The Editor of the first publication of Mr. Sterne's Letters to Eliza, gives the following account of this lady:—"Mrs. Elizabeth "Draper, wife of Daniel Draper, Esq. Counsellor at Bombay, and "at present (*i. e.* in 1775) chief of the factory at Surat, a gentle-"man very much respected in that quarter of the globe.—She is "by birth an East Indian; but the circumstance of being born in "the country, not proving sufficient to defend her delicate frame "against the heats of that burning climate, she came to England "for the recovery of her health, when, by accident, she became "acquainted with Mr. Sterne. He immediately discovered in her "*a mind so congenial* with his own, so enlightened, so refined, "*and so tender*, that their mutual attraction presently joined them

The others came from the head: I am more indifferent about their reception.

I know not how it comes about, but I am half in love with you: I ought to be wholly so; for I never valued (or saw more good qualities to value) or thought more of one of your sex than of you; so adieu.

Yours faithfully,
if not affectionately,
L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXXII.

TO THE SAME.

I CANNOT rest, Eliza, though I shall call on you at half past twelve, till I know how you do.—May thy

" in the closest union that purity could possibly admit of: he loved her as his friend, and prided in her as his pupil; all her concerns became presently his; her health, her circumstances, her reputation, her children, were his; his fortune, his time, his country, were at her disposal, so far as the sacrifice of all, or any of these might, in his opinion, contribute to her real happiness. " If it is asked, whether the glowing heat of Mr. Sterne's affection never transported him to a flight beyond the limits of pure Platonism? the publisher will not take upon him absolutely to deny it; but this, he thinks, so far from leaving any stain upon that gentleman's memory, that it, perhaps, includes his fairest encomium; since to cherish the seeds of piety and chastity in a heart which the passions are interested to corrupt, must be allowed to be the noblest effort of a soul fraught and fortified with the justest sentiments of religion and virtue."

After reading these letters, the curiosity of the publick will be naturally excited to enquire concerning the fate of the lady to whom they were addressed. To this question, it will be sufficient to answer, that she has been dead some years; and that it might give pain to *many worthy persons, if* the circumstances which attended the *latter part of her life* were disclosed, as they are generally said to *have reflected no credit* either on her prudence or discretion.

dear face smile, as thou risest, like the sun of this morning. I was much grieved to hear of your alarming indisposition yesterday; and disappointed too, at not being let in.—Remember, my dear, that a friend has the same right as a physician. The etiquettes of this town (you'll say) say otherwise.—No matter. Delicacy and propriety do not always consist in observing their frigid doctrines.

I am going out to breakfast, but shall be at my lodgings by eleven; when I hope to read a single line under thy own hand, that thou art better, and wilt be glad to see thy Bramin.

9 o'clock.

LETTER LXXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

I GOT thy letter last night, Eliza, on my return from Lord Bathurst's, where I dined, and where I was heard (as I talked of thee an hour without intermission) with so much pleasure and attention, that the good old Lord toasted your health three different times; and now he is in his eighty-fifth year, says he hopes to live long enough to be introduced as a friend to my fair Indian disciple, and to see her eclipse all other nabobesses as much in wealth as she does already in exterior and (what is far better) in interior merit. I hope so too. This nobleman is an old friend of mine.—You know he was always *the protector* of men of wit and genius; and has *had those* of the last century, Addison, Steele, Pope,

Swift, Prior, &c. &c. always at his table.—The manner in which his notice began of me, was as singular as it was polite.—He came up to me, one day, as I was at the Princess of Wales's court. "I want to know you, Mr. Sterne; but it is fit you should know, also, who it is that wishes this pleasure. You have heard, continued he, of an old Lord Bathurst, of whom your Popes and Swifts have sung and spoken so much. I have lived my life with geniuses of that cast; but have survived them; and, despairing ever to find their equals, it is some years since I have closed my accounts, and shut up my books, with thoughts of never opening them again; but you have kindled a desire in me of opening them once more before I die; which I now do; so go home and dine with me."—This nobleman, I say, is a prodigy; for at eighty-five he has all the wit and promptness of a man of thirty. A disposition to be pleased, and a power to please others beyond whatever I knew: added to which, a man of learning, courtesy, and feeling.

He heard me talk of thee, Eliza, with uncommon satisfaction;—for there was only a third person, and of sensibility, with us:—and a most sentimental afternoon, till nine o'clock, have we passed! But thou, Eliza, wert the star that conducted and enliven'd the discourse:—and when I talked not of thee, still didst thou fill my mind, and warmed every thought I uttered; for I am not ashamed to acknowledge, I greatly miss thee.—Best of all good girls! the sufferings I have sustained the whole night on the account of thine, Eliza, are beyond my power of words.—Assuredly does heaven give *strength proportioned* to the weight he lays upon

us! Thou hast been bowed down, my child, with every burden that sorrow of heart and pain of body could inflict upon a poor being; and still thou tellest me, thou art beginning to get ease;—thy fever gone, thy sickness, the pain in thy side vanishing also.—May every evil so vanish that thwarts Eliza's happiness, or but awakens thy fears for a moment! —Fear nothing, my dear!—hope every thing;—and the balm of this passion will shed its influence on thy health, and make thee enjoy a spring of youth and cheerfulness more than thou hast hardly yet tasted!

And so thou hast fixed thy Bramin's portrait over thy writing-desk; and wilt consult it in all doubts and difficulties.—Grateful and good girl! Yorick smiles contentedly over all thou dost: his picture does not do justice to his own complacency!

Thy sweet little plan and distribution of thy time, —how worthy of thee! Indeed, Eliza, thou leavest me nothing to direct thee in! thou leavest me nothing to require,—nothing to ask,—but a continuation of that conduct which won my esteem, and has made thy friend forever!

May the roses come quick back to thy cheeks, and the rubies to thy lips! But trust my declaration, Eliza, that thy husband (if he is the good feeling man I wish him) will press thee to him with more honest warmth and affection, and kiss thy pale, poor dejected face with more transport than he would be able to do in the best bloom of all thy beauty!—and so he ought, or I pity him. He must have strange feelings if he knows not the value of *such a creature* as thou art!

I am glad Miss Light* goes with you. She may relieve you from many anxious moments.—I am glad your ship-mates are friendly beings. You could least dispense with what is contrary to your own nature,—which is soft and gentle, Eliza.—It would civilize savages!—though pity were it thou shouldst be tainted with the office! How canst thou make apologies for thy last letter? 'tis most delicious to me, for the very reason you excuse it. Write to me, my child, only such. Let them speak the easy carelessness of a heart that opens itself any how, and every how, to a man you ought to esteem and trust. Such, Eliza, I write to thee;—and so I should ever live with thee, most artlessly, most affectionately, if Providence permitted thy residence in the same section of the globe:—for I am, all that honour and affection can make me,

THY BRAMIN.

LETTER LXXXIV.

TO THE SAME.

WRITE this, Eliza, at Mr. James's whilst he is dressing, and the dear girl, his wife, is writing beside me, to thee.—I got your melancholy billet before we sat down to dinner. 'Tis melancholy indeed, my dear, to hear so piteous an account of thy sickness! Thou art encountered with evils enow,

* Miss Light, afterwards married George Stratton, Esq. late in the service of the East India Company at Madras. She is since *dead.*

without that additional weight! I fear it will s
thy poor soul, and body with it, past recovery
Heaven supply thee with fortitude! We have t
ed of nothing but thee, Eliza, and of thy sweet
tues and endearing conduct, all the afternoon. I
James and thy Bramin have mixed their tears a l
dred times, in speaking of thy hardships, thy g
ness, and thy graces.—The ****s, by heavens,
worthless! I have heard enough to tremble at
articulation of the name! How could you, El
leave them (or suffer them to leave you ratl
with impressions the least favourable? I have
thee enough to plant disgust against their trea
ry to thee, to the last hour of thy life! Yet still i
toldest Mrs. James at last, that thou believest
affectionately love thee.—Her delicacy to my E
and true regard to her ease of mind, have saved
from hearing more glaring proofs of their basen
For God's sake, write not to them; nor foul
fair character with such polluted hearts:—I
love thee! What proof? Is it their actions that
so? or their zeal for those attachments, which
thee honour, and make thee happy? or their
derness for thy fame? No; but they weep, and
tender things.—Adieu to all such forever. I
James's honest heart revolts against the idea of
er returning them one visit.—I honour her, an
honour thee, for almost every act of thy life, but
blind partiality for an unworthy being.

Forgive my zeal, dear girl, and allow me a ri
which arises only out of that fund of affection I h
and shall preserve for thee to the hour of my dea
Reflect, Eliza, what are my motives for perpetu
advising thee? think whether I can have any,

what proceed from the cause I have mentioned! I think you are a very deserving woman; and that you want nothing but firmness and a better opinion of yourself, to be the best female character I know. I wish I could inspire you with a share of that vanity your enemies lay to your charge (though to me it has never been visible) because I think, in a well turned mind, it will produce good effects.

I probably shall never see you more; yet I flatter myself, you'll sometimes think of me with pleasure; because you must be convinced I love you, and so interest myself in your rectitude, that I had rather hear of any evil befalling you, than your want of reverence for yourself. I had not power to keep this remonstrance in my breast.—Its now out; so adieu. Heaven watch over my Eliza!

Thine,

YORICK.

LETTER LXXXV.

TO THE SAME.

To whom should Eliza apply in her distress, but to her friend who loves her? why then, my dear, do you apologize for employing me? Yorick would be offended, and with reason, if you ever sent commissions to another, which he could execute. I have been with Zumps; and your piano forte must be tuned from the brass middle string of your guittar, which is C.—I have got you a hammer too, and *a pair of plyers to twist* your wire with; and may

every one of them, my dear, vibrate sweet comfort to my hopes! I have bought you ten handsome brass screws, to hang your necessaries upon: I purchased twelve; but stole a couple from you to put up in my own cabin, at Coxwould: I shall never hang, nor take my hat off one of them, but I shall think of you. I have bought thee, moreover, a couple of iron screws, which are more to be depended on than brass, for the globes.

I have written also to Mr. Abraham Walker, pilot at Deal, that I had dispatched these in a packet, directed to his care; which I desired he would seek after, the moment the Deal machine arrived. I I have, moreover, given him directions what sort of an arm-chair you would want, and have directed him to purchase the best that Deal could afford; and take it, with the parcel, in the first boat that went off. Would I could, Eliza, so supply all thy wants, and all thy wishes!—it would be a state of happiness to me.—The journal is as it should be, all but its contents. Poor, dear, patient being! I do more than pity you; for I think I lose both firmness and philosophy—as I figure to myself your distresses. Do not think I spoke last night with too much asperity of ****: there was cause; and besides, a good heart ought not to love a bad one; and, indeed, cannot. But, adieu to the ungrateful subject.

I have been this morning to see Mrs. James: she loves thee tenderly and unfeignedly. She is alarmed for thee:—she says thou lookedst most ill and melancholy on going away. She pities thee. I shall visit her every Sunday, while I am in town.—*As this may* be my last letter, I earnestly bid thee

farewell. May the God of kindness be kind to thee, and approve himself thy protector, now thou art defenceless! And, for thy daily comfort, bear in thy mind this truth, That whatever measure of sorrow and distress is thy portion, it will be repaid to thee in a full measure of happiness, by the Being thou hast wisely chosen for thy eternal friend.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza! Whilst I live, count upon me as the most warm and disinterested of earthly friends.

YORICK.

LETTER LXXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

My dearest Eliza,

I BEGAN a new journal this morning; you shall see it; for if I live not till your return to England, I will leave it you as a legacy. 'Tis a sorrowful page; but I will write cheerful ones; and could I write letters to thee, they should be cheerful ones too: but few, I fear, will reach thee! However, depend upon receiving something of the kind by every post; till then, thou wavest thy hand, and bid'st me write no more.

Tell me how you are; and what sort of fortitude heaven inspires you with. How are you accommodated, my dear? Is all right? Scribble away, any thing and every thing to me. Depend upon seeing me at Deal, with the Jameses, should you be detained there by contrary winds.—Indeed, Eliza, I

should with pleasure fly to you, could I be the means of rendering you any service, or doing you kindness. Gracious and merciful God! consider the anguish of a poor girl!—Strengthen and preserve her in all the shocks her frame must be exposed to! She is now without a protector, but thee! Save her from all accidents of a dangerous element, and give her comfort at the last

My prayer, Eliza, I hope, is heard; for the sky seems to smile upon me, as I look up to it. I am just returned from our dear Mrs. James's, where I have been talking of thee for three hours.—She has got your picture, and likes it: but Marriot, and some other judges, agree that mine is the better, and expressive of a sweeter character. But what is that to the original? yet I acknowledge that hers is a picture for the world, and mine is calculated only to please a very sincere friend, or sentimental philosopher. In the one, you are dressed in smiles, and with all the advantages of silks, pearls, and ermine;—in the other, simple as a vestal,—appearing the good girl nature made you;—which, to me, conveys an idea of more unaffected sweetness than Mrs. Draper, habited for conquest, in a birth-day suit, with her countenance animated, and her dimples visible. If I remember right, Eliza, you endeavoured to collect every charm of your person into your face, with more than common care, the day you sat for Mrs. James.—Your colour, too, brightened; and your eyes shone with more than usual brilliancy. I then requested you to come simple and unadorned when you sat for me;—knowing (as I see with unprejudiced eyes) that you could receive *no addition* from the silk-worm's aid, or jeweller's

polish. Let me now tell you a truth, which I believe I have uttered before.—When I first saw you, I beheld you as an object of compassion, and as a very plain woman. The mode of your dress (though fashionable) disfigured you.—But nothing now could render you such, but the being solicitous to make yourself admired as a handsome one.—You are not handsome, Eliza, nor is yours a face that will please the tenth part of your beholders,—but are something more; for I scruple not to tell you, I never saw so intelligent, so animated, so good a countenance; nor was there, nor ever will be, that man of sense, tenderness, and feeling, in your company three hours, that was not, or will not be, your admirer, or friend, in consequence of it; that is, if you assume, or assumed, no character foreign to your own, but appeared the artless being nature designed you for. A something in your eyes and voice, you possess in a degree more persuasive than any woman I ever saw, read, or heard of. But it is that bewitching sort of nameless excellence, that men of nice sensibility alone can be touched with.

Were your husband in England, I would freely give him five hundred pounds, if money could purchase the acquisition, to let you only sit by me two hours in a day, while I wrote my Sentimental Journey. I am sure the work would sell so much the better for it, that I should be reimbursed the sum more than seven times told.—I would not give ninepence for the picture of you the Newnhams have got executed:—it is the resemblance of a conceited, made-up coquette. Your eyes, and the shape of your face (the latter the most perfect oval I ever saw) which are *perfections* that must strike the most

indifferent judge, because they are equal to any of God's works in a similar way; and finer than any I beheld in all my travels, are manifestly injured by the affected leer of the one, and strange appearance of the other; owing to the attitude of the head, which is a proof of the artist's, or your friend's false taste. The ****s, who verify the character I once gave of teazing, or sticking like pitch, or bird-lime, sent a card that they would wait on Mrs. **** on Friday.—She sent back, she was engaged.—Then to meet at Ranelagh to-night.—She answered, she did not go.—She says, if she allows the least footing, she never shall get rid of the acquaintance; which she is resolved to drop at once. She knows them:—she knows they are not her friends, nor yours; and the first use they would make of being with her, would be to sacrifice you to her, if they could, a second time. Let her not then; let her not, my dear, be a greater friend to thee than thou art to thyself. She begs I will reiterate my request to you, that you will not write to them. It will give her and thy Bramin inexpressible pain. Be assured, all this is not without reason on her side. I have my reasons too; the first of which is, that I should grieve to excess, if Eliza wanted that fortitude her Yorick has built so high upon. I said I never more would mention the name to thee; and had I not received it as a kind of charge from a dear woman that loves you, I should not have broke my word. I will write again to-morrow to thee, thou best and most endearing of girls! A peaceful night to thee. My spirit will be with thee through every watch of it.—Adieu.

LETTER LXXXVII.

TO THE SAME.

I THINK you could act no otherwise than you did with the young soldier. There was no shutting the door against him, either in politeness or humanity. Thou tellest me he seems susceptible of tender impressions: and that before Miss Light has sailed a fortnight, he will be in love with her.—Now I think it a thousand times more likely that he attaches himself to thee, Eliza; because thou art a thousand times more amiable. Five months with Eliza,—and in the same room,—and an amorous son of Mars besides!— "*It can no be, Masser.*"—The sun, if he could avoid it, would not shine upon a dunghill; but his rays are so pure, Eliza, and celestial,—I never heard that they were polluted by it. —Just such will thine be, dearest child, in this, and every such situation you will be exposed to, till thou art fixed for life.—But thy discretion, thy wisdom, thy honour, the spirit of thy Yorick, and thy own spirit, which is equal to it, will be thy ablest counsellors.

Surely, by this time, something is doing for thy accommodation.—But why may not clean washing and rubbing do instead of painting your cabin, as it is to be hung? Paint is so pernicious, both to your nerves and lungs, and will keep you so much longer too, out of your apartment; where, I hope, you will pass some of your happiest hours.

I fear the best of your ship-mates are only genteel by *comparison with the* contrasted crew, with which

thou must behold them. So was—you know who! —from the same fallacy that was put upon the judgment, when—but I will not mortify you. If they are decent and distant, it is enough; and as much as is to be expected. If any of them are more, I rejoice;—thou wilt want every aid; and 'tis thy due to have them. Be cautious only, my dear, of intimacies. Good hearts are open, and fall naturally into them. Heaven inspire thine with fortitude in this, and every deadly trial. Best of God's works, farewell! Love me, I beseech thee; and remember me forever!

I am, my Eliza, and will ever be, in the most comprehensive sense,

Thy friend,

YORICK.

P. S. Probably you will have an opportunity of writing to me by some Dutch or French ship, or from the Cape de Verd Islands.—It will reach me somehow.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

My dear Eliza,

OH! I grieve for your cabin:—and the fresh painting will be enough to destroy every nerve about thee. Nothing so pernicious as white lead. Take care of yourself, dear girl; and sleep not in it too soon:—it will be enough to give you a stroke

of an epilepsy. I hope you will have left the ship; and that my letters may meet, and greet you, as you get out of your post-chaise, at Deal. When you have got them all, put them, my dear, into some order.—The first eight or nine are numbered; but I wrote the rest without that direction to thee; but thou wilt find them out, by the day or hour, which, I hope, I have generally prefixed to them. When they are got together, in chronological order, sew them together under a cover. I trust they will be a perpetual refuge to thee, from time to time; and that thou wilt (when weary of fools and uninteresting discourse) retire and converse an hour with them and me.

I have not had power, or the heart, to aim at enlivening any one of them with a single stroke of wit or humour; but they contain something better; and what you will feel more suited to your situation;—a long detail of much advice, truth, and knowledge. I hope, too, you will perceive loose touches of an honest heart in every one of them; which speaks more than the most studied periods; and will give thee more ground of trust and reliance upon Yorick, than all that laboured eloqence could supply. Lean then thy whole weight, Eliza, upon them and upon me. "May poverty, distress, anguish, and shame, "be my portion, if ever I give thee reason to repent "the knowledge of me!"—With this asseveration, made in the presence of a just God, I pray to him, that so it may speed with me, as I deal candidly and honourably with thee! I would not mislead thee, Eliza; I would not injure thee, in the opinion of a single individual, for the richest crown the proudest *monarch wears.*

Remember, that while I have life and power whatever is mine, you may style and think yours.—Though sorry should I be, if ever my friendship was put to the test thus, for your own delicacy's sake.—Money and counters are of equal use, in my opinion; they both serve to set up with.

I hope you will answer me this letter; but if thou art debarred by the elements, which hurry thee away, I will write one for thee; and knowing it is such a one as thou would'st have written, I will regard it as my Eliza's.

Honour, and happiness, and health, and comforts of every kind, sail along with thee, thou most worthy of girls! I will live for thee, and my Lydia;—be rich for the dear children of my heart;—gain wisdom, gain fame, and happiness, to share with them,—with thee,—and her, in my old age.—Once for all, adieu.—Preserve thy life; steadily pursue the ends we proposed; and let nothing rob thee of those powers heaven has given thee for thy well being.

What can I add more, in the agitation of mind I am in, and within five minutes of the last postman's bell, but recommend thee to heaven, and recommend myself to heaven with thee, in the same fervent ejaculation, "That we may be happy, and "meet again; if not in this world, in the next."—Adieu.—I am thine, Eliza, affectionately and everlastingly,

YORICK.

LETTER LXXXIX.

TO THE SAME.

I WISH to God, Eliza, it was possible to postpone the voyage to India for another year;—for I am firmly persuaded within my own heart, that thy husband could never limit thee with regard to time.

I fear that Mr. B—— has exaggerated matters. —I like not his countenance. It is absolutely killing.—Should evil befall thee, what will he not have to answer for? I know not the being that will be deserving of so much pity, or that I shall hate more. He will be an outcast, alien.—In which case I will be a father to thy children, my good girl!—therefore take no thought about them.—

But, Eliza, if thou art so very ill, still put off all thoughts of returning to India this year.—Write to your husband;—tell him the truth of your case.—If he is the generous, humane man you describe him to be, he cannot but applaud your conduct.—I am credibly informed, that his repugnance to your living in England arises only from the dread, which has entered his brain, that thou mayest run him in debt beyond thy appointments, and that he must discharge them.—That such a creature should be sacrificed for the paltry consideration of a few hundreds, is too, too hard! Oh! my child! that I could, with propriety, indemnify him for every charge, even to the last mite, that thou hast been of to him! With joy would I give him my whole subsistence; —nay, sequester *my livings*, and trust the treasures

heaven has furnished my head with, for a future subsistence.

You owe much, I allow, to your husband,—you owe something to appearances, and the opinion of the world; but, trust me, my dear, you owe much likewise to yourself.—Return therefore, from Deal, if you continue ill.—I will prescribe for you, gratis. —You are not the first woman, by many, I have done so for, with success. I will send for my wife and daughter, and they shall carry you in pursuit of health, to Montpellier, the wells of Bançois, the Spa, or whither thou wilt. Thou shalt direct them, and make parties of pleasure in what corner of the world fancy points out to thee. We shall fish upon the banks of Arno, and lose ourselves in the sweet labyrinths of its vallies.—And then thou shouldst warble to us, as I have once or twice heard thee,— "I'm lost, I'm lost!"—but we should find thee again, my Eliza.—Of a similar nature to this, was your physician's prescription: "Use gentle exercise, the pure southern air of France, or milder Naples,—with the society of friendly, gentle beings." Sensible man! He certainly entered into your feelings. He knew the fallacy of medicine to a creature, whose illness has arisen from the affliction of her mind. Time only, my dear, I fear, you must trust to, and have your reliance on; may it give you the health so enthusiastick a votary to the charming goddess deserves!

I honour you, Eliza, for keeping secret some things, which, if explained, had been a panegyrick on yourself. There is a dignity in venerable affliction which will not allow it to appeal to the world for pity or redress. Well have you supported that

character, my amiable, philosophick friend! And, indeed, I begin to think you have as many virtues as my Uncle Toby's widow.—I don't mean to insinuate, hussey, that my opinion is no better founded than his was of Mrs. Wadman; nor do I conceive it possible for any Trim to convince me it is equally fallacious.—I am sure, while I have my reason, it is not—Talking of widows:—Pray, Eliza, if ever you are such, do not think of giving yourself to some wealthy nabob,—because I design to marry you myself.—My wife cannot live long,—she has sold all the provinces in France already;—and I know not the woman I should like so well for her substitute as yourself.—'tis true, I am ninty-five in constitution, and you but twenty-five;—rather too great a disparity this!—but what I want in youth, I will make up in wit and good-humour.—Not Swift so loved his Stella, Scarron his Maintenon, or Waller his Sacharissa, as I will love and sing thee, my wife elect! All those names, eminent as they were, shall give place to thine, Eliza. Tell me, in answer to this, that you approve and honour the proposal, and that you would (like the spectator's mistress) have more joy in putting on an old man's slipper, than associating with the gay, the voluptuous, and the young.—Adieu, my Simplicia!

Yours,

TRISTRAM.

LETTER XC.

TO THE SAME.

My dear Eliza,

I HAVE been within the verge of the gates of death.—I was ill the last time I wrote to you, and apprehensive of what would be the consequence.—My fears were but too well founded; for, in ten minutes after I dispatched my letter, this poor, fine-spun frame of Yorick's gave way, and I broke a vessel in my breast, and could not stop the loss of blood till four this morning. I have filled all thy India handkerchiefs with it.—It came, I think, from my heart; I fell asleep through weakness. At six I awoke, with the bosom of my shirt steeped in tears. I dreamt I was sitting under the canopy of Indolence, and that thou camest into the room with a shawl in thy hand, and told me, my spirit had flown to thee in the Downs, with tidings of my fate; and that you were come to administer what consolation filial affection could bestow, and to receive my parting breath and blessing.—With that you folded the shawl about my waist, and, kneeling, supplicated my attention. I awoke; but in what a frame! Oh! my God! "But thou wilt number my tears, and put "them all into thy bottle."—Dear girl! I see thee;—thou art forever present to my fancy,—embracing my feeble knees, and raising thy fine eyes to bid me be of comfort: and, when I talk to Lydia, the words of Esau, as uttered by thee, perpetually ring in my ears,—"Bless *me* even also, my father!"—Blessing attend thee, thou child of my heart!

My bleeding is quite stopped, and I feel the principle of life strong within me; so be not alarmed, Eliza;—I know I shall do well. I have eat my breakfast with hunger; and I write to thee with a pleasure arising from that prophetick impression in my imagination, that "all will terminate to our "heart's content." Comfort thyself eternally with this persuasion,—"That the best of Beings" (as thou hast sweetly expressed it) "could not, by a "combination of accidents, produce such a chain "of events, merely to be the source of misery to the "leading person engaged in them." The observation was very applicable, very good, and very elegantly expressed. I wish my memory did justice to the wording of it.—Who taught you the art of writing so sweetly, Eliza?—You have absolutely exalted it to a science?—When I am in want of ready cash, and ill health will not permit my genius to exert itself, I shall print your letters, as finished essays, "by an unfortunate Indian lady." The style is new; and would almost be a sufficient recommendation for their selling well, without merit; —but their sense, natural ease, and spirit, is not to be equalled, I believe, in this section of the globe; nor, I will answer for it, by any of your country-women in yours.—I have shewn your letter to Mrs B——, and to half the *literati* in town.—You shall not be angry with me for it, because I meant to do you honour by it.—You cannot imagine how many admirers your epistolary productions have gained you, that never viewed your external merits. I only wonder where thou couldst acquire thy graces, thy goodness, thy accomplishments,—so connected! *so educated! Nature* has surely studied to make

thee her peculiar care;—for thou art (and not in my eyes alone) the best and fairest of all her works.

And so this is the last letter thou art to receive from me; because the Earl of Chatham * (I read in the papers) is got to the Downs; and the wind I find, is fair. If so,—blessed woman! take my last, last farewell!—Cherish the remembrance of me; think how I esteem, nay, how affectionately I love thee, and what a price I set upon thee! Adieu, adieu! and with my adieu, let me give thee one straight rule of conduct, that thou hast heard from my lips in a thousand forms,—but I concenter it in one word,

REVERENCE THYSELF.

Adieu once more, Eliza! May no anguish of heart plant a wrinkle upon thy face, till I behold it again! May no doubt or misgivings disturb the serenity of thy mind, or awaken a painful thought about thy children;—for they are Yorick's,—and Yorick is thy friend forever!—Adieu, adieu, adieu!

P. S. Remember, that hope shortens all journies, by sweetening them;—so sing my little stanza on the subject, with the devotion of an hymn, every morning when thou arisest, and thou wilt eat thy breakfast with more comfort for it.

Blessings rest, and Hygeia go with thee! May'st thou soon return, in peace and affluence, to illume my night! I am, and shall be, the last to deplore thy loss, and will be the first to congratulate and hail thy return.

Fare thee well.

* By the newspapers of the times, it appears that the Earl of *Chatham East* Indiaman sailed from Deal, April 3, 1767.

LETTER XCI.

TO MISS STERNE.

Bond-street, April 9, 1767.

THIS letter, my dear Lydia, will distress thy good heart; for, from the beginning, thou wilt perceive no entertaining strokes of humour in it.—I cannot be cheerful when a thousand melancholy ideas surround me.—I have met with a loss of near fifty pounds, which I was taken in for in an extraordinary manner:—but what is that loss in comparison of one I may experience?—Friendship is the balm and cordial of life, and, without it, 'tis a heavy load not worth sustaining.—I am unhappy,—thy mother and thyself at a distance from me; and what can compensate for such a destitution?—For God's sake, persuade her to come and fix in England, for life is too short to waste in separation;—and, whilst she lives in one country, and I in another, many people will suppose it proceeds from choice:—besides, I want thee near me, thou child and darling of my heart!—I am in a melancholy mood, and my Lydia's eyes will smart with weeping, when I tell her the cause that now affects me.—I am apprehensive the dear friend I mentioned in my last letter is going into a decline.—I was with her two days ago, and I never beheld a being so altered;—she has a tender frame, and looks like a drooping lily, for the roses are fled from her cheeks.—I can never see or talk to this incomparable woman without bursting into tears.—I have a thousand obligations to her, and I owe her more than her whole sex, if not all the

world, put together.—She has a delicacy in her way of thinking that few possess.—Our conversations are of the most interesting nature; and she talks to me of quitting this world with more composure than others think of living in it.—I have wrote an epitaph, of which I send thee a copy;—'tis expressive of her modest worth;—but may heaven restore her! and may she live to write mine!

Columns and labour'd urns but vainly shew
An idle scene of decorated woe.
The sweet companion, and the friend sincere,
Need no mechanick help to force the tear.
In heart-felt numbers, never meant to shine,
'Twill flow eternal o'er a hearse like thine.
'Twill flow whilst gentle goodness has one friend,
Or kindred tempers have a tear to lend.

Say all that is kind of me to thy mother, and believe me, my Lydia, that I love thee most truly.—So adieu.—I am what I ever was, and hope ever shall be,

Thy affectionate father,

L. Sterne.

As to Mr. M——, by your description he is a fat fool. I beg you will not give up your time to such a being.—Send me some *batons pour les dents*;—there are none good here.

LETTER XCII.

TO LADY P——.

Mount Coffee-house, Tuesday, 3 o'clock.

THERE is a strange mechanical effect produced in writing a *billet-doux* within a stone-cast of the lady who engrosses the heart and soul of an *inamorato*;—for this cause (but mostly because I am to dine in this neighbourhood) have I, Tristram Shandy, come forth from my lodgings to a coffee-house, the nearest I could find to my dear Lady ——'s house, and have called for a sheet of gilt paper, to try the truth of this article of my creed.—Now for it.

O my dear lady, what a dish-clout of a soul hast thou made of me!—I think, by the bye, this is a little too familiar an introduction for so unfamiliar a situation as I stand in with you,—where, heaven knows, I am kept at a distance,—and despair of getting one inch nearer you, with all the steps and windings I can think of to recommend myself to you.—Would not any man in his senses run diametrically from you,—and as far as his legs would carry him, rather than thus causelessly, foolishly, and fool-hardily expose himself afresh,—and afresh, where his heart and his reason tell him he shall be sure to come off looser, if not totally undone?—Why would you tell me you would be glad to see me?—Does it give you pleasure to make me more unhappy;—or does it add to your triumph, that your eyes and lips have turned a man into a fool, whom the rest of the town is courting as a *wit?—I am a fool,—the* weakest, the most ductile,

the most tender fool, that ever woman tried the weakness of;—and the most unsettled in my purposes and resolutions of recovering my right mind. —It is but an hour ago that I kneeled down and swore I never would come near you;—and, after saying my Lord's prayer for the sake of the close, *of not being led into temptation*,—out I sallied like any christian hero, ready to take the field against the world, the flesh, and the devil; not doubting but I should finally trample them all down under my feet;—and now I am got so near you,—within this vile stone's cast of your house,—I feel myself drawn into a vortex, that has turned my brain upside downwards; and, though I had purchased a box-ticket to carry me to Miss *******'s benefit, yet I know very well, that was a single line directed to me, to let me know lady——would be alone at seven, and suffer me to spend the evening with her, she would infallibly see every thing verified I have told her.— I dine at Mr. C——r's, in Wigmore-street, in this neighbourhood, where I shall stay till seven, in hopes you purpose to put me to this proof. If I hear nothing by that time, I shall conclude you are better disposed of,—and shall take a sorry hack, and sorrily jog on to the play.—Curse on the word. I know nothing but sorrow,—except this one thing, that I love you (perhaps foolishly, but)

most sincerely.

L. STERNE.

LETTER XCIII.

TO MR. AND MRS. J——.

Old Bond-street, April 21, 1767.

I AM sincerely affected my dear Mr. and Mrs. J——, by your friendly enquiry, and the interest you are so good to take in my health. God knows I am not able to give a good account of myself, having passed a bad night in much feverish agitation.—My physician ordered me to bed, and to keep therein till some favourable change.—I fell ill the moment I got to my lodgings;—he says it is owing to my taking James's powder, and venturing out on so cold a day as Sunday;—but he is mistaken, for I am certain whatever bears the name must have efficacy with me.—I was bled yesterday, and again today, and have been almost dead; but this friendly enquiry from Gerrard-street has poured balm into what blood I have left.—I hope still, and (next to the sense of what I owe my friends) it shall be the last pleasurable sensation I will part with:—if I continue mending, it will yet be some time before I shall have strength enough to get out in a carriage.—My first visit will be a visit of true gratitude.—I leave my kind friends to guess where.—A thousand blessings go along with this; and may heaven preserve you both!—Adieu, my dear sir, and dear Lady.

I am your ever obliged

L. STERNE.

LETTER XCIV.

TO IGNATIUS SANCHO.

Bond-street, Saturday, April 25, 1767.

I WAS very sorry, my good Sancho, that I was not at home, to return my compliments by you for the great courtesy of the Duke of M—g—'s family to me, in honouring my list of subscribers with their names ;—for which I bear them all thanks.—But you have something to add, Sancho, to what I owe your good-will also on this account, and that is, to send me the subscription-money, which I find a necessity of dunning my best friends for before I leave town,—to avoid the perplexities of both keeping pecuniary accounts (for which I have very slender talents) and collecting them (for which I have neither strength of body nor mind) ; and so, good Sancho, dun the Duke of M——, the Duchess of M——, and Lord M——, for their subscriptions ; and lay the sin, and money with it too, at my door. —I wish so good a family every blessing they merit, along with my humblest compliments. You know, Sancho, that I am your friend and well-wisher,

L. STERNE.

P. S. I leave town on Friday morning,—and should on Thursday, but that I stay to dine with Lord and Lady S——.

LETTER XCV.

TO THE EARL OF S——,

My Lord, Old Bond street, May 1, 1767.

I WAS yesterday taking leave of all the town, with an intention of leaving it this day; but I am detained by the kindness of Lord and Lady S——, who have made a party to dine and sup, on my account. —I am impatient to set out for my solitude, for there the mind gains strength, and learns to lean upon herself.—In the world it seeks or accepts of a few treacherous supports;—the feigned compassion of one,—the flattery of a second,—the civilities of a third,—the friendship of a fourth,—they all deceive, and bring the mind back to where mine is retreating, to retirement, reflection, and books. My departure is fixed for to-morrow morning; but I could not think of quitting a place where I have received such numberless and unmerited civilities from your Lordship, without returning my most grateful thanks, as well as my hearty acknowledgments for your friendly enquiry from Bath. Illness, my Lord, has occasioned my silence.—Death knocked at my door, but I would not admit him;—the call was both unexpected and unpleasant;—and I am seriously worn down to a shadow,—and still very weak:—but, weak as I am, I have as whimsical a story to tell you as ever befell one of my family;—Shandy's nose, his name, his sash-window, are fools to it;—it will serve at least to amuse you.—The injury I did myself last month in catching cold upon James's *powder,—fell, you must know,* upon the worst part

it could,—the most painful and most dangerous of any in the human body. It was on this crisis I called in an able surgeon, and with him an able physician (both my friends) to inspect my disaster.—'Tis a venereal case, cried my two scientifick friends.—'Tis impossible, however, to be that, replied I;—for I have had no commerce whatever with the sex,—not even with my wife, added I, these fifteen years.—You are, however, my good friend, said the surgeon, or there is no such case in the world.—What the devil, said I, without knowing woman?—We will not reason about it, said the physician, but you must undergo a course of mercury.—I will lose my life first, said I; and trust to nature, to time, or, at the worst, to death.—So I put an end, with some indignation, to the conference,—and determined to bear all the torments I underwent, and ten times more, rather than submit to be treated like a *sinner*, in a point where I had acted like a *saint*.—Now, as the father of mischief would have it, who has no pleasure like that of dishonouring the righteous, it so fell out that, from the moment I dismissed my doctors, my pains began to rage with a violence not to be expressed, or supported. Every hour became more intolerable.—I was got to bed, cried out, and raved the whole night, and was got up so near dead, that my friends insisted upon my sending again for my physician and surgeon. I told them, upon the word of a man of honour, they were both mistaken as to my case;—but, though they had reasoned wrong, they might act right: but that, sharp as my sufferings were, I felt them not so sharp as the imputation which a venereal treatment of my case laid *me under*.—They answered, that these taints of the

blood lie dormant twenty years; but they would not reason with me in a point wherein I was so delicate, but would do all the office for which they were called in, namely, to put an end to my torment, which otherwise would put an end to me;—and so I have been compelled to surrender myself:—and thus, my dear Lord, has your poor friend, with all his sensibilities, been suffering the chastisement of the grossest sensualist!—Was it not as ridiculous an embarrassment as ever Yorick's spirit was involved in?—Nothing but the purest conscience of innocence could have tempted me to write this story to my wife, which, by the bye, would make no bad anecdote in Tristram Shandy's life.—I have mentioned it in my journal to Mrs. ———. In some respects, there is no difference between my wife and herself:—when they fare alike, neither can reasonably complain.—I have just received letters from France, with some hints that Mrs. Sterne and my Lydia are coming to England, to pay me a visit.—If your time is not better employed, Yorick flatters himself he shall receive a letter from your Lordship, *en attendant*.—I am with the greatest regard,

My Lord,

your Lordship's

Most faithful humble servant,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XCVI.

TO J—— D——N, ESQ.

Old Bond-street, Friday morni

I WAS going, my dear D——n, to bed bef received your kind enquiry; and now my cl stands at my door, to take and convey this poor l to its legal settlement.—I am ill, very ill;—I guish most affectingly.—I am sick both soul body.—It is a cordial to me to hear it is diffe with you;—no man interests himself more in happiness; and I am glad you are in so fair a to it:—enjoy it long, my D——; whilst I, matter what;—but my feelings are too nice fo world I live in:—things will mend.—I dined ye day with Lord and lady S——: we talked muc you and your goings on; for every one knows Sunbury Hill is so pleasant a situation!— rogue! you have lock'd up my boots,—and bootless home;—and I fear I shall go bootles my life.—Adieu, gentlest and best of souls.—A

I am yours most affectionately,

L. STERN

LETTER XCVII.

TO J—— H—— S——, ESQ.

Newark, Monday, ten o'clock in the m

My dear Cousin,

I HAVE got conveyed thus far, like a bale o *daverous goods*, consigned to Pluto and compa

g in the bottom of my chaise most of the route, n a large pillow, which I had the *prevoyance* to chase before I set out.—I am worn out;—but ss on to Barnby Moor to night, and, if possible, York the next.—I know not what is the matter h me,—but some *derangement* presses hard upon machine:—still, I think, it will not be overset bout.—My love to G——. We shall all meet n the east, and from the south, and (as at the) be happy together. My kind respects to a few. am, dear H——,

Truly yours,
L. STERNE.

LETTER XCVIII.

TO A. L——E, ESQ.

ear L——e, Coxwould, June 7, 1767.

I HAD not been many days at this peaceful cot- e before your letter greeted me with the seal of ndship; and most cordially do I thank you for kind a proof of your good-will. I was truly anx- s to hear of the recovery of my sentimental nd, but I would not write to enquire after her, ess I could have sent her the testimony without tax; for even howd'yes to invalids, or those t have lately been so, either call to mind what is t or what may return; at least I find it so. I am happy as a prince, at Coxwould; and I wish you ld see in how princely a manner I live: 'tis a d of plenty. I sit down alone to venison, fish,

and wild fowl, or a couple of fowls or ducks, with curds, and strawberries, and cream, and all the simple plenty which a rich valley (under Hamilton Hills) can produce; with a clean cloth on my table, and a bottle of wine on my right hand to drink your health. I have a hundred hens and chickens about my yard, and not a parishioner catches a hare, or a rabbit, or a trout, but he brings it as an offering to me. If solitude would cure a love-sick heart, I would give you an invitation; but absence and time lessen no attachment which virtue inspires. I am in high spirits; care never enters this cottage.—I take the air every day in my post-chaise, with two long-tailed horses,—they turn out good ones; and as to myself, I think I am better upon the whole for the medicines and regimen I submitted to in town. —May you, dear L——, want neither the one nor the other!

Yours truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XCIX.

TO THE SAME.

Coxwould, June 30, 1767.

I AM in still better health, my dear L——e, than when I wrote last to you, owing I believe to my riding out every day with my friend H——, whose castle lies near the sea; and there is a beach as even as a mirror, of five miles in length, before it, where *we daily* run races in our chaises, with one wheel in

the sea, and the other on land.—D—— has obtained his fair Indian, and has this post sent a letter of inquiries after Yorick, and his Bramin. He is a good soul, and interests himself much in our fate.—I cannot forgive you, L——e, for your folly in saying you intend to get introduced to the ——. I despise them; and I shall hold your understanding much cheaper than I now do, if you persist in a resolution so unworthy of you.—I suppose Mrs. J—— telling you they were sensible, is the ground-work you go upon.—By —— they are not clever; though what is commonly called wit, may pass for literature on the other side of Temple-Bar.—You say Mrs. J—— thinks them amiable:—she judges too favourably: but I have put a stop to her intentions of visiting them. They are bitter enemies of mine; and I am even with them. La Bramine assured me they used their endeavours with her to break off her friendship with me, for reasons I will not write, but tell you.—I said enough of them before she left England; and though she yielded to me in every other point, yet in this she obstinately persisted.—Strange infatuation!—but I think I have effected my purpose by a falsity, which Yorick's friendship to the Bramine can only justify.—I wrote her word that the most amiable of women reiterated my request, that she would not write to them. I said too, she had concealed many things for the sake of her peace of mind, when in fact, L——e, this was merely a child of my own brain, made Mrs. J——'s by adoption, to enforce the argument I had before urged so strongly.—Do not mention this circumstance to Mrs. J——; 'twould displease her; and I had no design in it but for the Bramine to be a friend to

herself.—I ought now to be busy from sun-rise to sun-set, for I have a book to write,—a wife to receive,—an estate to sell,—a parish to superintend, —and, what is worst of all, a disquieted heart to reason with: these are continual calls upon me.—I have received half a dozen letters to press me to join my friends at Scarborough, but I am at present deaf to them all. I perhaps may pass a few days there something later in the season, not at present;—and so, dear L——e, adieu.

I am most cordially yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER C.

TO IGNATIUS SANCHO.

Coxwould, June 30, 1767.

I MUST acknowledge the courtesy of my good friend Sancho's letter, were I ten times busier than I am; and must thank him too for the many expressions of his good-will, and good opinion:—'tis all affectation to say a man is not gratified with being praised; we only want it to be sincere: and then it will be taken, Sancho, as kindly as yours. I left town very poorly, and with an idea I was taking leave of it forever; but good air, a quiet retreat, and quiet reflections along with it, with an ass to milk and another to ride upon (if I choose it) all together do wonders. I shall live this year at least, I *hope*, be it but to give the world, before I quit it, as good impressions of me as you have, Sancho. I

would only covenant for just so much health and spirits as are sufficient to carry my pen through the task I have set it this summer. But I am a resigned being, Sancho, and take health and sickness as I do light and darkness, or the vicissitudes of seasons; that is, just as it pleases God to send them, and accommodate myself to their periodical returns as well as I can; only taking care, whatever befalls me in this silly world, not to lose my temper at it. This I believe, friend Sancho, to be the truest philosophy; for this we must be indebted to ourselves, but not to our fortunes. Farewell. I hope you will not forget your custom of giving me a call at my lodgings next winter. In the mean time, I am very cordially,

My honest friend Sancho,

Yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CI.

TO MR. AND MRS. J——.

Coxwould, July 6, 1767.

IT is with as much true gratitude as ever heart felt, that I sit down to thank my dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. J—, for the continuation of their attention to me; but for this last instance of their humanity and politeness to me, I must ever be their debtor. I never can thank you enough, my dear friends, and yet I thank you from *my* soul; and for the single *day's happiness your* goodness would have sent me,

I wish I could send you back thousands :—I cannot, but they will come of themselves; and so God bless you.—I have had twenty times my pen in my hand since I came down, to write a letter to you both in Gerrard-street; but I am a shy kind of a soul at the bottom, and have a jealousy about troubling my friends,—especially about myself. I am now got perfectly well; but was, in a month after my arrival in the country, in but a poor state; my body has got the start, and is at present, more at ease than my mind;—but this world is a school of trials, and so Heaven's will be done!—I hope that you have enjoyed all that I have wanted; and to complete your joy, that your little lady flourishes like a vine at your table; to which I hope to see her preferred by next winter.—I am now beginning to be truly busy at my Sentimental Journey;—the pains and sorrows of this life having retarded its progress; but I shall make up my lee-way, and overtake every body in a very short time.

What can I send you that Yorkshire produces? Tell me; I want to be of use to you, for I am, my dear friends, with the truest value and esteem,

Your ever obliged

L. STERNE.

LETTER CII.

TO MR. PANCHAUD, AT PARIS.

:ar Panchaud, York, July 20, 1767.

so kind as to forward what letters are arrived
's. Sterne, at your office, by to-day's post, or
xt; and she will receive them before she
Avignon, for England. She wants to lay out
money in an annuity for her daughter :—
her to get her own life insured in London,
y Lydia should die before her.—If there are
ckets, send them with the ninth volume* of
y; which she has failed of getting. She says,
s drawn for fifty Louis. When she leaves
send by her my account.—Have you got me
'rench subscriptions? or subscriptions in
e?—Present my kindest service to Miss P. I
her politeness and good-nature will incline
give Mrs. J. her advice about what she may
re to bring over.—I hope every thing goes on
though never half so well as I wish.—God
er you, my dear friend!—Believe me most
ly

Yours,

L. STERNE.

e sooner you send me the gold snuff-box, the
· :—'tis a present from my best friend.

* Alluding to the first edition.

LETTER CIII.

TO MR. AND MRS. J.

Coxwould, Aug. 2, 17

My dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. J—, are infi
ly kind to me, in sending now and then a lett
inquire after me ; and to acquaint me how they
—You cannot conceive, my dear lady, how tru
bear a part in your illness.—I wish Mr. J— w
carry you to the south of France, in pursu
health :—but why need I wish it, when I know
affection will make him do that and ten time
much, to prevent a return of those symptoms w
alarmed him so much in the spring.—Your po
ness and humanity are always contriving to trea
agreeably ; and what you promise next winter,
be perfectly so :—but you must get well ; and
little dear girl must be of the party, with her pa
and friends, to give it a relish.—I am sure you s
no partiality but what is natural and praisewo
in behalf of your daughter ; but I wonder my fri
will not find her a play-fellow : and I both hope
advise them not to venture along, through this
fare of life, without two strings at least to their l
—I had letters from France by last night's p
by which (by some fatality) I find not one of my
ters has reached Mrs. Sterne. This gives me
cern, as it wears the aspect of unkindness, w
she by no means merits from me.—My wife
dear girl are coming to pay me a visit for a
months :—I wish I may prevail with them to t
longer.—You must permit me, dear Mrs. J. to r

my Lydia known to you, if I can prevail with my wife to come and spend a little time in London, as she returns to France. I expect a small parcel :—may I trouble you, before you write next, to send to my lodgings to ask if there is any thing directed to me that you can enclose under cover ?—I have but one excuse for this freedom, which I am prompted to use, from a persuasion that it is doing you pleasure to give you an opportunity of doing an obliging thing ;—and, as to myself, I rest satisfied ; for 'tis only scoring up another debt of thanks to the millions I owe you both already.—Receive a thousand and a thousand thanks ! yes, and with them ten thousand friendly wishes for all you wish in this world !—May my friend Mr. J. continue blessed with good health ! and may his good lady get perfectly well ! there being no woman's health or comfort I so ardently pray for.—Adieu, my dear friends.—Believe me most truly and faithfully yours,

L. STERNE.

P. S. In Eliza's letter, dated from St. Jago, she tells me, as she does you, that she is extremely ill. —God protect her !—By this time surely she has set foot upon dry land at Madras.—I heartily wish her well ; and if Yorick was with her, he would tell her so ;—but he is cut off from this by bodily absence :—I am present with her in spirit, however ; —but what is that ? you will say.

LETTER CIV.

TO J—— H—— S——, ESQ.

My dear H. Coxwould, August 11, 1767.

I AM glad all has passed with so much amity, *inter te & filium Marcum tuum*, and that Madame has found grace in thy sight.—All is well that ends well; —and so much for moralizing upon it. I wish you could, or would, take up your parable, and prophesy as much good concerning me and my affairs.—Not one of my letters has got to Mrs. Sterne since the notification of her intentions; which has a pitiful air on my side, though I have wrote her six or seven.—I imagine she will be here the latter end of September; though I have no date for it but her impatience;—which, having suffered by my supposed silence,—I am persuaded will make her fear the worst:—if that is the case, she will fly to England:—a most natural conclusion.—You did well to discontinue all commerce with James's powders;—as you are so well, rejoice, therefore, and let your heart be merry;—mine ought upon the same score;—for I never have been so well since I left college; and should be a marvellous happy man, but for some reflections which bow down my spirits; but if I live but even three or four years, I will acquit myself with honour: and, no matter, we will talk this over when we meet.—If all ends as temperately as with you, and that I find grace, &c. &c. I will come and sing *Te Deum*, or drink *poculum elevatum*, or do any thing with you in the world. —*I should* depend upon G—'s critick upon my head, *as much* as Moliere's old woman upon his comedies.

When you do not want her society, let it be carried into your bed-chamber to flay her, or clap it upon her bum,—to ——, and give her my blessing as you do it.

My postillion has set me a-ground for a week, by one of my pistols bursting in his hand; which he taking for granted to be quite shot off,—he instantly fell upon his knees, and said (Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name;) at which, like a good christian he stopped, not remembering any more of it. The affair was not so bad as he at first thought; for it has only *bursten* two of his fingers, he says.—I long to return to you; but I sit here alone as solitary and sad as a tom-cat; which, by the bye, is all the company I keep:—he follows me from the parlour to the kitchen, into the garden, and every place.—I wish I had a dog:—my daugh- will bring me one;—and so God be about you, and strengthen your faith.—I am affectionately, dear cousin, yours,

L. STERNE.

My service to the C——s, though they are from home; and to Panty.

LETTER CV.

TO MR. AND MRS. J.

My dear Friends, Coxwould, August 13, 1767.

I but copy your great civility to me in writing you *word, that I have* this moment received another

letter, wrote eighteen days after the date of the last, from St. Jago.—If our poor friend could have wrote another letter to England, you would, in course, have had it; but, I fear, from the circumstance of great hurry and bodily disorder in which she was when she dispatched this, she might not have time. —In case it has so fallen out, I send you the contents of what I have received:—and that is a melancholy history of herself and sufferings since they left St. Jago;—continual and most violent rheumatism all the time;—a fever, brought on with fits, and attended with delirium, and every terrifying symptom:—the recovery from this left her low and emaciated to a skeleton.—I give you the pain of this detail with a bleeding heart, knowing how much, at the same time, it will affect yours.—The three or four last days of our journal leave us with hopes she will do well at last, for she is more cheerful,—and seems to be getting into better spirits; and health will follow in course. They have crossed the line:—are much becalmed; by which, with other delays, she fears they will lose their passage to Madras,—and be some months sooner for it at Bombay.—Heaven protect her! for she suffers much, and with uncommon fortitude.—She writes much to me about her dear friend Mrs. J——, in her last packet.—In truth, my good lady, she loves and honours you from her heart; but, if she did not, I should not esteem her, or wish her so well as I do.—Adieu, my dear friends:—you have few in the world more truly and cordially

Yours,

L. STERNE.

P. S. I have just received, as a present from a man I shall ever love, a most elegant gold snuff-box, fabricated for me at Paris ;—'tis not the first pledge I have received of his friendship.—May I presume to enclose you a letter of chit-chat which I shall write to Eliza? I know you will write yourself; and my letter may have the honour to *chaperon* yours to India :—they will neither of them be the worse received for going together in company ; but I fear they will get late in the year to their destined port, as they go first to Bengal.

LETTER CVI.

TO MISS STERNE.

Coxwould, Aug. 24, 1767.

I AM truly surprized, my dear Lydia, that my last letter has not reached thy mother, and thyself ;—it looks most unkind on my part, after your having wrote me word of your mother's intention of coming to England, that she has not received my letter to welcome you both ;—and though in that I said I wished you would defer your journey till March (for before that time I should have published my sentimental work, and should be in town to receive you)—yet I will shew you more real *politesses* than any you have met with in France, as mine will come warm from the heart.—I am sorry you are not here at the races; but *les fêtes champêtres* of the Marquis de Sade have made you amends.

—I know B—— very well; and he is what in France would be called admirable,—that would be but *so so* here.—You are right;—he studies nature more than any, or rather most of the French comedians.—If the Empress of Russia pays him and his wife a pension of twenty thousand livres a year, I think he is very well off.—The folly of staying till after twelve for supper,—that you two excommunicated beings might have meat!—"his conscience would not let it be served before."—Surely the Marquis thought you both, being English, could not be satisfied without it.—I would have given, not my gown and cassock (for I have but one) but my topaz ring, to have seen the *petits maîtres et maîtresses* go to mass, after having spent the night in dancing.—As to my pleasures, they are few in compass.—My poor cat sits purring beside me. Your lively French dog shall have his place on the other side of my fire;—but if he is as devilish as when I last saw him, I must tutor him; for I will not have my cat abused.—In short, I will have nothing devilish about me:—a combustion will spoil a sentimental thought.

Another thing I must desire:—do not be alarmed;—'tis to throw all your *rouge* pots into the Sorgue before you set out.—I will have no *rouge* put on in England;—and do not bewail them as —— did her silver *seringue*, or glister-equipage, which she lost in a certain river; but take a wise resolution of doing without *rouge*.—I have been three days ago bad again, with a spitting of blood;—and that unfeeling brute *******, came and drew my curtains, and, with a voice like a trumpet, halloo'd in my ear,—"Z—ds, what a fine kettle of fish

have you brought yourself to, Mr. S——!" In a faint voice, I bade him leave me; for comfort sure was never administered in so rough a manner.—Tell your mother, I hope she will purchase what either of you may want at Paris;—'tis an occasion not to be lost:—so write to me from Paris, that I may come and meet you in my post-chaise, with my long-tailed horses;—and the moment you have both put your feet in it, call it hereafter yours.—Adieu, dear Lydia. Believe me, what I ever shall be,

your affectionate father,

L. STERNE.

I think I shall not write to Avignon any more; but you will find one for you at Paris.—Once more adieu.

LETTER CVII.

TO SIR W.

My dear Sir, Sept. 19, 1767.

You are perhaps the drollest being in the universe.—Why do you banter me so about what I wrote to you?—Though I told you, every morning I jump'd into Venus's lap (meaning thereby the sea) was you to infer from that, that I leaped into the ladies beds afterwards?—The body guides you,—the mind me.—I have wrote the most whimsical letter to a lady that ever was read, and talked of body *and soul too*.—I said she had made me vain,

by saying she was mine more than ever woman was; but she is not the lady of Bond-street; nor —— square; nor the lady who supp'd with me, in Bond-street, on scollop'd oysters, and other such things;—nor did she ever go *tête-à-tête* with me to Salt Hill.—Enough of such nonsense; the past is over, and I can justify myself unto myself.—Can you do as much?—No, faith!—"You can feel!" Aye, so can my cat, when he hears a female caterwauling on the house-top;—but caterwauling disgusts me. I had rather raise a gentle flame, than have a different one raised in me.—Now, I take heaven to witness, after all this *badinage*, my heart is innocent;—and the sporting of my pen is equal, just equal, to what I did in my boyish days, when I got astride of a stick, and gallop'd away.—The truth is this,—that my pen governs me;—not me my pen.—You are much to blame if you dig for marl, unless you are sure of it. I was once such a puppy myself, as to pare, and burn, and had my labour for my pains, and two hundred pounds out of my pocket. Curse on farming (said I) I will try if the pen will not succeed better than the spade. The following up of that affair (I mean farming) made me lose my temper; and a cart load of turnips was (I thought) very dear at two hundred pounds.

In all your operations, may your own good sense guide you! Bought experience is the devil.—Adieu, adieu.—Believe me

yours most truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CVIII.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Sir, Coxwould, Sept. 27, 1767.

You are arrived at Scarborough when all the world has left it; but you are an unaccountable being; and so there is nothing more to be said on the matter.—You wish me to come to Scarborough, and join you to read a work that is not yet finished; besides, I have other things in my head.—My wife will be here in three or four days, and I must not be found straying in the wilderness; but I have been there. As for meeting you at Bluit's, with all my heart.—I will laugh, and drink my barley-water with you. As soon as I have greeted my wife and daughter, and hired them a house at York, I shall go to London; where you generally are in spring: —and then my Sentimental Journey will, I dare say, convince you that my feelings are from the heart; and that that heart is not of the worst of moulds.—Praised be God for my sensibility! Though it has often made me wretched, yet I would not exchange it for all the pleasures the grossest sensualist ever felt. Write to me the day you will be at York;—'tis ten to one but I may introduce you to my wife and daughter. Believe me, my good sir,

ever yours,

L. Sterne.

LETTER CIX.

TO MR. PANCHAUD, AT PARIS.

Dear Sir, York, Oct. 1, 1767.

I HAVE ordered my friend Becket to advance, for two months, your account, which my wife this day delivered: she is in raptures with all your civilities.—This is to give you notice to draw upon your correspondent;—and Becket will deduct out of my publication. To-morrow morning I repair with her to Coxwould; and my Lydia seems transported with the sight of me.—Nature, dear P—— breathes in all her composition; and, except a little vivacity, which is a fault in the world we live in, I am fully content with her mother's care of her.—Pardon this digression from business;—but 'tis natural to speak of those we love.—As to the subscriptions which your friendship has procured me, I must have them to incorporate with my lists which are to be prefix'd to the first volume.—My wife and daughter join in millions of thanks:—they will leave me the first of December.—Adieu, adieu.—Believe me

yours most truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CX.

TO MR. AND MRS. J.

Coxwould, Oct. 3, 1767.

I HAVE suffered under a strong desire for above this fortnight, to send a letter of enquiries after the

health and the well-being of my dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. J——; and I do assure you both, 'twas merely owing to a little modesty in my temper, not to make my good-will troublesome, where I have so much, and to those I never think of but with ideas of sensibility and obligation, that I have refrain'd.—Good God! to think I could be in town, and not go, the first step I made, to Gerrard-street!—My mind and body must be at sad variance with each other, should it ever fall out that it is not both the first and last place also where I shall betake myself, were it only to say, "God bless you!"—May you have every blessing he can send you! 'tis a part of my litany; where you will always have a place whilst I have a tongue to repeat it. And so you heard I had left Scarborough; which you would no more credit, than the reasons assign'd for it:—I thank you for it kindly; though you have not told me what they were; being a shrewd divine, I think I can guess.—I was ten days at Scarborough in September; and was hospitably entertained by one of the best of our Bishops; who, as he kept house there, press'd me to be with him; and his household consisted of a gentleman and two ladies;—which, with the good Bishop and myself, made so good a party, that we kept much to ourselves.—I made in this time a connection of great friendship with my mitred host; who would gladly have taken me with him back to Ireland.—However, we all left Scarborough together, and lay fifteen miles off, where we kindly parted.—Now it was supposed (and have since heard) that I e'en went on with the party to London; and this I suppose was the reason assign d for my being there.—*I dare say charity* would add a little to the

account, and give out that 'twas on the score of one and perhaps both of the ladies ;—and I will excus charity on that head, for a heart disengaged coul not well have done better.—I have been hard writ ing ever since ;—and hope, by Christmas, I shal be able to give a gentle rap at your door,—and tel you how happy I am to see my two good friends.— I assure you I spur on my Pegasus more violentl upon that account, and am now determined not t draw bit till I have finished this Sentimental Jour ney ;—which I hope to lay at your feet, as a small (but a very honest) testimony of the constant truth with which I am,

my dear friends,
your ever obliged
and grateful
L. Sterne.

P. S. My wife and daughter arrived here las night from France.—My girl has return'd an ele gant accomplished little slut.—My wife,—but I hat to praise my wife ;—'tis as much as decency will al low to praise my daughter. I suppose they will re turn next summer to France.—They leave me in a month, to reside at York for the winter ;—and I stay at Coxwould till the first of January.

LETTER CXI.

TO MRS. F——.

Dear Madam, Coxwould, Friday.

I RETURN you a thousand thanks for your obliging enquiry after me.—I got down last summer, very much worn out,—and much worse at the end of my journey.—I was forced to call at his Grace's house (the Arch-bishop of York) to refresh myself a couple of days upon the road near Doncaster.—Since I got home to quietness, and temperance, and good books, and good hours, I have mended; and am now very stout;—and, in a fortnight's time, shall perhaps be as well as you yourself could wish me.—I have the pleasure to acquaint you that my wife and daughter are arrived from France.—I shall be in town to greet my friends by the first of January.—Adieu, dear Madam.—Believe me

yours sincerely,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXII.

TO MRS. H.

Coxwould, October 12, 1767.

EVER since my dear H. wrote me word she was mine, more than ever woman was, I have been racking my memory to inform me where it was that you and I *had that affair* together.—People think that I

have had many (some in body, some in mind); but as I told you before, you have had me more than any woman; therefore, you must have had me, H——, both in mind and in body.—Now I cannot recollect where it was, nor exactly when:—it could not be the Lady in Bond-street, or Grosvenor-street, or ——— Square, or Pall-mall.—We shall make it out, H——, when we meet;—I impatiently long for it:—'tis no matter;—I cannot now stand writing to you to-day:—I will make it up next post,—for dinner is upon table; and if I make Lord F—— stay, he will not frank this.—How do you do? Which parts of Tristram do you like best?—God bless you.

Yours,

L. Sterne.

LETTER CXIII.

TO MR. AND MRS. J——.

Coxwould, November 12, 1767.

Forgive me, dear Mrs. J——, if I am troublesome in writing something betwixt a letter and a card, to enquire after you and my good friend Mr. J——, whom 'tis an age since I have heard a syllable of.—I think so, however; and never more felt the want of a house I esteem so much, as I do now, when I can hear tidings of it so seldom;—and have nothing to recompense my desires of seeing its kind possessors, but the hopes before me of doing it by Christmas.—I long sadly to see you,—and my friend *Mr. J——*. I am still at Coxwould;—my wife and

girl * here.—She is a dear good creature,—affectionate, and most elegant in body and mind;—she is all heaven could give me in a daughter;—but, like other blessings, not given, but lent; for her mother loves France;—and this dear part of me must be torn from my arms to follow her mother, who seems inclined to establish her in France, where she has had many advantageous offers.—Do not smile at my weakness, when I say I don't wonder at it, for she is as accomplished a slut as France can produce.—You shall excuse all this;—if you won't, I desire Mr. J—— to be my advocate;—but I know I don't want one.—With what pleasure shall I embrace your dear little pledge,—whom I hope to see every hour increasing in stature, and in favour, both with God and man!—I kiss all your hands with a most devout and friendly heart.—No man can wish you more good than your meagre friend does;—few so much;—for I am, with infinite cordiality, gratitude, and honest affection,

My dear Mrs. J——,

Your ever faithful

L. Sterne.

P. S. My Sentimental Journey will please Mrs. J—— and my Lydia.—I can answer for those two. It is a subject which works well, and suits the frame of mind I have been in for some time past.—I told you my design in it was to teach us to love the world and our fellow-creatures better than we do;—so it

* Mrs. Medalle thinks an apology may be necessary for publishing this letter;—the best she can offer is,—That it was written by a fond parent (whose commendation she is proud of) to a very sincere *friend*.

runs most upon those gentler passions and affections, which aid so much to it. Adieu; and may you and my worthy friend Mr. J—— continue examples of the doctrine I teach!

LETTER CXIV.

TO MRS. H.

Coxwould, Nov. 15, 1767.

Now be a good dear woman, my H——, and execute these commissions well;—and when I see you, I will give you a kiss:—there's for you!—But I have something else for you which I am fabricating at a great rate, and that is my Sentimental Journey, which shall make you cry as much as it has affected me,—or I will give up the business of sentimental writing,—and write to the body;—that is, H——, what I am doing in writing to you:—but you are a *good body*, which is worth half a score mean souls.

I am yours, &c.

L. SHANDY.

LETTER CXV.

TO A. L——E, ESQ.

Coxwould, Nov. 19, 1767.

You make yourself unhappy, dear L——, by imaginary ills,—which you might shun, instead of *putting* yourself in the way of.—Would not any

n his senses fly from the object he adores, ɔt waste his time and his health in increasing isery by so vain a pursuit ?—The idol of your is one of ten thousand.—The Duke of —— ɔng sighed in vain :—and can you suppose a n will listen to you, that is proof against titles, and red ribbands ?—Her heart (believe me, -e) will not be taken in by fine men, or fine hes ;—if it should ever feel a preference, it hoose an object for itself ; and it must be a ar character that can make an impression on ı being :—she has a platonick way of thinking, :nows love only by name.—The natural re- of her character, which you complain of, eds not from pride, but from a superiority of standing, which makes her despise every man :urns himself into a fool.—Take my advice, ay your addresses to Miss —— : she esteems and time will wear off an attachment which ken so deep a root in your heart.—I pity you my soul ;—but we are all born with passions ı ebb and flow (else they would play the devil ıs) to different objects ;—and the best advice give you, L——e, is to turn the tide of yours er way.—I know not whether I shall write while I stay at Coxwould.—I am in earnest at entimental work,—and intend being in town after Christmas. In the mean time adieu.— ıe hear from you, and believe me, dear L.

Yours, &c.

L. Sterne.

LETTER CXVI.

TO THE EARL OF ——.

My Lord, Coxwould, November 28, 1

'Tis with the greatest pleasure I take my to thank your Lordship for your letter of en about Yorick;—he has worn out both his s and body with the Sentimental Journey:—'tis that an author must feel himself, or his reade not;—but I have torn my whole frame into p by my feelings.—I believe the brain stands as i in need of recruiting as the body,—therefore I set out for town the 20th of next month, afte ing recruited myself a week at York. I migl deed solace myself with my wife (who is come France) but in fact I have long been a sentim being,—whatever your Lordship may think t contrary. The world has imagined, because I Tristram Shandy, that I was myself more Sha than I really ever was.—'Tis a good-natured we live in; and we are often painted in diver ours, according to the ideas each one fram his head.—A very agreeable lady arrived years ago at York, in her road to Scarboroug had the honour of being acquainted with her was her *chaperon*.—All the females were ve quisitive to know who she was.—"Do not "ladies; 'tis a mistress my wife has recommend "me!—nay, morever, has sent her from Fra

I hope my book will please you, my Lor then my labour will not be totally in vain. I *not thought* a chaste book, mercy on them tha

it, for they must have warm imaginations indeed!—Can your Lordship forgive my not making this a longer epistle?—In short, I can but add this, which you already know, that I am, with gratitude and friendship,

My Lord,

Your obedient faithful

L. STERNE.

If your Lordship is in town in spring, I should be happy if you became acquainted with my friends in Gerrard-street;—you would esteem the husband, and honour the wife:—she is the reverse of most of her sex;—they have various pursuits,—she but one;—that of pleasing her husband.

LETTER CXVII.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY SIR° G. M.

My dear Friend; Coxwould, Dec. 3, 1767.

FOR though you are His Excellency, and I still but Parson Yorick,—I still must call you so;—and were you to be next Emperor of Russia, I could not write to you, or speak of you, under any other relation.—I felicitate you, I don't say how much, because I can't.—I always had something like a kind of revelation within me, which pointed out this track for you, in which you are so happily advanced:—it was not only my wishes for you, which were ever ardent enough to impose upon a visionary brain, but I thought I actually saw you just

where you now are;—and that is just, my dear Macartney, where you should be.—I should long, long ago, have acknowledged the kindness of a letter of yours from Petersbourg; but hearing daily accounts you was leaving it,—this is the first time I knew well *where* my thanks would find you:—how they will find you, I know well;—that is, the same I ever knew you. In three weeks I shall kiss your hand;—and sooner, if I can finish my Sentimental Journey.—The deuce take all sentiments! I wish there was not one in the world!—My wife is come to pay me a sentimental visit as far as from Avignon;—and the *politesse* arising from such a proof of her urbanity has robbed me of a month's writing, or I had been in town now.—I am going to *lie-in*, being at Christmas at my full reckoning;—and unless what I shall bring forth is not *press'd* to death by these devils of printers, I shall have the honour of presenting to you a *couple of as clean brats* as ever chaste brain conceived;—they are frolicksome too, *mais cela n'empeche pas*.—I put your name down with many wrong and right *honourables*, knowing you would take it not well if I did not make myself happy with it. Adieu, my dear friend.

Believe me yours, &c.

L. STERNE.

P. S. If you see Mr. Crawfurd, tell him I greet him kindly.

LETTER CXVIII.

TO A. L——E, ESQ.

Dear L. Coxwould, Dec. 7, 1767.

I SAID I would not perhaps write any more; but
t would be unkind not to reply to so interesting a
etter as yours.—I am certain you may depend
pon Lord ——'s promises;—he will take care of
ou in the best manner he can; and your knowl-
dge of the world, and of languages in particular,
ill make you useful in any department.—If his
ordship's scheme does not succeed, leave the
ingdom;—go to the east, or the west, for travel-
ng would be of infinite service to both your body
nd mind.—But more of this when we meet:—now
o my own affairs.—I have had an offer of exchang-
g two pieces of preferment I hold here, for a liv-
g of three hundred and fifty pounds a year in Sur-
y, about thirty miles from London, and retaining
oxwould, and my prebendaryship;—the country
lso is sweet;—but I will not, cannot come to any
etermination, till I have consulted with you, and
y other friends.—I have great offers too in Ire-
nd;—the Bishops of C—— and R—— are both my
iends;—but I have rejected every proposal, un-
ss Mrs. S—— and my Lydia could accompany
e thither.—I live for the sake of my girl, and
ith her sweet light burthen in my arms, I could
et fast up the hill of preferment, if I chose it;—
ut without my Lydia, if a mitre was offered me, it
ould sit uneasy upon my brow.—Mrs. S——'s
ealth is *insupportable* in England.—She must re-

turn to France; and justice and humanity forbid me to oppose it.—I will allow her enough to live comfortably, until she can rejoin me.—My heart bleeds, L——, when I think of parting with my child;—'twill be like the separation of soul and body,—and equal to nothing but what passes at that tremendous moment; and like it in one respect, for she will be in one kingdom, whilst I am in another.—You will laugh at my weakness,—but I cannot help it;—for she is a dear disinterested girl.—As a proof of it,—when she left Coxwould, and I bade her adieu, I pulled out my purse and offered her ten guineas for her private pleasures:—her answer was pretty, and affected me too much:—'No, my dear papa, our expenses of coming 'from France may have straitened you;—I would 'rather put an hundred guineas into your pocket 'than take ten out of it.'—I burst into tears:—but why do I practise on your feelings,—by dwelling on a subject that will touch your heart?—It is too much melted already by its own sufferings, L——, for me to add a pang, or cause a single sigh.—God bless you;—I shall hope to greet you by new-year's-day in perfect health.—Adieu, my dear friend.—I am most truly and cordially yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXIX.

TO J—— H—— S——, ESQ.

December, 1767.

LITERAS vestras lepidissimas, mi consobrine, consobrinis meis omnibus carior, accepi die Veneris; sed

ista non rediebat versus Aquilonem eo die, aliter scripsissem prout desiderabas. Nescio quid est materia cum me, sed sum fatigatus & ægrotus de meâ uxore plus quam unquam,—& sum possessus cum diabolo qui pellet me in urbem,—& tu es possessus cum eadem malo spiritu qui te tenet in deserto esse tentatum ancillis tuis, et perturbatum uxore tuâ,—crede mihi, mi Antoni, quod isthæc non est via ad salutem sive hodiernam, sive eternam; num tu incipis cogitare de pecuniâ, quæ, ut ait Sanctus Paulus, est radix omnium malorum, & non satis dicis in corde tuo, ego Antonius de Castello Infirmo, sum jam quadraginta & plus annos natus, & explevi octavum meum lustrum, et tempus est me curare, & meipsum Antonium facere hominem felicem & liberum, et mihiet ipsi benefacere, ut exhortatur Solomon, qui dicit quòd nihil est melius in hâc vitâ, quàm quod homo vivat festivè & quòd edat et bibat, & bono fruatur, quia hoc est sua portio & dos in hoc mundo.

Nunc te scire vellemus, quòd non debeo esse reprehendi pro festinando eundo ad Londinum, quia Deus est testis, quòd non propero præ gloria, & pro me ostendere; nam diabolus iste qui me intravit, non est diabolus vanus, at consobrinus suus Lucifer,—sed est diabolus amabundus, qui non vult sinere me esse solum; nam cùm non cumbendo cum uxore meâ, sum mentulatior quàm par est,—& sum mortaliter in amore,—& sum fatuus; ergo tu me, mi care Antoni, excusabis, quoniam tu fuisti in amore, & per mare & per terras ivisti et festinâsti sicut diabolus eodem te propellente diabolo. Habeo multa ad te scribere,—sed scribo hanc epistolam in domo coffeatariâ & plenâ sociorum strepitosorum, qui non permittent me cogitare unam cogitationem.

Saluta amicum Panty meum, cujus literis respondebo,—saluta amicos in domo Gisbrosensi, & oro, credas me vinculo consobrinitatis & amoris ad te, mi Antoni, devinctissimum,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXX.

TO MR. AND MRS. J——.

York, December 23, 1767.

I WAS afraid that either Mr. or Mrs. J——, or their little blossom, was drooping, or that some of you were ill, by not having the pleasure of a line from you; and was thinking of writing again to enquire after you all,——when I was cast down myself with a fever, and bleeding at my lungs, which had confined me to my room near three weeks; when I had the favours, which till to-day I have not been able to thank you both kindly for, as I most cordially now do, as well as for all your professions and proofs of good-will to me. I will not say I have not balanced accounts with you in this; all I know is, that I honour and value you more than I do any good creatures upon earth; and that I could not wish your happiness, and the success of whatever conduces to it, more than I do, was I your brother:—but, good God! are we not all brothers and sisters who are friendly, virtuous, and good? Surely, my dear friends, my illness has been a sort of sympathy for your afflictions, upon the score of your dear little one.—I am worn down to a shadow; but

as my fever has left me, I set off the latter end of next week with my friend Mr. Hall for town.—I need not tell my friends in Gerrard-street, I shall do myself the honour to visit them, before either Lord —— or Lord ——, &c.—I thank you, my dear friend, for what you say so kindly about my daughter; it shews your good heart; for as she is a stranger, 'tis a free gift in you; but when she is known to you, she shall win it fairly: but, alas! when this event is to happen, is in the clouds. Mrs. S— has hired a house ready furnished at York, till she returns to France; and my Lydia must not leave her.

What a sad scratch of a letter?—but I am weak, my dear friends, both in body and mind; so God bless you: you will see me enter like a ghost; so I tell you before-hand not to be frightened.—I am, my dear friends, with the truest attachment and esteem, ever yours,

L. Sterne.

LETTER CXXI.

TO THE SAME.

Old Bond-strest, January 1, 1768.

Not knowing whether the moisture of the weather will permit me to give my kind friends in Gerrard-street a call this morning for five minutes,—I beg leave to send them all the good wishes, compliments, and respects I owe them. I continue to mend; and doubt not but this, with all other evils and *uncertainties of life*, will end for the best. I

send all compliments to your fire-sides this Sunday night :—Miss Ascough the wise, Miss Pigot the witty, your daughter the pretty, and so on.—If Lord O—— is with you, I beg my dear Mrs. J—— will present the enclosed to him ;—'twill add to the millions of obligations I already owe you.—I am sorry that I am no subscriber to Soho this season ; it deprives me of a pleasure worth twice the subscription ; but I am just going to send about this quarter of the town, to see if it is not too late to procure a ticket, undisposed of, from some of my Soho friends ; and if I can succeed, I will either send or wait upon you with it by half an hour after three to-morrow : if not, my friend will do me the justice to believe me truly miserable.—I am half engaged, or more, for dinner on Sunday next ; but will try to get disengaged, in order to be with my friends. If I cannot, I will glide like a shadow uninvited to Gerrard-street some day this week, that we may eat our bread and meat in love and peace together.—God bless you both ! I am, with the most sincere regard,

Your ever obliged

L. Sterne.

LETTER CXXII.

TO THE SAME.

My dear Friends, Old Bond-street, Monday.

I have never been a moment at rest since I wrote yesterday about this Soho ticket.—I have been at the Secretary of state to get one ;—have been upon

one knee to my friends sir G—— M——, Mr. Lascelles.—and Mr. Fitzmaurice;—without mentioning five more.—I believe I could as soon get you a place at court, for every body is going; but I will go out and try a new circle; and if you do not hear from me by a quarter after three, you may conclude I have been unfortunate in my supplications.—I send you this state of the affair, lest my silence should make you think I had neglected what I promised;—but no; Mrs. J— knows me better, and would never suppose it would be out of the head of one who is with so much truth

Her faithful friend,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

Thursday, Old Bond-street.

A THOUSAND thanks, and as many excuses, my dear friends for the trouble my blunder has given you. By a second note I am astonished I could read Saturday for Sunday, or make any mistake in a card wrote by Mrs. J—s, in which my friend is as unrivalled as in a hundred greater excellencies.

I am now tied down neck and heels (twice over) by engagements every day this week, or most joyfully would have trod the old pleasing road from Bond to Gerrard-street.—My books will be to be had on Thursday, but possibly on Wednesday in the afternoon.—*I am quite well,* but exhausted with a room

full of company every morning till dinner. How do I lament I cannot eat my morsel (which is always sweet) with such kind friends!—The Sunday following I will assuredly wait upon you both, and will come a quarter before four, that I may have both a little time and a little day-light, to see Mrs. J—'s picture. I beg leave to assure my friends of my gratitude for all their favours, with my sentimental thanks for every token of their good-will.—Adieu, my dear friends.

I am truly yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXXIV.

FROM DR. EUSTACE, IN AMERICA, TO THE REV. MR. STERNE, WITH A WALKING-STICK.

Sir,

WHEN I assure you that I am a great admirer of Tristram Shandy, and have, ever since his introduction into the world, been one of his most zealous defenders against the repeated assaults of prejudice and misapprehension, I hope you will not treat this unexpected appearance in his company as an intrusion.

You know it is an observation, as remarkable for its truth as for its antiquity, that a similitude of sentiments is the general parent of friendship.—It cannot be wondered at, that I should conceive an esteem for a person whom nature had most indulgently enabled to frisk and curvet with ease through

all the intricacies of sentiments, which, from irresistible propensity, she had impelled me to trudge through, without merit or distinction.

The only reason that gave rise to this address to you, is my accidently having met with a piece of true Shandean statuary; I mean, according to vulgar opinion; for to such judges both appear equally destitute of regularity or design.—It was made by a very ingenious gentleman of this province, and presented to the late Governor Dobbs. After his death Mrs. D. gave it me:—its singularity made many desirous of procuring it; but I had resolved at first not to part with it; till, upon reflection, I thought it would be a very proper, and probably not an unacceptable, compliment to my favourite author; and in his hands might prove as ample a field for meditation, as a button-hole, or a broom-stick.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

LETTER CXXV.

MR. STERNE'S ANSWER.

Sir, London, Feb. 9, 1768.

I THIS moment received your obliging letter, and Shandean piece of sculpture along with it; of both which testimonies of your regard I have the justest sense, and return you, dear sir, my best thanks and acknowledgment. Your walking-stick is in no sense more Shandaick than in that of its having more handles than one; the parallel breaks only in this, that in *using the stick*, every one will take the han-

dle which suits his convenience. In Tristram Shandy, the handle is taken which suits the passions, their ignorance, or their sensibility. There is so little true feeling in the herd of the world, that I wish I could have got an act of parliament, when the books first appeared, that none but wise men should look into them. It is too much to write books, and find heads to understand them: the world, however, seems to come into a better temper about them, the people of genius here being to a man on its side; and the reception it has met with in France, Italy, and Germany, has engaged one part of the world to give it a second reading. The other, in order to be on the strongest side, has at length agreed to speak well of it too. A few hypocrites and Tartuffes, whose approbation could do it nothing but dishonour, remain unconverted.

I am very proud, sir, to have had a man like you on my side from the beginning; but it is not in the power of every one to taste humour, however he may wish it; it is the gift of God; and, besides, a true feeler always brings half the entertainment along with him; his own ideas are only called forth by what he reads; and the vibrations within him entirely correspond with those excited.—'Tis like reading himself, and not the book.

In a week's time I shall be delivered of two volumes of the Sentimental Travels of Mr. Yorick through France and Italy; but, alas! the ship sails three days too soon, and I have but to lament it deprives me of the pleasure of presenting them to you

Believe me, dear sir, with great thanks for the honour you have done me, with true esteem,

Your obliged humble servant,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXXVI.

TO L. S——N, ESQ.

Dear Sir, Old Bond-street, Wednesday.

YOUR commendations are very flattering: I know no one whose judgment I think more highly of; but your partiality for me is the only instance in which I can call it in question.—Thanks, my good sir, for the prints;—I am much your debtor for them.—If I recover from my ill state of health, and live to revisit Coxwould this summer, I will decorate my study with them, along with six beautiful pictures I have already of the sculptures on poor Ovid's tomb, which were executed on marble at Rome.—It grieves one to think such a man should have died in exile, who wrote so well on the art of love.—Do not think me encroaching if I solicit a favour;—'tis either to borrow, or beg (to beg, if you please) some of those touched with chalk which you brought from Italy.—I believe you have three sets; and, if you can spare the imperfect one of cattle on coloured paper, 'twill answer my purpose, which is namely this, to give a friend of ours.—You may be ignorant she has a genius for drawing; and whatever she excels in she conceals; and her humility adds lustre to her accomplishments.—I presented her last year with colours, and an apparatus for painting, and gave her several lessons before I left town.—I wish her to follow this art, to be a complete mistress of it; and it is singular enough, but not more singular than true, that she does not know how to make a cow or a sheep, though she draws

figures and landscapes perfectly well; which makes me wish her to copy from good prints.—If you come to town next week, and dine where I am engaged next Sunday, call upon me and take me with you.—I breakfast with Mr. Beauclerk, and am engaged for an hour afterwards with Lord O——; so let our meeting be either at your house or my lodgings:—do not be late, for we will go half an hour before dinner, to see a picture executed by West, most admirably;—he has caught the character of our friend:—such goodness is painted in that face, that when one looks at it, let the soul be ever so much unharmonized, it is impossible it should remain so.—I will send you a set of my books;—they will take with the generality:—the women will read this book in the parlour, and Tristram in the bed-chamber.—Good night, dear sir;—I am going to take my whey, and then to bed. Believe me

Yours most truly,

L. Sterne.

LETTER CXXVII.

TO MISS STERNE.

My dearest Lydia, Feb. 20, Old Bond-street.

My Sentimental Journey, you say, is admired in York by every one;—and 'tis not vanity in me to tell you that it is no less admired here:—but what is the gratification of my feelings on this occasion?—The want of health bows me down, and vanity harbours not in thy father's breast.—This vile influenza!—be not alarmed! I think I shall get the bet-

ter of it;—and shall be with you both the first of May; and, if I escape, 'twill not be for a long period, my child,—unless a quiet retreat and peace of mind can restore me.—The subject of thy letter has astonished me.—She could but know little of my feelings, to tell thee that, under the supposition I should survive thy mother, I should bequeath thee as a legacy to ——! No, my Lydia! 'tis a lady, whose virtues I wish thee to imitate, that I shall entrust my girl to;—I mean that friend whom I have so often talked and wrote about. From her you will learn to be an affectionate wife, a tender mother, and a sincere friend:—and you cannot be intimate with her, without her pouring some part of the milk of human kindness into your breast, which will serve to check the heat of your own temper, which you partake in a small degree of.—Nor will that amiable woman put my Lydia under the painful necessity to fly to India for protection, whilst it is in her power to grant her a more powerful one in England. —But I think, my Lydia, that thy mother will survive me. Do not deject her spirits with thy apprehensions on my account. I have sent you a necklace, buckles, and the same to your mother.—My girl cannot form a wish that is in the power of her father, that he will not gratify her in;—and I cannot, in justice, be less kind to thy mother.—I am never alone.—The kindness of my friends is ever the same.—I wish, though, I had thee to nurse me; but I am denied that.—Write to me twice a week, at least.—God bless thee, my child, and believe me ever, ever, thy

Affectionate father,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXXVIII.

TO MRS. J——.

Tuesday.

YOUR poor friend is scarce able to write ;—he has been at death's door this week with a pleurisy. —I was bled three times on Thursday, and blistered on Friday.—The physician says I am better.—God knows, for I feel myself sadly wrong, and shall, if I recover, be a long while of gaining strength.—Before I have gone through half this letter, I must stop to rest my weak hand above a dozen times.—Mr. J—— was so good as to call upon me yesterday. I felt emotions not to be described at the sight of him ; and he overjoyed me by talking a great deal of you.—Do, dear Mrs. J——, entreat him to come to-morrow, or next day, for, perhaps, I have not many days, or hours, to live.—I want to ask a favour of him, if I find myself worse,—that I shall beg of you, if in this wrestling I come off conqueror.—My spirits are fled :—'tis a bad omen.—Do not weep, my dear lady ;—your tears are too precious to shed for me ;—bottle them up, and may the cork never be drawn !—Dearest, kindest, gentlest, and best of women ! may health, peace, and happiness, prove your hand-maids !—If I die, cherish the remembrance of me, and forget the follies which you so often condemned,—which my heart, not my head, betrayed me into. Should my child, my Lydia, want a mother, may I hope you will (if she is left parentless) take her to your bosom ?—You are *the only* woman on earth I can depend upon for such

benevolent action.—I wrote to her a fortnight ago,* and told her what, I trust, she will find in you.—Mr. J—— will be a father to her;—he will protect her from every insult; for he wears a sword which he has served his country with, and which he would know how to draw out of the scabbard in defence of innocence. Commend me to him, as I now commend you to that Being who takes under his care the good and kind part of the world.—Adieu.—All grateful thanks to you and Mr. J——.

Your poor affectionate friend,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXXIX.

TO **********.

——I BEHELD her tender look;—her pathetick eye petrified my fluids;—the liquid dissolution drowned those once-bright orbs; the late sympathetick features, so pleasing in their harmony, are now blasted, withered, and are dead;—her charms are dwindled into a melancholy which demands my pity.—Yes, my friend, our once sprightly and vivacious Harriot is that very object that must thrill your soul.—How abandoned is that heart which bulges the tear of innocence, and is the cause,—the fatal cause of overwhelming the spotless soul, and plunging the yet untainted mind into a sea of sorrow and repentance!—Though born to protect the

* From this circumstance it may be conjectured, that this letter was written on *Tuesday*, the 8th of March, 1768, ten days before Mr. Sterne died.

fair, does not man act the part of a demon ?—first alluring by his temptations, and then triumphing in his victory.—When villany gets the ascendency, it seldom leaves the wretch till it has thoroughly polluted him —T*******, once the joyous companion of our juvenile extravagancies, by a deep-laid scheme, so far ingratiated himself into the good graces of the old man,—that even he, with all his penetration and experience (of which old folks generally pique themselves) could not perceive his drift, and, like the goodness of his own heart, believed him honourable !—Had I known his pretensions,—I would have flown on the wings of friendship,—of regard,—of affection,—and rescued the lovely innocent from the hands of the spoiler.—Be not alarmed at my declaration :—I have been long bound to her in the reciprocal bonds of affection ; but it is of a more delicate stamp than the gross materials nature has planted in us for procreation. —I hope ever to retain the idea of innocence, and love her still.—I would love the whole sex, were they equally deserving.

—— —— taking her by the hand,—the other thrown round her waist,—after an intimacy allowing such freedoms,—with a look deceitfully pleasing, the villain poured out a torrent of protestations, —and, though oaths are sacred,—swore with all the fortitude of a conscientious man—the depth of his love,—the height of his esteem,—the strength of his attachment.—By these, and other artful means to answer his abandoned purpose (for which, you know, he is but too well qualified)—gained on the open inexperienced heart of the generous Harriot, and robbed her of her brightest jewel.—Oh, Eng-

land! where are your senators?—where are your laws?—Ye Heavens! where rests your deadly thunder?—why are your bolts restrained from overwhelming with vengeance this vile seducer?—I, my friend, I was the minister sent by justice to revenge her wrongs.—Revenge!—I disclaim it:—to redress her wrongs.—The news of affliction flies;—I heard it, and posted to ****, where, forgetting my character,—this is the style of the enthusiast,—it most became my character,—I saw him in his retreat;—I flew out of the chaise, caught him by the collar, and, in a tumult of passion, demanded,—sure, if anger is excusable, it must be when it is excited cited by a detestation of vice,—I demanded him to restore,—alas! what was not in his power to return.—Vengeance! and shall these vermin, these spoilers of the fair, these murderers of the mind, lurk and creep about in dens, secure to themselves, and pillage all around them?—Distracted with my rage,—I charged him with his crime,—exploded his baseness,—condemned his villany;—while coward-guilt sat on his sullen brow, and, like a criminal conscious of his deed, tremblingly pronounced his fear.—He hoped means might be found for a sufficient atonement,—offered a tender of his hand as a satisfaction, and a life devoted to her service, as a recompense for his error. His humiliation struck me;—'twas the only means he could have contrived to assuage my anger.—I hesitated, paused, thought, and still must think on so important a concern.—Assist me;—I am half afraid of trusting my Harriot in the hands of a man, whose character I too well know to be the antipodes of Harriot.—He is *all fire and dissipation*;—she is all meekness and

sentiment!—nor can I think there is any hopes of reformation:—the offer proceeds more from surprise or fear, than justice and sincerity.—The world, the world will exclaim, and my Harriot be a cast-off from society!—Let her;—I had rather see her thus, than miserably linked for life to a lump of vice.—She shall retire to some corner of the world, and there weep out the remainder of her days in sorrow,—forgetting the wretch who has abused her confidence, but ever remembering the friend who consoles her in retirement.—You, my dear Charles, shall bear a part with me in the delightful task of whispering "peace to those who are in trouble, and healing the broken in spirit."

Adieu.

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXXX.

TO THE SAME.

Sir,

I FEEL the weight of obligation which your friendship has laid upon me; and if it should never be in my power to make you a recompense, I hope you will be recompensed at the "resurrection of the just."—I hope, sir, we shall both be found in that catalogue; and we are encouraged to hope, by the example of Abraham's faith, even "against hope."—I think there is, at least, as much probability of our reaching, and rejoicing in the "heaven where "we would be," as there was of the old patriarch's

having a child by his old wife.—There is not any person, living or dead, whom I have so strong a desire to see and converse with as yourself :—indeed, I have no inclination to visit, or say a syllable to, but a few persons in this lower vale of vanity and tears beside you ;—but I often derive a peculiar satisfaction in conversing with the ancient and modern dead, who yet live and speak excellently in their works.—My neighbours think me *often alone* ;—and yet, at such times, I am in company with more than five hundred mutes,—each of whom, at my pleasure, communicates his ideas to me by dumb signs,—quite as intelligibly as any person living can do by *uttering* of words.—They always keep the distance from me which I direct ;—and, with a motion of my hand, I can bring them as near to me as I please.—I lay hands on fifty of them sometimes in an evening, and handle them as I like :—they never complain of ill usage,—and, when dismissed from my presence,—though ever so abruptly,—take no offence. Such convenience is not to be enjoyed,—nor such liberty to be taken,—with the living :—we are bound, in point of good manners, to admit all our pretended friends when they knock for an entrance ; and dispense with all the nonsense or impertinence which they broach, till they think proper to withdraw : nor can we take the liberty of humbly and decently opposing their sentiments, without exciting their disgust, and being in danger of their splenetick representation after they have left us.

I am weary of talking to the *many*,—who, though quick of hearing,—are so "slow of heart to believe :"—*propositions which* are next to self-evident.—You

and I were not cast in *one mould*,—corporal comparison will attest it; and yet we are fashioned so much alike, that we may pass for twins:—were it possible to take an inventory of all our sentiments and feelings,—just and unjust,—holy and impure, there would appear as little difference between them as there is between instinct and reason,—or, wit and madness. The barriers which separate these,—like the real essence of bodies,—escape the piercing eye of metaphysicks, and cannot be pointed out more clearly than geometricians define a straight line, which is said to have length without breath.—O ye learned anatomical aggregates, who pretend to instruct other aggregates! be as candid as the sage whom ye pretend to revere;—and tell them, that all you know is, that you know nothing!—— I have a *mort* to communicate to you on different subjects;—my mountain will be in labour till I see you,—and then,—what then?—why you must expect to see it bring forth—a mouse!—I therefore beseech you to have a watchful eye to the cats!—but it is said that mice were designed to be killed by cats,—cats to be worried by dogs, &c. &c.—This may be true;—and I think I am made to to be killed by my cough,—which is a perpetual plague to me. What, in the name of sound lungs, has my cough to do with you, or you with my cough?

I am, sir, with the most perfect affection and esteem,

Your humble servant,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXXXI.

TO ****.

Dear Sir,

I HAVE received your kind letter of critical, and, I will add, of parental advice, which, contrary to my natural humour, set me upon looking gravely for half a day together: sometimes I concluded you had not spoke out, but had stronger grounds for your hints and cautions than what your good nature knew how to tell me, especially with regard to prudence, as a divine; and that you thought, in your heart, the vein of humour too free for the solemn colour of my coat. A meditation upon death had been a more suitable trimming to it, I own; but then it could not have been set on by me. Mr. F——, whom I regard in the class I do you, as my best of criticks and well-wishers, preaches daily to me on the same text: "Get your preferment first, "Lory," he says, "and then write, and welcome." But suppose preferment is long a-coming,—and, for aught I know, I may not be preferred till the resurrection of the just;—and am all that time in labour, how must I bear my pains? Like pious divines? or, rather, like able philosophers, knowing that one passion is only to be combated with another? But to be serious (if I can) I will use all reasonable caution,—only with this caution along with it, not to spoil my book; that is, the air and originality if it, which must resemble the author; and I fear it is the number of these slighter touches which make *the resemblance*, and identify it from all others

of the same stamp, which this under-strapping virtue of prudence would oblige me to strike out.—A very able critick, and one of my colour too, who has read over Tristram, made answer, upon my saying I would consider the colour of my coat as I corrected it,—that that idea in my head would render my book not worth a groat.—Still I promise to be cautious; but deny I have gone as far as Swift: he keeps a due distance from Rabelais; I keep a due distance from him. Swift has said a hundred things I durst not say, unless I was Dean of St. Patrick's.

I like your caution, *ambitiosa recides ornamenta.* As I revise my book, I will shrive my conscience upon that sin; and whatever ornaments are of that kind, shall be defaced without mercy. Ovid is justly censured for being *ingenii sui amator;* and it is a reasonable hint to me, as I'm not sure I am clear of it. To sport too much with your wit, or the game that wit has pointed out, is surfeiting; like toying with a man's mistress, it may be very delightful solacement to the inamorato, but little to the bystander. Though I plead guilty to part of the charge, yet it would greatly alleviate the crime, if my readers knew how much I have suppressed of this device. I have burnt more wit than I have published, on that very account, since I began to avoid the fault I fear I may yet have given proofs of—I will reconsider Slop's fall, and my too minute description of it; but, in general, I am persuaded that the happiness of the Cervantick humour arises from this very thing:—of describing silly and trifling events with the circumstantial pomp of great ones. Perhaps this is overloaded, and I can ease it.—I have a project of getting Tristram put into the hands

of the Archbishop, if he comes down this autumn; which will ease my mind of all trouble upon the topick of discretion.

I am, &c.

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXXXII.

TO MR. B.

Sir, Exeter, July, 1775.

THIS was quite an *impromptu* of Yorick's, after he had been thoroughly *soused*.—He drew it up in a few moments, without stopping his pen. I should be glad to see it in your intended collection of Mr. Sterne's Memoirs, &c. If you should have a copy of it, you will be able to rectify a misapplication of a term that Mr. Sterne could never be guilty of; as one great excellence of his writing lies in the most happy choice of metaphors and allusions,—such as shewed his philosophick judgment, at the same time that they display his wit and genius;—but it is not for me to comment on, or correct so great an original. I should have sent this fragment as soon as I saw Mrs. Medalle's advertisement, had I not been at a distance from my papers. I expect much entertainment from this posthumous work of a man to whom no one is more indebted for amusement and instruction than,

Sir,

your humble servant,

S. P.

AN IMPROMPTU.

No ;—not one farthing would I give for such a coat in wet weather, or dry.—If the sun shines, you are sure of being melted, because it closes so tight about one ;—if it rains, it is no more a defence than a cobweb ;—a very sieve, o'my conscience, that lets through every drop ! and, like many other things that are put on only for a cover, mortifies you with disappointment, and makes you curse the impostor, when it is too late to avail one's self of the discovery. Had I been wise, I should have examined the claim the coat had to the title of " Defender of the Body."—Before I had trusted my body in it, —I should have held it up to the light, like other suspicious matters, to have seen how much it was likely to admit of that which I wanted to keep out ; —whether it was no more than such a frail, flimsy, contexture of flesh and blood, as I am fated to carry about with me through every tract of this dirty world, could have comfortably and safely dispensed with in so short a journey,—taking into my account the chance of spreading trees,—thick hedges o'erhanging the road,—with twenty other coverts that a man may thrust his head under, if he is not violently pushed on by that d—d stimulus,—you know where,—that will not let a man sit still in one place for half a minute together ;—but, like a young nettlesome tit, is eternally on the fret, and is for pushing on still farther ;—or, if the poor sacred devil is not haunted tantivy by a hue and cry with gyves and a halter dangling before his eyes.—Now, in *either* case, he has not a minute to throw away in

standing still, but, like King Lear, must brave "the pelting's of a pitiless storm," and give heaven leave to "rumble its belly-full,—spit fire,—or spout rain," —as spitefully as it pleaseth, without finding the inclination or the resolution to slacken his pace, lest something should be lost that might have been gained; or more gotten than he well knows how to get rid of.—Now had I acted with as much prudence as some other good folks,—I could name many of them who have been made B—ps within my remembrance, for having been hooded and muffled up in a larger quantity of this dark drab of mental manufacture than ever fell to my share,—and absolutely for nothing else; as will be seen when they are undressed another day.—Had I had but as much as might have been taken out of their cloth, without lessening much of the size, or injuring in the least the shape, or contracting aught of the doublings and foldings, or confining to a less circumference the superb sweep of any one cloak that any one B—p ever wrapt himself up in,—I should never have given this coat a place upon my shoulders. I should have seen by the light, at one glance, how little it would keep out of rain, by how little it would keep in of darkness.—This a coat for a rainy day? Do pray, madam, hold it up to that window.—Did you ever see such an *illustrious* coat since the day you could distinguish between a coat and a pair of breeches? —My lady did not understand derivatives, and so she could not see quite through my splendid pun-Pope Sixtus would have blinded her with the same "darkness of excessive light." What a hood of it breaks in through this rent!—what an irradiation beams *through that*!—what twinklings!—what

sparklings as you wave it before your eyes in the broad face of the sun !—Make a fan out of it for the ladies, to look at their gallants with at church.—It has not served me for one purpose ;—it will serve them for two.—This is coarse stuff,—of worse manufacture than the cloth ;—put it to its proper use, for I love when things sort and join well :—make a philtre* of it, while there is a drop to be extracted. —I know but one thing in the world that will draw, drain, or suck like it ; and that is, neither wool nor flax ;—make, make any thing of it but a vile, hypocritical coat for me ;—for I never can say, *sub Jove* (whatever Juno might) that "it is a pleasure to be wet."

L. STERNE.

* This allusion is improper. A philtre originally signifies a love-potion ;—and as it is used as a noun from the verb *philtrate*, it must signify a *strainer*, not a *sucker*.—Cloth is sometimes used for the purpose of *draining*, by means of its pores or capillary tubes ; but its action is contrary to philtration. His meaning is obvious enough : but as he drew up this fragment without stopping his pen, as I was informed, it is no wonder he erred in the application of some of his terms.

THE

POSTHUMOUS WORKS

OF

LAURENCE STERNE, A. M.

PREBENDARY OF YORK, AND VICAR OF SUTTON ON THE FOREST, AND OF STILLINGTON NEAR YORK.

.....

Frontem nugis solvere edisce meis.

MARTIAL.

.....

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF CHARLEMONT.

My Lord,

I have not the honour of being known to your Lordship.——My sole reason, then, for presenting these volumes to you, arises from the respect and esteem I have often heard the author of them profess towards your Lordship's person and character.

Upon reading the following pages to me one day, he stopped at the end of a particular chapter, and expressed himself thus: "Swift said, that if there "were but a dozen Arbuthnots in the world, he "would burn his Gulliver. In like manner," added he, "I declare, that if there were only as many "Charlemonts in these kingdoms, I would also "commit my *Primer to the flames."

So honourable a testimony as this, sufficiently justifies the preference with which I subscribe myself, on this occasion, your Lordship's

Most humble
and obedient servant,
The EDITOR.

* This article will unfold itself in due time. See Chapter XL.

THE EDITOR

TO THE READER.

I HERE present the publick with the remains of an author, who has long entertained and amused them, and who has been the subject both of applause and censure—himself equally regardless of both. ——He was a second Democritus, who sported his opinions freely, just as his philosophy, or his fancy, led the way: and as he instilled no profligate principle, nor solicited any loose desire, the worst that could possibly be said, of the very worst part of his writings, might be only, that they were as indecent, but as innocent, at the same time, as the sprawling of an infant on the floor.

And I shall give you here his own sentiments about this matter, which I have taken, *ex ore suo*, from one of the following pages.—

"And I, who am myself a perfect philosopher of "the French school, whose motto is, *Ride, si sapis*, "do affirm, that writings which divert or exhilar- "ate the mind, though ever so arch or free, provid- "ed they appear to have no other scope, ought not "to be reprehended with too *methodistical* a sever- "ity—while those, indeed, cannot be too loudly "anathematized, which aim directly, or even with "the most remote obliquity, against any one prin- "ciple of honour, morals, or religion."*

* See Chap. XI.

These notes were designed by the author, to frame a larger work from than the present, to be published after he should find himself—or the publick—tired of the sportive incoherence of his former volumes:—But his untimely and unexpected death prevented him from digesting and completing this scheme.

These sheets had been put into my hands some time before this unhappy event, to correct or cancel, as I should think proper; and he left them with me, on his death bed, to dispose of after what manner I might choose—either to be kept among my miscellaneous papers, for my own amusement, or published to the world, or thrown into the fire.—His expression to me, upon that affecting occasion, was equally elegant and flattering——

Et dixit moriens—*Te nunc habet tista secundum.*

I imagined, that any tract of this author, especially into which he transfuses so much of his very soul, might afford some entertainment to the publick; and I have, therefore, committed these incorrect pieces, and unfinished sketches, to the press, without attempting to make any manner of addition or alteration in them, except the leaving out of some passages, that were either unintelligible—or too plain.

And if there should yet appear to have remained some other particulars, which the scrupulous reader may think to have needed the farther use of the *style*, I am very certain that he will meet with sufficient matter, in the rest of the work, to make the author's apology, and to serve also as a justification of

THE EDITOR.

THE

KORAN:

OR,

THE LIFE, CHARACTER AND SENTIMENTS OF

TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO, M. N. A.

OR MASTER OF NO ARTS.

PART FIRST.

Vous y verrez du serieux,
Entre mele de badinage;
Des traits un peu facetieux,
Dont la morale, au moins, est sage.
Le philosophe de Sans-souci.

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POSTSCRIPT,		To the Printer.

Political Romance. Addressed to ———, Esq : of Yor
Letter from Mr. Sterne, to a Friend.

A

PRIVATE LETTER

FROM

THE AUTHOR TO THE EDITOR.

TO ONE IN A MILLION.

My very good Friend,

I AM just returned from hunting *o'er the hills and far away;* and as my manner has ever been, whether riding, walking, skating, swimming, or boating ——and I dare venture to hold a wager, that it would be the same if I was flying—to revolve those subjects in my mind, which I purpose, at any time of my life, to discuss in writing. Your request to me lately has occupied my whole thoughts all this morning. *Experieris non Dianam magis in montibus, quam Minervam inerrare*, as Pliny says.

In such a memoring and *memorable age* as this, why not write my own memoirs? *vexatus toties.* I have gone through a multitude of novels, within these few years past, and have attended, with most exemplary patience and perseverance, chapter after chapter, in hope that the next anecdote might possibly make me some amends for the dullness of the former. In vain! Modern novelists seem to be deficient, even in invention. We forgive them their total want of language, style, moral, character or *sentiment.*

My series of life has happily saved me the e
labour of conception. For the mere literal n
tive of my adventures, from the moment I wa
cased from my first *envelope*, till the instant I
escape from this second *caul*—for the contex
complexion of my past life will probably forr
weft and hue of my future———would amus
interest my readers, though recited in the simp
of my nurse, the stupidity of my pedagogues, c
tediousness of modern memoirists; who ma
said, according to Aristotle's figure, styled *P*
omasia, to write more *pour Faim*, than *Fame*.
I take necessity to be a muse that's fairly wort
Nine, and literary Fame to be lineally derived
Fames.

Largitor ingenii venter.

Pray don't be alarmed at the word *Koran*, w
I have chosen to make the title of these paper
am not turned mussulman; but I hate *appropri*
names, because they restrain the language too m
and are apt to lead to superstition. And I se
reason why my vision and vagaries have not as
a right to be called *Al Koran*, or *The Koran*, a
inventions and impositions of Mahomet; w
were styled so, merely as being *a collection of c*
ters—for so the word in Arabick signifies.

But to proceed——

THE KORAN.

CHAP. I.

THE CHANCE-MEDLEY.

As I am, at length and long-run, safely delivered into the world, and fairly entered into life, I think it high time now to give you some account of myself ——so often promised, and so long delayed——— which I shall do, in as few words as the nature of the subject, and the writer of it, will permit. *Hic vir, hic est, tibi quem promitti sæpius audis.*

I was *really* born—no doubt on't: For if I had not, I should never have pretended to say so—— But first let me account for myself, in the character I at present stand before you, as an author—— which I never intended—nor indeed was ever intended—to be.——I happened to become one by mere chance.

Chance has ever been my *fate.* My father never designed me any manner of education. He was a *brave soldier* and despised it. What a power of courage he must have had! So I learned to read and write, by *chance.* I *miched* once to school, and picked up a little literature, *by chance.* I never meant to marry, and yet it was my *luck* to get a wife. I never had any patron, but was provided for by *fortune.*

Chance, Luck, and Fortune, then, have been my *Clotho, Atropos,* and *Lachesis*——and so I have assumed the cognomen of *Tria juncta in uno*—which

is another chance also ; as I never once thought such a derivation, before this very instant.

But how an author by chance, prithee ?—I'll you, if you'll have but a little patience.

CHAP. II.

THE CRITICAL REVIEWERS.

THIS method of dividing a subject into chapte is an admirable expedient for your penny wo wits, and your two-penny readers. It serves resting pauses to both.

Divisum sic breve fiet opus.

The bible itself might, perhaps, to some, app tedious, if it was not for the comfortable relie chapters.

Besides, the intervals, or *white lines*, as the pr ters style them, help to swell the volume lik bladder ; or may be compared to an article of *p ted saw-dust* in a *bill of fare*, which helps to co *a table*, though it adds nothing to the *feast*.

Here now I expect that my old acquaintance UN-*critical Reviewers* will be apt to remark up this passage, that these spaces are the most v uable parts of my books, as a *blank* is better tha *blot* at any time, with other insipidities of the sa sort.

But let them prate ; for I have long since broug myself to be very well able to bear with them, becoming regardless equally of their applause *censure*. True criticks, like hawks, hunt for pl *sure* ; but the Reviewers, like vultures, only *prey*.

And, for this reason, I don't think that one should be too severe against the poor devils neither. They ought rather to become the object of our pity than resentment, who, like *hangmen*, are obliged to *execute* for bread. And it should therefore be a considerable advantage to a work, to have received their censure——for an author may set what price he pleases on a book that has been condemned to be burnt by the hands of the *common hangman.*

CHAP. III.

THE UNCLE.

I THINK I promised in my first chapter, to give you my *authority* in literature. Thus it was——

I happened to have an uncle once, who was a minister of the gospel, but his only study was politicks. He had a laudable ambition to rise in life. Religion is undoubtedly a necessary qualification for that purpose in the next world—but is not sufficient to help us forward in this.

He took care, therefore, just to get the *thirty-nine articles* by heart to enable him to stand an examination of faith on the day of judgment——not attending to the good old saying, *Live and learn, die and forget all:* But his maxims were, *not to go, while you stay—to live whilst you live; for at the hour of death, sufficient to that day will be the evil thereof.*

In prosecution then of his scheme of life, he wrote and published several party papers, during the reign of Sir Robert Walpole, in favour of his ministry——but *Mammon left him* in the lurch. They produc-

ed no effect toward his advancement.—They were poorly written. Parsons generally write ill, even upon their own subjects.

He might better have employed himself, in saying his prayers—for in this service, whatever is well meant, is well received, though ever so ill performed: But, in the other case, whatever is well *executed* only, is well accepted of, however *ill intended*.—This mortified our divine.

Just at this crisis, I happened to return into the country; after having quitted college, and brought home some little character from the university for parts and learning.

But I am hurrying the reader on too fast. My stock is small, and needs economy. So I think that I have now wrote enough for this chapter——and in the style of a sermon, I shall leave you to consider of what has been said, and defer the remainder to another opportunity.

CHAP. IV.

ON MURDER.

For my own part, I have not the least notion how any man—or woman either——can bring themselves to commit murder——except, indeed, it happened to be on the body of a brother, a friend, a mistress or some other such fond and dear connection as these.

Human nature revolts at the very idea: insomuch, that I know not what *temptations* can induce *any* person to be guilty of such a crime——for

temptation comes from *nature*, whose strongest propensity is the very *reverse* of it. This vice then must certainly arise from *provocation* only—because provocation proceeds from the devil.

Thus, reader, you may perceive——that is, supposing you to have been attentive to what I am saying all this while, that I have here made a nice distinction of it, between the *flesh and the devil*.—Pray now, please you to observe the consequence.

The *provocation* then must be of the highest kind. This cannot arise from any indifferent person. They can never *provoke* us sufficiently——A man—or woman either,—deserves to be hanged for killing such as these. No——A brother, a friend, a child, a wife, or a mistress, must therefore become the proper objects of our most deadly resentment. Ergo——

The application of this argument in some other chapter.

CHAP. V.

THE MINISTERIAL WRITER.

My uncle then employed me to write a pamphlet, in defence of the ministry—not of the gospel. I obeyed his commands, and put the manuscript into his hands; which he carried forthwith in his own name to Sir Robert.

He approved of it; 'twas sent to the press and procured the parson preferment—but prevented his own———for it kept the knight *out of the House of Lords for the remainder* of that septennial.

The method I used in that pamphlet was this——I collected together every thing that had been ever objected against the minister, from his first entering into office till that time, and ipse-dixited every article of it *point blank*, in the negative——*from my own certain knowledge and other sufficient authority*—Affirmed myself to be *no courtier*, nor even acquainted with one; but to be *a mere country gentleman*, of an independent fortune, who had never before troubled his head about *party disputes*, vulgarly styled *politicks*—but, shocked at the *licentiousness of the times*, had entered a volunteer in the service of my king, my country, and the support of ministerial virtue and integrity.

I affirmed, that the high price of provisions, so loudly complained of, arose from the riches and affluence flowing daily into the kingdom, under the auspicies of our minister—and that the accumulation of taxes, like the rising of rents, was the surest token of a nation's thriving——that the dearness of markets, with these new imposts of government, necessarily doubled industry—and that an increase of this *natural kind of manufacture*, was adding to the capital stock of the commonwealth.

I lamented the fatal effects to be apprehended from all these heats, animosities, and revilings, which, I said, *I had good reason* to affirm, were but a method of acting and instilling treason, under cover—for that, whenever *the minister was* abused, *the king was* attacked.

So, profligate parsons, whenever they fall into detestation or contempt, inveigh against the impiety of the times, and charge the scandal and reproach

they have themselves induced upon their function, to the atheism of the laity.

This book of mine has been the *codex* or *ars politica* of all the ministerial sycophants ever since that era——for I have scarcely met with a paragraph in any of the state-hireling writers, for many years past, that I could not trace fairly back to my own *code.*

CHAP. VI.

ORIGIN OF UNCLE TOBY.

THE income of my uncle's new benefice was considerable; and I thought that I had some claim to part of the emoluments of it. I was amused with hope for several years; during which time he contrived to get some other useful jobs out of me.—But my good uncle was a courtier, as I told you before ——He promised, and performed, like one.

This disappointment, this ingratitude *provoked* my resentment to the highest degree——Here read the penultima chapter over again, and I'll wait for you.

— — — — — — — — — — —
— — — — — — — — — — —
— — — — — — — — — — —
— — — — — — — — — — —

However, this incident happened afterwards to turn out a good deal to my own advantage——If I can *help others to live* by my wits, said I to myself,

one day that I happened to be in a reasoning m
what a fool must I be not to endeavour to manı
ture them a little toward my own profit?

I had been just then priested—I wrote a serr
preached and published it.——But I hate to t
story twice, as much as others do to hear one.

I then formed the design of writing my own
moirs—Why not? Every French ensign does
same. If we are not of sufficient consequenc
the world, we certainly are so to ourselves.
feel our own self-importance—and how natural
to express one's feelings!

In order to embellish this work, I drew a sk
of my uncle's character.—It was bitter enougl
say the truth of it—for truth it was—But happe
to show this *trait* to some of my friends, they re
hended me for it.—Parsons, said they, God kn
have enemies enow already—they need not sla
one another.

No man brooks chiding better—nor can I
harbour resentment. I have no inimicality in
nature——my blood is milk, and curdles at anoth
woe——I had forgiven the man long before;
it was more out of humour, than malice, that I
been *tempted* not *provoked*, to introduce him on
scene.

I immediately changed my purpose,—But, as
defalcation had left an *hiatus deflendus* in my *p*
—for they are all but *pieces*—I supplied the ch
of this dramatis personæ, by an imaginary *uncle*
by, already sufficiently known to the world.

Many years before this latter era, happen e
fall into matrimony——*Sed chartæ silent*—The m
est reader, and I desire no other, will surely su

me to *draw the curtain* here.——And so finishes the sixth chapter.

CHAP. VII.

LE FEVRE.

And now it is full time to commence a new one —But I am again precipitating matters and things too hastily.——I was always giddy.——The reader must have time allowed him for his digestion—let us take up my story a little higher.

My father was an Englishman, and had a command in the army. He was stationed in Ireland at the time of my birth, which happened—I forget what year—in the city of Clonmel.——I remained in that kingdom till I was about twelve years old—and there I received the first rudiments of literature, from the kindness and humanity of a lieutenant, who was in the same corps with my father—his name was Le Fevre.

But, indeed, I owe infinitely more to him than my Latin grammar. It was he that taught me *the Grammar of Virtue*—It was this most excellent person who first instilled into my mind the principles —not of *a parson*—but of *a divine*—It was he who imbued my soul with humanity, benevolence, and charity—It was he who inspired me with that *vibration* for the distresses of mankind,

"Which, like the needle true,
"Turns at the touch of others woe.
"And, turning, trembless too."*

* Mrs. Greville's Ode.

—It was he who instructed me, that temperan is the best source of charity.——'Tis in this sen only, that it should ever be said *to begin at home.* Readers, throw your gouts, your cholicks, your scu vies, to the poor.

It was he who furnished me with this admirab hint to charity—that *the more a person wants, t less will do him good.*—It was he who softened r nature to that tender sensibility, and fond sympatl which have created the principal pains and ple sures of my life; and which will, I trust in Gc insure the latter, in the next, without its alloy.— Amen!

This good man has been long dead; and, in grat ful honour of his memory, I have mentioned l name in another place—'Twas all I could!—I wou have *plucked a nettle from his grave*, had I seen o ever grow there—For surely there was nothir either in the humours of his body, or the tempe ment of his mind, that such a *noli me tangere* we could be nourished by, or emblematick of.——

CHAP. VIII.

A DIGRESSION ON WIT.

WHAT is Wit?—'Tis not a manufacture—it not to be wrought out of the mind, by dint of stu and labour, as sense, reason, and science are Ideas, with the very words fitted to them, *ready c and dry*, come bounce all complete together into t brain, without the least manner of reflection.

Even I have sometimes said things without design, unconscious of any kind of wit in them myself, till the sound of the words has alarmed my own ears, or made others to prick up theirs. If wit had been hanging matter—and so it might, for any great harm it would do—I should then have incurred the penalty of a sort of *chance-medley* treason. It would have required time and thought to have expressed myself worse—or according to law—upon such occasions.

What is the reason, that between two persons of equal sense and learning, an imagery shall generally strike the one, and never the other?—That upon viewing a green field, stocked with new shorn sheep, one man shall see nothing there, but grass and mutton, and that another shall resemble it to a *tansey*, stuck with almonds?

That one person shall *plainly* say, of a fine day, in winter, that the sun shines, but does not warm—while another shall, at the same instant compare it to *a jewel, at once both bright and cold?* &c.

Thus, you see, that wit is only a *double entendre*.—What pity 'tis, ladies, that *double entendres* are not always wit also?

Nay, the prudish Cowley has, unluckily for us, made them one of the negative definitions of it:

> "Much less can that have any place,
> "At which a virgin hides her face——
> "Such dross the fire must purge away. 'Tis just
> "The writer blush, whene'er the reader must."

CHAP. IX.

WHETHER I MYSELF HAVE WIT.

THIS point has been questioned by some——
Biographher Triglyph, calls me an *anomolous het*
clite writer—words, by the bye, that signify
same thing ;—says, that *I have more sauce than*
&c.—They allow me oddness, originality, and
mour—but deny me *wit*.

If by this expression they mean epigramma
point, perhaps I may have but little of it.—But
wit be *sauce*, according to the good master Trigl
—Must sauces always be poignant ?—Is not tha
teemed the best cookery where the ingredients
so equally blended, that no one particular fla
predominates upon the palate ?—Decayed appe
only require the sharper seasonings.

They grant me humour, originality, and desc
tion.——What then is wit, if these articles dc
comprehend it ?—And if it is any thing else,
little necessary must it be, where these already

The antients styled wit *ingenium*—capacity,
vention, powers.—Martial was the first person
reduced it to *a point*—and too many of the writi
since that era of the *faux brilliants*, have bee
very *eager*, that they have almost *set one's teet*
edge.

So far I am easy on this score, whether the
low me wit, or no.

* The Triumvirate, the preface.

CHAP. X.

OF WIT, IN MORALS.

I FORMERLY used to prefer Pliny's Epistles, and Seneca's Morals, before Cicero's writings of both kinds—because of the points of wit, and quaint turns, in the former.—I remember, when I thought Horace and Catullus flat and insipid——but it was when I admired Martial and Cowley.

Plain meats, simply dressed, are certainly more wholesome food, than higher cooked repasts.—— But one who has indulged, or rather depraved, his appetite, with the latter viands, cannot, without difficulty, recover his natural relish for the former.— We are just in the same circumstances in literature.

The sport of fancy, and a play of words; may have, perhaps, this effect, to fix the sentiment more strongly in the mind—but I seldom found, that they carried their uses farther——

Play round the head, but enter not the heart.

Strong phrases, and opposition of terms, may store the *common place* of memory with apt sentiments, which may help a person to *shine* in writing, or conversation; but this wants the true *splendour* of learning, the *temperato usu:* while sound sense and reason, more plainly expressed, operates upon us in the nature of an *alterative medicine*——slow, but sure.

And though, by degrees, we bound with vigour *not our own; yet,* not being able directly to impute

our strength to any foreign assistance, we are cherish that sense and virtue, which we l means acquire, as we do *the heirs of our own* while those acquisitions we make, by the help *membered wit* only, are received into the h coldly as *an adoption.*

I find myself moralizing here, somewhat very style I have been reprehending—but not strained my pen—for, when we condemn —to carry on the vein—we should endeavour t *an example of it.*——And it may be applied what was said of Jeremy, in *Love for Love,* " he was declaiming against wit, with all the " could muster."

But witty I am henceforth *resolved* to be f rest of my life.—Lord, sir, *resolution* is a po thing; it has rendered many a coward brave, few women chaste.——Let us try now, whet same miraculous faculty cannot make one witty——for a wonder.

CHAP. XI.

TRIGLYPH AND TRISTRAM COMPARED

But the author of the *Triumvirate* is still severe on me, on account of some free passa my works——Call them not my *works,* but my only——and please to let master Tryglyph that I was not writing treatises on morals, tures on religion, at that time—I wrote entir *the benefit of my own health,* and that of my r also.

Bacon, in his *historia vitæ et mortis* recommends cheerful and light writings to be read, *for life and death*—and I will actually get them inserted among the *materia medica*, in the next edition of the London Dispensatory.—Why should we find fault with the archness of any passage, that contributes towards so salutary a purpose? what freedoms are not surgeons obliged often to use, particularly in obstetricks—for the health or safety of the chastest maid or matron!

Some other philosopher recommends *hæ nugæ* too for the relief of the mind——

——Læsus animo debent aliquando dari,
Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat sibi.

And I, who am myself a perfect philosopher of the French school, whose motto is *Ride, si sapis*, do affirm, that writings which divert or exhilarate the mind, though ever so arch or free, provided they appear to have no other scope, ought not to be reprehended with too *methodistical* a severity——while those indeed cannot be too loudly anathematized, which aim directly, or even with the most remote obliquity, against any one principle of honour, morals, or religion.

But prithee, ladies, is not Triglyph full as arch and free as Tristram?—I shall not take the pains to collate the several passages together——nor, like friend Kidgel, *reveal* while I *expose*——But is not his LXXXVIIIth chapter *un chef d'œuvre* in his way?

He therein mentions the accidental view of a fine woman *stark-naked*——indeed he neither de-

scribes her person, her limbs, her complection, nor makes use of any one loose idea, or indecent expression——Better he had——for then the offence would have ended there.——But how is the reader's imagination inflamed, and his passions moved, by sympathy, with those effects which the spectator tells you this object had upon his own senses and sensations?

To be able thus to raise a smile, without a *blush*, and to provoke *desire* without offending *decency*, is an art, good master Triglyph, that is capable of *uncalendering* a saint.

Sedley has that prevailing gentle art, &c.

But I do not deny the man his merits, as he has also the candour not to refuse me mine—for though we are both great rivals, it is in a sentiment that ought to make us the greater friends—We seem equally to wish and most fervently pray, for "Glory "to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-"will towards men." *Amen!*

But to proceed——

CHAP. XII.

THE ABIGAIL.

When I was about twelve years old, as I told you before, my father and mother returned into England, and brought me over with them: I was then placed at a regular school——at my own most earnest instance, threatening, if refused, to enlist myself a-

mong the strolling gipsies, to purchase *any knowledge, at any rate*——From whence I was, in due time, transferred to the university.

I need not trouble you here with a particular account of my education—the benefits of it are sufficiently apparent in my writings——*Let your works, not your words, prove you*, says somebody——if not, I say so myself. So that my life is all that the reader has any right to call upon me for here.

In that large field then I was first entered by my mother's maid—This was no *slip* of mine——the *backsliding* was all her own——Alas! what wit had I?—And for this *faux pas* it is needless to make any manner of apology—Men must be initiated in the mysteries of iniquity, in order the more safely to pursue the paths of virtue——

And if you will not take my word for it, because I am a christian, listen to what Terence, who was a notorious heathen, says upon this subject:

> Id vero est, quod ego mihi puto palmarium,
> Me reperisse quomodo adolescentulus
> Meretricum ingenia, et mores, posset noscere,
> Mature ut eum cognorit, perpetuo oderit.
>
> EUN.

I happened to marry, some time after, and communicated my experience to my wife——*she nothing loath*, &c.

It would, I think, be highly improper in me to add one sentence more to such a chapter as this.

CHAP. XIII.

ON LITERAL MODESTY.

As the world seems not to be charitably enough inclined to give me credit for the merit of the above title, it forces me here to break through the very rules of it, in order to point out those instances where I happen to afford any rare specimen of my *bienseance.*

The close of my last chapter is a remarkable example of this kind——With what becoming decency did I drop the curtain, in that scene! According to the rule of Horace,

> ————*Non tamen intus*
> *Digna geri promis in scenam.*

And yet I have read Meursius, Ausonius, and Martinus Scriblerus, I assure you—which I think I may confess the more freely, as you may perceive that I am not a bit the worse for such dangerous precedents.

A word by the bye.——Precedents are the band and disgrace of legislature—They are not wanted, to justify right measures,——are absolutely insufficient to excuse wrong ones.——They can only be useful to heralds, dancing-masters, and gentlemen-ushers——because, in these departments, neither reason, virtue, nor the *salus populi*, or *suprema lex*, can have any operation.

Another instance of my reticence, is, that though I brought Terence upon the carpet, I did not quote

that passage from him, where he has the impudence to say,

Non est flagitium, crede mihi, adolescentulum *Scortari*, neque *potare*. ADELPH.

Which, though in reality, not spoken in the mere *dictionary sense* of the words, might have, however, been made a sinister use of, had I had any of that profligate turn of mind, that has, sometimes been, so unfairly imputed to me.

I love a joke; I don't deny it—and whether 'tis a *black* or a *white* one, I own, that I do not always wait to examine. But what does this signify? Abler persons than I often take things in the lump——and, provided we are but pleased, methinks it is being rather more nice and wise, to consider through what medium. But then, I think it no joke, to debauch or corrupt another person's mind or principles.——Charge this upon me who can.

CHAP. XIV.

ON LIBERAL MODESTY.

Do you comprehend the distinction of this title? for I am no definitioner.

Aidoos auk agathe, is an expression of Hesiod's. Horace calls it *pudor malus*, and the French say *mauvaise honte*. By all which terms is meant, that kind of bashfulness which is observed in young persons of the best parts and merit, on their first entrance into life, or mixing with the world; and which *many people* are never after able to shake off.

This sort of modesty is said to be highly commendable, and a token of hopeful presage in youth. For my part, I cannot see why—Is it not an advantage to be in possession of all one's faculties?——can a bashful person be so? While a little assurance, like the *tincture of sage*, gives a man *the perfect possession of himself.**

Can a man who has a diffidence of his powers, either write, speak, love, or fight, as well as he who reposes a confidence in them? When we would cast a reflection on the character of a soldier, need we use severer terms than to say, *he is bashful*—he is apt to be *embarrassed* on the day of battle, &c.

But were we to investigate this same *imputed* merit, in the school of philosophy, we should probably find that it has its foundation, not so much in the *modesty* of others, as in the *vanity* of ourselves. We naturally accept this *awe before us*, as a deference to our own superior consequence, and so are first *flattered*, before we *praise*.

As I am not much given to adulation myself, I never remember to have paid 'a sneaking compli-'ment of this sort to any one in my life.' I have ever sat, walked, or conversed, at perfect ease, among persons of the highest rank or genius—and should be as much ashamed of keeping a reserve over whatever little wit or parts I am possessed of, before people of superior talents, as I should be of slinking into 'a slut's corner,' of the room, because there happened to be a taller or an handsomer man in company.

* See Dr. Hill's advertisement.

CHAP. XV.

THE CARDINAL VIRTUES.

WELL, reader—whether you be male or female——methinks I have proved myself *man enough* for you now; and what would you have more? You have no right to expect any extraordinary adventures, or critical situations, in the life of a sickly, home-bred, married, country parson.

I have, indeed, had some——say many—connections, with certain anecdotes, or private memoirs, relative to others, that would most highly entertain you; and I think I was never in a better humour for telling a story in my life, than I happen to be at this very instant. But my heart fails me. Laugh at me as much as you please, and welcome——but I shall never make you merry at the expense of my friends.

With regard to myself, I have been ever a thinking——and who would think it?—rather than an active being. My mind indeed has been an errant knight, but my body only a simple squire——and it has been so harassed, and chivalried with the wanderings and the wind-mills of its master, that it has long wished to quit the service——frequently crying out with Sancho, "a blessing on his heart "who first invented sleep."

However, notwithstanding the natural indolence of this same body of me, I have contrived to fulfil, completely, all the characteristicks of man——which some philosopher specifies to be these four——

To build an house——
To raise a tree——
To write a book——
And
To get a child——

These four cardinal virtues, then, have I already most religiously performed——so as to be able, according to the moral of the story of Protogenes and Apelles, told by Prior,

"In life's visit to leave my name."

These are, all of them, believe me, *verb. sacer.*—Very pleasant operations: insomuch that I am really surprised men do not perform every one of them oftener than they do.———They are all of them, moreover, works, the most expressly imitative of creation.—'Tis to bring order out of chaos, to elicit light from darkness, and to ornament and people the face of the earth.

Go to——go to——ye idle vagabonds of the world——

Build houses——
Rear trees——
Write books——
And
Get children——

Endeavour to leave some relative idea of yourselves behind ye—so that if posterity should not happen to be sorry for your death, let them have some reason *at least* to be sorry that ye had not lived.

CHAP. XVI.

A LETTER.

MADAM,

I CAN easily perceive how much you were disappointed upon the close of my last chapter.—You had reason, I confess, to have expected something more arch from me upon the subject, than I have there treated you withal.

"Quid tibi vis, mullier?"

But I never pimp for others—and I happened not to be in humour for a joke "of any colour" myself in that section. I have laboured under a severe fit of cholick and asthma for some time past. This is a great reformer of manners.

Nay, so far have I carried my liberal modesty in that chapter, that where I speak of the four characteristicks of mankind, I comprehend them all under the philosophical term of creation——without distinguishing the latter article, as I might very fairly have done, by the mechanical technick of procreation. No—in that passage you see I have kept quite clear both of pro and con.

And again—where I come to mention this last manœuvre, I only make use of the general word *get*——instead of introducing the obstetrical one of *beget*; which, may it please your ladyship, would have pointed, you know, more directly *ad rem*.

I am, madam, &c.

T. J. U.

To the countess of ****.

CHAP. XVII.

THE LAPSUS LINGUÆ.

But, in general, I am not quite so guarded—I mean with respect to my expressions only:—For words sometimes escape me, without corre ponding ideas. I happen unfortunately to be infec ed with a certain peculiar phraseology, which, i the hurry of speech, I can rarely command——and this makes me often appear to mean what ma be very far from my thoughts at the time.

I have sometimes scolded my servants, and rate my wife and children, with all imaginable seriou ness——and when I have been shocked at their a pearing to tremble too much under the terrors my wrath, think what a mortification it must ha been—"to a man in a passion."——To perceive th their sides were only shaking with laughter, at som odd image, or ridiculous expression I had struc out, *at a heat*, unawares.

The same cannon-ball that took off Marescha Turenne's head, carried away one of general S Hilaire's arms.——His son standing by, burst int a passion of grief at his father's misfortune; wh reproved him, saying, "Weep not my child, fo "*me*—but for *him*."

The generous concern, and nobleness of senti ment with which that brave man must have been af fected at that instant were so powerful over m nerves, that it "made my heart move within m "like the sound of a trumpet." *

* So Sir Philip Sidney says of himself, whenever he heared t ballad of Percy and Douglas.

I happened to repeat this story once in company, and it had its effect—till concluding it with these words——" pointing to the nameless corse * with " the only hand he had left"—they all fell a laughing. I thought them brutes—but quickly recollecting myself, felt ashamed.

Explaining the mystery of the redemption once to a young templar, I happened to make an allusion, adapted to his own science, of the " levying a fine, " and suffering a recovery :" This simile was repeated afterwards to my disadvantage ; and I was deemed an infidel thenceforward.

And why ? merely because I am a merry parson, I suppose—for St. Patrick, the Irish patron, because he was a grave one, was canonized, for illustrating the Trinity by the comparison of a Shamrock.†

CHAP. XVIII.

TO THE READER.

You complain—that is, I hope you do—of the shortness of my chapters——but if you would have them longer, you must take up with them duller. There are but few subjects that can afford variety enough to entertain you through many pages.

Therefore, in steps the good old saying, with great propriety, here, that " two heads are better " than one"——and my arguments, like those of Hydra, grow out of each other : as fast as I dispatch one, another springs up in its place.

* Sine nomine corpus. VIRG.

† *The Trefoil, or Trois-feuille.*

But never fear, my good readers, for I shall make this work as long as I can, though not so tedious as I might. I use no attorney arts to protract a suit; and wish that the Frederick code was to obtain in literature, as well as in law.

You shall certainly meet with subject matter sufficient for your money, in these volumes——but you will find them all under the head or chapter *of short causes.*

Few words among friends are best they say——fewer still between enemies I say——And you must be one or t'other of these, believe me——for I defy your indifference.

CHAP. XIX.

ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE.

About a year before I was married, I received the following most extraordinary and interesting letter——

— — — — — — — — — — —
— — — — — — — — — — —
— — — — — — — — — — —
— — — — — — — — — — —
— — — — — — — — — — —

See chapter XV. paragraph 2.

— — — — — — — — — — —
— — — — — — — — — — —

But, as I was saying, what business, now a-days, since the reformation has expunged the good old practice of *confessing* out of our ritual, can a parson have with another man's wife?——To say that she *called* upon me in her difficulties, and that I reliev-

ed her from want, and succoured her in distress ——and that these very considerations would have put it absolutely out of my power to have attempted her, had I been ever so much a libertine—availed me not. The reply was still—*that she was another man's wife.*

So that, it seems, all wives are to be treated like the queens of Spain—who, if they happen to tumble into a ditch, must be suffered to lie, kicking and sprawling there for life, till their royal consort shall be at leisure, or so disposed, to go and take them out of it.

It is death for any subject to lay his profane finger on her *Majesty.* And as the *crown-lawyers* have not been able to determine in what *point* of her most *sacred person* her *divinity* resides, hands off from every part of her body, has been always deemed the safest measure.

One of these *miserables of state* happened once to be thrown from her palfrey, on the pavement of the *Escurial.* Her royal foot stuck in the stirrup, and she was dragged round the area for a considerable time, her faithful equerry running all the while by her side, his head turned averse, his arm stretched out, and holding his hat between his thumb, index and middle finger——as dancing masters teach you on a salute—over *her Majesty*—till king Don was summoned from council, to restore *this same Majesty* to decency again. She might have lost her life by her ministerial magna charta of *precedent.*

This adventure of mine was the first thing that ever involved me in debt. I was obliged to borrow two hundred pounds, beyond my own currency, upon this *occasion.* I had not sufficient security to

proffer. But captain Le Fevre hap pened luckily, just then, to have sold out of the army—*I mortgaged the story* to him, and he lent me the money.

He was not a man to accept of interest, so I made him a present. He loved reading much. A collection of ingenious and entertaining papers, styled *The World*, happened to be just then collected together, and published, in four volumes. I sent them to him, with the following lines inscribed. They were the first rhimes I have ever attempted to tag in my life.

TO CAPT. LEWIS LE FEVRE.

For one who rashly lent me cash, 'tis fit
That I should make a *venture* too in wit.
In vain I through my pericranium sought:
But having heard that *wit is best that's bought*,
I sent to Dodsley's for *these presents few*,
To let all men know I am bound to you.
Great Sawney wept that *one world* was no store—
How happier you, who now may laugh at *four!*

CHAP. XX.

EPIGRAM.

After this cheerful manner have I hitherto passed through life, disappointments, and bad health—but not without suffering many severe strictures on my dissipation and unformality. The lightness of my manners has been reprehended often, though it arises really from the weight of my philosophy. *What* is there in life that's worth a serious thought?

And for the same reason for having conceived a better opinion of Providence than is generally reputed *orthodox*, I have been sometimes deemed an infidel.

Upon the present theological computation, ten souls must be lost for one that's saved. At which rate of reckoning heaven can raise but its *cohorts*,* while hell commands its *legions*.† From which sad account it would appear, that though our Saviour had conquered *death* by the *resurrection*, he had not yet been able to overcome *sin* by the *redemption*.

This surely must be most *damnable* arithmetick. No—no—I think, that if we fairly give him all tyrants, usurers, murderers both of life and fame, your hypocrites, perjured lovers, and every *premier* upon record, except Sully, Walsingham, and Stafford, *who signed his own death-warrant to save his king and country*, we do as much for the devil as he, *in all conscience*, or your reverences for him can *in justice* require.‡

I happened to dine once with a friend of mine. Wine was wanting. He sent me to the cellar. It had been hewn out of a solid rock. At my return

* A body of only 500 men.

† A corps of 5000 men.

‡ Hic quibus invisi fratres, dum vita manebat,
Pulsatusve parens, et fraus innexa clienti;
Aut qui divitiis soli incubuere repertis,
Nec partem posuere suis; quæ maxima turba est:
Quique ob adulterium cæsi, quique arma secuti
Impia, nec veriti dominorum fallere dextras,
Inclusi pœnam expectant.——

into the room, I wrote the following extempore card to my host, and threw it across the table :

> When Moses struck the rock with rod divine,
> Cold water flow'd—your's yields us gen'rous wine—
> So at *the marriage feast*, the scripture tells us,
> That water turn'd to wine rejoic'd good fellows.

Some years after this very harmless sport of fancy, these lines were quoted against me, by a certain bishop, as a proof that I neither believed one word of the Old Testament, nor of the New. This stopped my preferment. I only smiled, and *preferred* myself—to him.

CHAP. XXI.

THE GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

SINCE I am in for it, I'll tell you another *excommunicable thing* I did. Whether before or after, I forget. Is it any matter which ?

In the city of ———, the church was repairing, and the corporation of that town had accommodated the parish with their *Tholsel*, or town-house, as a chapel of ease, for the time. There happened to have been an election for that city not long before. Upon which *mercantile* occasion the worshipful mayor, alderman, &c. had notoriously . . . . . You know how elections are usually carried on, and what admirable securities they are become, of late, for our lives, liberties, and properties !

I was among the congregation one Sunday when the gospel for the day happened to be taken out of

the nineteenth chapter of St. Luke, where our Saviour is said to have driven *the buyers and sellers* out of the temple. An *impetus* of honest indignation seized me. I took out my pencil, and wrote the following hasty lines on one of the pannels of the pew I sat in:

> Whoever reads nineteenth of Luke, believes
> The *house of prayer* was once *a den of thieves*—
> Now, by permission of our pious mayor,
> *A den of thieves* is made *an house of prayer.*

I was observed. I happened to have been admitted a freeman in that corporation some time before this incident: And having been detected in the above sarcasm, the mayor had my name immediately struck out of the books, *ex officio* merely——without any manner of legal process or pretence.

But here I had no reason to complain. I had certainly, in this instance, been guilty of an *impiety* against the fraternity of this corporation——and they resented it *like men*——I am only surprised at the infallibility of your *divines*——

Among whom there are many pious ejaculators, who think that I ought to have been excommunicated long ago. However, I am sure that I am well enough entitled to be received a priest, in the Persian temples at least—as all the initiated were obliged to pass through a noviciate of reproach and pain, to give proof of their being free from passion, resentment, and impatience.

I am in the same predicament with Cato the censor——not in the severity of his discipline, I confess——but in the particular, at least, of his having *been fourscore* times accused. But he had the ad-

vantage of a fairer trial than ever I had——for he was as often *acquitted.*

God forgive them! But I forgive them their prayers, in return, on account of an old proverb.—Need I repeat it?

CHAP. XXII.

TOLERATION——OR PERSECUTION.

I WAS speaking of these things one day to Voltaire, and he wished me joy of the great happiness and advantages of living in a country, where such expressions and allusions, which ignorance or malice might be capable of construing into treason or blasphemy against church or state, could escape the inquisition or bastile.

He then put into my hand his treatise on *Toleration*, which had been but just published. It is written, like all his works, with great spirit, wit and learning, to prove, what no fool could ever yet dispute, that persecution, *for God's sake*, is a most wicked thing, and contrary to Reason, Nature, and Scripture.

It appears an extraordinary thing to me, that since there is such a diabolical spirit in the depravity of human nature, as persecution for difference of opinion in religious tenets, there never happened to be any *inquisition*, any *auto da fe*, any *crusade*, among the pagans.

That during the ages of ignorance and barbarity, while the devil, as divines tell us, governed the church, equivocated in their oracles, ordained im-

purities, and commanded human sacrifices, brethren were not set against brethren, nor nation against nation, in *civil fury* or in *pious war.*

But that, as soon as it had pleased God, by miraculous interposition, to take the church into his own hands, so shocking and impious an era should thence commence——that the word of peace should call forth the sword, and the precepts of love and concord produce hatred and dissension.

The christian————say *un*christian———— priest informs me, the reason of this remarkable difference was that the heathens happened to have no one article of *belief* worth the quarrelling about ——as they universally supposed the soul to perish with the body—*Post mortem nihil est*, was their creed. And that even those few, among the philosophers, who admitted of a post existence, at the same time denied an hell. *Non est unus*, says Cicero, *tam excors, qui credat.*

Thus then, continues the good catholick, while the whole of human existence was ignorantly supposed to have been comprehended within the pale of mortal life; peace, friendship and good-will, were, most certainly, preferable to war, enmity and persecution.

But when the immortal soul was once put under the care of Christ's Vicar here on earth—how totally unworthy to be styled priests of the lamb, and oracles of the dove, must those divines be, who would not cast the body of an heretick into the flames!*

* *The popish text for* broiling, *is taken from that passage in scripture, where it is said, hominum hæreticum* devita—*which last word they construe into* devita tollere.

I cannot help differing in opinion from the orthodoxy of this true catholick tenet; and am more inclined to agree with Cicero, in the passage above quoted, though he was but groping in the dark himself.—For to believe a soul, and to damn it, methinks, is not light:—But lightning.

CHAP. XXIII.

MY RELIGION.

WHAT are thine own notions about religion? you ask me. I'll tell you.—I am now on my death bed.

I have both conviction and faith enough in that article to become a methodist, and spiritual warmth sufficient to render me an enthusiast that way; but that, I thank God, I have never yet been wicked enough to rush into such extravagancies.

Passions must be combated by passion.—Therefore, your grievous sinners generally turn devotees. This is the natural consequence of a sort of people, who, though a paradox, are common enough in life, 'qui credunt multum, et peccant, fortiter.'

For my own part, I trust that the gentle breezes of the established orthodoxy of our church may be strong enough to waft my soul to heaven.—I have not such a weight of sin suspended at the tail of my kite as to require a storm to raise it. And since the ceasing of the oracles, I think that a person may be inspired with sufficient grace, without falling into convulsions.

I am as certain that there is a God above, as that I myself am here below.——My certainty is the same——for how otherwise did I come here?

"Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus? how here?
"Not of myself."

He must love virtue, and detest vice: consequently, he must both reward and punish. If we are not accountable creatures, we are surely the most unaccountable animals on the face of the earth.

After the spirit is fled, and this body perished in the grave, does the resurrection of men combat thy vain philosophy? Consult the caterpillar, thou ignorant, and the butterfly shall resolve thee. In its first state, sluggish, helpless, inert——crawling on the face of the earth, and grossly feeding on the herbage of the field. After its metamorphosis, its resurrection, a winged seraph, gorgeous to behold, light as air, active as the wind, sipping aurorean dew, and extracting nectareous essences from aromatick flowers.*

Has not the improbable fable of the Hydra's heads been long since verified——nay, even exceeded, beyond the bounds of the most extravagant fiction, as being absolutely contrary to the whole course of nature before known—by the polypus, which generates by section?—The analogies of nature sufficiently point out the ways of Providence.

Must every thing be impossible, which our insufficiency cannot account for?—Are there not innumerable mysteries in nature, which accident reveals,

* Psyche, in the Greek language, signifies both a butterfly, and the soul.

or experimental philosophy demonstrates to us, every day? And shall we yet presume to limit the powers of the great Author of that very nature?

What was it that created matter? What was it that gave that matter motion? What was it that to matter and motion added sensation? What was it that superadded to these, consciousness, intelligence, and reflection?—What was it—Great God, what was it! Resolve me, ye infidels, what it was. Till then, be dumb. O saddest folly!

1. Lewenhoeck, by the help of his glasses, shows you certain fibres in the body of a full grown man, so very fine, that six hundred of them, combined together, but compose the thickness of a single hair of his head.

2. He also demonstrates to you, through the same medium, that a grain of sand is large enough to cover one hundred and twenty-five thousand of the orifices through which we daily transpire.

3. Water can be made to freeze in the middle of summer, provided that 'tis brought close to the fire.

4. A lens of ice may be used as a burning-glass.

5. A line of but an inch long, is capable of being divided into as many parts as one of a mile in length.

6. The sun is some millions of miles nearer to us in winter than in summer.

7. When a person travels round the earth, his head goes many thousand miles farther than his heels.

8. There are two lines, in mathematick certainty, which may continue to approximate, *ad infinitum*, without even a possibility of ever coming into contact with each other.*

* The assymptotes of an hyperbola——See Conick Sections.

Prithee, now, my good infidels, is there any one article of faith, in the whole Christian creed, which appears to be more contrary to reason or probability, than these eight foregoing propositions? And yet they are all of them capable, either of experimental proof, or mathematical demonstration.

Can any person, who is capable of making such reflections as these, be ever supposed an infidel to either natural or revealed religion? They must have faith of incredulity, who could give credit to such a supposition. 'Qui studet orat,' is a just expression.

CHAP. XXIV.

THE CONVERT.

I HAPPENED to have an intimacy once with a man of sense and virtue; but who had, at the same time, a certain indolence of mind, that suffered him to acquiesce in the opinions of others, without ever taking the trouble to examine them. He had more wit than wisdom; and a jest was an argument to him, as well as it was with Shaftsbury.*

I loved and pitied him—to have virtue enough to act rightly, and yet not sense sufficient to judge so. We have had frequent conversations on this subject. —He said often, that he would give the world to be able to think as I did, and begged my assistance.

I soon made him a deist, without any other help than my own poor philosophy.—I then put Duncan

* *Who makes* ridicule the test of truth.

Forbes's 'Thoughts upon religion' into his hands.* He read the book carefully through, and returned it to me, with this reflection, written at the foot of the last page, "Thou almost persuadest me to be a Christian."

I then presented him with Paschal's Thoughts on the same subject†. He returned them to me soon after, with this indorsement on the cover, "I "am not only almost, but altogether such as thou "art——except in the absurd and unphilosophical "notion of transubstantiation."

Make a person but a sound moralist first, and it must then be owing to indolence or ignorance, rather than to impiety or infidelity, if you cannot afterwards make him become a christian. I have had the satisfaction, ever since, to see this worthy man add faith to good works, and live an orthodox and exemplary life, both in belief and practice.

Which, that we may all do, &c.

CHAP. XXV.

CHEERFULNESS.

It is this true sense of religion that has rendered my whole life so cheerful as it has ever so remark-

* The argument he urges, is, That expiation, by the means of blood and sacrifice, which runs through all the Jewish and Pagan rites, was so irrational an idea that nothing but an original revelation of the method of redemption, which was thereafter to obtain in the Christian system of Providence, could possibly have ever induced the belief and practice of it.

† In his Provincial Letters, one of the strongest proofs he offers for the truth of Christianity, arises from the very obstinacy of a *whole* race of people,——styles the Jews a standing miracle, because they have ever since remained under the remarkable description of the prophetick curse.

ably been—so the great offence of your religionists. Though why, prithee, should priests be always grave? Is it so sad a thing to be a parson?

"Be ye as one of these," saith the Lord——that is as merry as little children. "The Lord loveth "a cheerful giver,"——and why not a cheerful taker also? The thirty-nine articles are incomplete, without a fortieth precept, enjoining cheerfulness. Or, you may let the number stand as it does at present, provided you expunge the thirteenth article, and place this heavenly maxim in the room of it.

Might not the archbishop of Cashel,——I don't mean this man by any means,——have been a sound divine, though he added the arch stanza about Broglio to the old Irish ballad?* Did the bishop—not the earl—of Rochester's poems, on the man-like properties of a lady's fan, ever impeach his orthodoxy in the least?

Heliodorus, bishop of——I forget where——was deprived of his fee, because he wrote Theagenes and Chariclea. This was doubly absurd in the pope. Here, his holiness's infallibility, happened to overshoot the mark. In the first place, there was nothing either arch or heterodox in the whole novel. In the next, was not the circumstance of a white child being generated from black parents, by the impression of an European portrait hanging at the foot of a bridal couch, a corroboration——if it wanted one—of the scripture philosophy about the streaked goats?—I begin to suspect, that your popes are like other men, after all.

Plato and Seneca——and surely they were both grave and wise enough to have been consecrated—

* In praise of Moll Roe.

thought that a sense of cherfulness and joy shou
ever be encouraged in children, from their infan
—not only on account of their healths, but as pr
ductive of true virtue: which is the literal trans
tion of their very words—as far as I am able to co
strue Greek or Latin.

Cheerfulness, even to gaiety, is consonant w
every species of virtue, and practice of religion.—
think it inconsistent only with impiety or vice.—
"The ways of heaven are pleasantness." We ado
we praise, we thank the Almighty, in hymns,
songs, in anthems—and those set to musick to
Let "O be joyful," be the Christian's psalm——a
leave the sad Indian to incant the devil with tea
and screeches.

When the Athenians picture an owl, as the bi
of wisdom, they never meant the screech-owl sur
ly. But, indeed, I think, with their leave, that t
sparrow would have been a fitter emblem of tr
wisdom, as being the merriest and most loving bi
of the air.

There have been some popes who would have e
communicated me for such an allusion as this.

CHAP. XXVI.

A SAD REFLECTION.

THAT there should ever be so much irreligion
the world! that those—for this renders the evil
remediable—whose greatest interest it must ce
tainly be to strengthen and support this great, th
only bulwark of our lives and properties, should b

come the greatest examples, and principal encouragers, of infidelity!

I mean those, whom the world, by a strange abuse of terms, styles the Great. These have certainly an higher stake, at the hazard of vice, immorality, and impiety, than persons in the middle ranks of life—who happily stand a phalanx between them and the vulgar.

And yet——other knaves but sacrifice their spiritual to their temporal interest. These most especial worthies, at once both knaves and fools, equally squander both. Good lack! good lack!——But men are worse than they need be, though there were neither hell nor gibbet in the question.

Such thoughts and reflections as these might well become a sermon. But novels are more read at present than serious discourses. I must, therefore, use the most convenient vehicle for instruction——imitating doctor Young, who wrote a play, for the propagation of the gospel*. And I shall ever take care, for the rest of my life, that all my writings shall be, if not sermonick, *sermoni propriora* at least.

But enough, for the present, of my sentiments and opinions, and let us go on a little farther with the series of small adventures in my desultory life.

CHAP. XXVII.

MELANCHOLY.

But, as my whole scheme of life is pleasure, I sometimes indulge myself in the dear and heart-felt

* The *Brothers*——the profits of which he consecrated to the *Society for propagating* the gospel in foreign parts.

enjoyments of melancholy. I weep gladly. I give my tears, not grudgingly, nor of necessity, but like my alms, with cheerfulness.

Were I to be anatomized anew, I do most solemnly declare, that I would sooner part with my risible than flebilile muscles. Sympathy is the great magnet—the comment of life. And my concord is stronger with the wretched than the happy—for philanthropy is my *primum mobile*, and pity is an augment to passion.

I can treat myself, whenever I please. I have lost some friends! I can call spirits from the vasty deep—strike at my breast, and find them there——Poor Le Fevre! unhappy Maria! my lost, my ever dear Eliza!

Or, I can read Samson Agonistes. He must have either a weak head, or strong eyes, who can peruse the first speech of that poem without tears—particularly the latter part of it, where he laments his loss of sight. Milton wrote it from his own feelings—and his blindness has often dimmed my sight.

But whenever I have a mind for a thorough feast of weeping, I need only turn over to the history of sir Thomas More's life, and read that passage in it, where his daughter, Mrs. Roper, meets him in the street, returning to the Tower, immediately after his condemnation——My father! Oh! my father!

Sad luxury, to vulgar minds unknown!

The mere title of a book, long since lost, styled "Lamentatio gloriosi Regis Edvardi de Karnarvan, quam edidit tempore suæ incarcerationis"——The lamentation of the glorious king Edward of Karnarvan, which he composed during his imprisonment—

sunk my spirits for a whole day. The opposition between the two first words (in the latin) and then again between the third and last, affected me greatly. And though it was a very old story, I could not help feeling, for some time, as if I had heard some bad news.

But such things as these have not their effect upon every one. The many read only with their eyes, and hear only with their ears. The few peruse with their whole soul, and listen with all their feelings. Intuition and sensibility are the only organs of genius or of virtue.

The general hardness of heart one meets with among mankind, might tempt us to give credit to the old fable of Deucalion, and suppose men to be generated from stones. Or, one might fancy the world to be grown so corrupt of late, that the sacred person who had taken the salvation of mankind upon himself, has thought fit to entrust only a few, now-a-days, with the keeping of their own souls; and has kindly taken out those of the many, and locked them up safe, *in limbo patrum*, out of harm's way, till the day of judgment.

However, I dare not long, nor often, rejoice in this luxury of woe. My nerves are weak. I can command my mirth, but not restrain my melancholy.

CHAP. XXVIII.

SENSIBILITY.

When I have been reading tragedy, or affecting passages in history, poetry, or even in romances

aloud before others, my eyes have filled, and voice has faultered. I attended for the same ef in my auditors——but, instead of tears at my re tal, have frequently found them laughing at my e tion.

I have retired ashamed——not at them, but myself. I have suspected my own weakness, rat than theirs——and the vanity of imagining I sympathized with angels, has been sunk into humiliating idea of my being susceptible of a gre er foible than mortals——I have begun to doubt strength of my own intellects, and, for some ti kept a jealous guard over all my words and actio

But the countenance and sentiment of a few periour spirits have, for a while, given me co dence once more. Again I have attempted the sa experiment, and have again been banished to same mortifying reflections—endeavouring still steel my heart against another's woe—in vain.

Fine feelings are laughed at by the world, a ridiculed by the stoical philosophy, as a weakne This is too apt to put delicate minds out of coun nance ; who, in order to appear wise, conceal th sensibility, and affect a character above human ture, from the example of those only who are low it.

CHAP. XXIX.

A REFLECTION ON MYSELF.

WHAT a hard fate is mine ! with all the spir *the frolick*, the cheerfulness, the tender affection

of youth, not to have nerves responsible to my feelings !——I want them not for my own enjoyments ——but would have activity and vigour for the sole purposes of others.

I look wistfully often at young women. This is one of the things that has been misconstrued in me. The world are but bad grammarians of my principles or character. 'Tis not their beauty I covet, but their youth I envy. I look as fondly at men too ——yet am no pathetick. I kiss little children as I meet them in the streets——but am no kidnapper; I would live among them, like old Hermippus,* if I could—not for the sake of life—but love.

'Twould sound like blasphemy, to say what I would do or suffer for the sake of mankind.

CHAP. XXX.

CONTINUATION OF CHAPTER XXVII.

THE MAD LOVER.

—Or I can recollect some scenes of madness I have—not purposely—been a witness of—particularly one, of a Cambridge scholar, who had unhappily fallen in love with his own sister. His passion and despair had proved too strong for his virtue or his reason.

" Was not Juno both wife and sister of Jove ?
" Adam and Eve were surely nearer relations than

* He is said to have attained to an extreme age, by playing constantly with boys and girls—nourishing his old lungs with the balsamick *effluvia of their young* breaths.

" we are. Their children, at least, were bro
" and sisters——and yet were wedded to each c
" Were not Amnon and Tamar married—
" good ? such marriages as it was thought p
" to permit in those times. The mode, inde
" changed now-a-days. And why ? 'Twere
" ous to say, that Omnipotence was under a n
" sity of dispensing with necessary forms in th
" ginning. He could have created a parson, s
" than he would have permitted a crime. If
' was not Abraham's sister, he certainly told a
" damnable lie to Abimelech."

When they told him, in order to quiet his i
tience, that his sister was dead, he swore it w
possible, because that he himself continued still
" We are already one flesh," said he " and the
" pathy is so strong between us, that I know
" she is hungry, wakes, sneezes, or ——. Sh
" a diabetes about half a year ago, and it had
" to have killed me ; but I drank plentiful
" marshmallows tea, and it effectually cured
" She sleeps ill at nights, and breaks my rest.
" has foul dreams sometimes—I am angry wit
" for that. I have done all in my power," con
ed he, " by fasting and prayer, to cure this wi
" ness in myself ; but her wantonness is too s
" for me."

Most of those who were present laughed mu
all this extravagance. I wept. One of the co
ny observing my emotion, said, I presume, sir,
you know this poor gentleman. Yes, I replied
collecting myself, better than he does himself.

I walked immediately out of the room. I am
sible of a sympathy in my own nature, even at

er than his. I feel for all the ills and ails of those who are neither my brothers nor my sisters, except in the scripture sense.

The Mahometans have a veneration for lunaticks —saying, "That God hath favourably deprived them "of their senses, in order to render them guiltless "to sin." I am a Mussulman.

CHAP. XXXI.

DOCTOR SWIFT.

'Tis natural to speak of a thing, when one thinks of it. In truth, unless one is apt to speak without any thought at all, how is it possible to do it at any other time?

But the subject of my last chapter has brought the biography of Doctor Swift into my mind. It is worthy of remark, that this extraordinary person, in his voyage to Laputa, speaking of people who had lost their senses, adds, "which is a scene that never "fails to render me melancholy."

In another place he imagines a set of men, whom he styles Strulbrugs, who had out-lived their reason and every enjoyment of life.

And, in his will, he bequeaths his whole fortune to found an hospital for idiots and lunaticks: he becomes himself a Strulbrug, before the years of dotage*; and dies the first tenant to his own endowment.

* There is no such stage in life. Senilis stultitia, quæ deliratio appellari solet, senum levium est, non omnium. Cic.

If these events had happened to have been a matter of any great consequence to the world, an historian would not have failed to have made a large comment upon such extraordinary and concurring circumstances—insisting strongly on his prophetical sympathy.

The Lord preserve us all in our senses to the last—and after the last too. For I trust in God, that I never shall be wicked enough to compound for being rendered guiltless to sin, upon the Mahometan superstition.

CHAP. XXXII.

THE PAYMENT.

The method I contrived, in order to liquidate my pecuniary obligations to Le Fevre, was this:

I happened to be acquainted with a young man, who had been bound apprentice to a stationer in York. He had just then finished his time, come to set up in London, and had rented a window in one of the flagged alleys in the city.

I hired one of the panes of glass from my friend, and stuck up the following advertisement on it with a wafer:

"Epigrams, anagrams, paragrams, chronograms, "monograms, epitaphs, epithalamiums, prologues, "epilogues, madrigals, interludes, advertisements, "letters, petitions, memorials, on every occasion. "Essays on all subjects. Pamphlets for or against "the ministry. With sermons upon any text, or

"for any sect—to be written here on reasonable
"terms——

"By A—B Philologer.

"*N. B.* The greatest honour and secrecy may be
"depended on."

The uncommonness of several of the above titles, raised the curiosity of the publick extremely. So that, besides the applications made to me for the useful species of literature, such as advertisements, petitions and memorials, many more were made for the chronograms, monograms, paragrams, &c. merely to see the nature of them.

At night——or to express myself more poetically——when the evening had assumed its dusk-gown, I used privately to glide into my office, to digest the notes or heads of the day, and receive the earnests, which were directed always to be left with the memorandums.

The writing to be paid for on the delivery, according to the nature, extent, or importance of the subjects. A bit of French, to be an additional sixpence——a scrap of Latin, price a shilling——and a sentence of Greek, which I used to pick up now and then when I happened to drink a dish of tea with Miss Carter, was always charged at half a crown.

All improper applications, immoral subjects, simonical proposals, or libertine overtures, were, with scorn and detestation, rejected. I held no office opposite to St. Peter. The notes of these kinds were thrown into the fire,—but the earnest retained, as the fines of iniquity.

The ocean of vice and folly which opened itself to *my view, during* the period I continued in this

odd department of life, shocked and disgusted me so much, that the very moment I had realized Le Fevre's sum, and discharged the rent of my pane, I closed the horrid scene——or, to express myself more properly in this case——stopped up the common sewer.

CHAP. XXXIII.

NURSING.

The reason why our ancestors, in the higher ranks of life, were more remarkable for bravery and chastity than we are, was, because the mothers, in those days, used to nurse their own children. They were therefore alimented with the same juices and humours they brought into the world with them; and brought up, even from their infant notices, intire strangers to vice, meanness, or foliy.

If our present race of mammas be indifferent about the blood and humours of the infant, which the suffering it to be nurtured by an alien, argues her to be, what needs she trouble herself about the less precious parts of flesh and bones? When any other person's child might serve her as well as her own——and she may have the advantage, besides, of choice, both with regard to beauty and gender. I think that ladies may as well get others to bear, as to nurse children for them.

Pray would it not be but common charity, in all tender husbands, to have such wives, on the first alarm, amazoned of both their breasts, in order to prevent the fatal consequences of cancers, milk fe-

vers, and other disorders, incident, alas! to all unnatural or unnursing mothers?

And if our papas also be equally careless about this matter——as, by their present supineness and acquiescence, with regard to so material a point, they would incline us to suspect——prithee, might not

> "Some beggar's brat, on bulk begot,
> "Or offspring of a pedlar Scot——
> "Some boy bred up to cleaning shoes,
> "The spawn of Bridewell or the Stews,
> "Or vagrant race the spurious pledges
> "Of gypsies littering under hedges,"*

be as responsible heirs to their names and fortunes, as these sad outcasts of their own loins?

A foal of blood may be suckled into a gartan. I have myself tried the instance; and do here recommend it to be added to the course of experimental philosophy, which Bacon, Boyle, and Derham, have so properly hinted to the adepts in science.

For my own part, I have great reason to resent this scandalous neglect in parents—having so severely suffered for it myself—both in character and preferment. For, though I am a most rigid moralist in my principles, and bating me but about one thousand seven hundred and I forget how many years, a primitive christian also——completely armed at all the cardinal points——yet I don't know how it is, but I actually do not feel myself always sufficiently possessed of that virtuous uncharitability against women of remiss chastity, that becomes true modern piety to express or exercise.

* Swift's Rhapsody.

Now, this natural imbecility, this moral frailty, this same laxity of virtue in me, call it what you will——I confess the weakness, and am not nice about the phrase——I do most philosophically impute wholly to the milkiness of my nurse—who happened, unluckily for me, to be the servant maid to the parson of the parish——and her name was Dorothy.

No, no——the influence of certain names upon the future fortunes of children, that my poor anxious father used to make such a pother about, believe me, is not by half so material a point as the other. Whether I had been aspersed by the name of Tristram, Triglyph, or Tria, were, in all probability, a matter wholly indifferent to my future advancement in life. No——it was, alas! the milk of Dorothy that limited the bounds of my preferment.

You shall hear.

CHAP. XXXIV.

AN HITCH IN PREFERMENT.

THE tenderness of my expressions, with regard to all syncopes of this sort—with the humanity, charity and forgiveness, I have frequently procured to be shown by others, towards some unfortunates in this class, have induced reflections on my own character, that have been a considerable disadvantage to my canonical progress in life.

A certain bishop, who would allow none but Christ to sit with publicans and sinners, replied to a friend of mine who was soliciting a benefice for me

——" I can never think of preferring Tristram——
" not so much on account of the freedom of his
" writings, as the latitude of his life." " But Yor-
" ick—Yorick, my Lord." " Nay, the utmost that
" I should think even Yorick entitled to, taking
" that article into the context with his works, would
" be, to be appointed chaplain to a regiment of dra-
" goons."

And a certain lady, who is what the French style *un discur de bon mots*, when I was asking her for some subscriptional aid once towards sending an unhappy young woman home to her friends, who had been inveigled from Bath, some years ago, on pretence of marriage, and then cast off upon the publick, refused her charity, and called me, in allusion to my spectral figure, and absolving priesthood, the ghastly father of the chapels of ease in the parish of Covent Garden.

Thus did the excess of my charity lesson that of others.

CHAP. XXXV.

PRUDES.

When I hear women inveigh too vehemently against the objects of this misfortune, I am apt to suspect their hearts to be a good deal inflamed with a certain envious jealousy——According to the poet,

" Prudes rather envy than abhor the crime,"

—which in revenge for those pleasures that they *themselves remain* perhaps untempted to, provokes

them to denounce the penalties of the world, the flesh and the devil against such interlopers.

> The self-sufficient prudes embattled stood,
> Near hand; but none t' assist the vanquish'd flies;
> Their neighbours ranks they saw with joy subdu'd,
> With spiteful mirth triumphant in their eyes—
> With scoffs, and wise reproaches, they upbraid
> Those that, o'erpower'd, for help or pity call.
> And can they yield to ——? in rage they said:
> Unaided, helpless, let the wretches fall.
> Themselves were now attack'd, the rest o'erthrown,
> And weakness, scorn'd so late, too soon became their own.
>
> BATTLE OF THE SEXES.

In truth, I have seldom heard a woman speak with violence upon this subject, who was either of an established or an unsuspicious character. Prior describes those kind of virtuosos most admirably, in his Paulo Purganti;

> "She to intrigues was e'en hard-hearted,
> "And cuckled when a bawd was carted.
> "But, in an honest way, the dame"——&c.

And Pope,

> "A foot to pleasure, but a slave to fame."

And yet stronger still in another place,

> "A very heathen in her carnal part,
> "But still a sad good Christian at her heart.

If what I have said, and these poets have sung, be not the natural reason of the fact, prithee, why such partial distinction between the undoer and the undone? Why ladies, dutchesses, and countesses, is the latter——below a certain rank——bounded with infamy; while the former,

> "Whose harden'd front, unblushing, unappall'd,
> "Laughs at reproaches, and enjoys disgrace."

is so favorably accepted of in the assemblies of the fair?

If what I have hinted be not the real state of the case, why should these obdurate females, whom Will Honeycomb styles the outrageously virtuous, be more severe against——than against thieves? For surely, in ethicks, it must be a less crime to give what is one's own,' than to take what 'belongs to another.'

A failure in chastity may be a breach of duty towards one's self; but a want of charity is certainly so against one's neighbour.

In fine, I fancy that your chaste ladies seem to consider love as their peculiar merchandize; and look upon courtesans as smugglers, who undersell the fair trader.

CHAP. XXXVI.

THE BREECHES MAKER.

Besides, really——as I hope there are none but philosophers by——there are so many ways for a woman to be undone, without the imputation either of vice or wantonness—such accidents, incidents, contingencies, and synchronisms, may happen in her way through life, that unless every circumstance can be fairly stated, and candidly weighed——which must be the great use of the day of judgment——it is morally impossible for any man, *hors d'elle*, to determine, whether the fair delinquent may have been most deserving of infamy or compassion.

I have known several of these equivocal cases myself;—two of which I think proper to indulge the curiosity of my reader with in this place, by way of specifying my argument merely——

The first instance was a very pretty modest young woman, that was only daughter to the clerk of the first parish I ever officiated in. She had been most carefully brought up, went constantly to church with her father, morning and evening; sat upon a little stool in the aisle, just under the desk; and having a most tuneable voice, used generally to help him to raise the psalm.

There had never appeared the least turn of lightness, forwardness, or flirtation, in any part of this good girl's behaviour, as she grew up. There are usually certain patterns pointed out in every country village; and Miss Amen was the paragon of our parish—till about the age of seventeen, she happened suddenly to disappear—because, it seems, she found herself, as we were soon after informed, to be 'too big to be seen.'

The place of her concealment was kept a profound secret from us all, for some months, till after the fair eloper had become the sorrowful mother of a child; when I received a private billet from her, intreating me to grant her an interview the next day, at a little cottage about five miles from the town I lived in; and begging that I would come alone.

My humanity, with a little mixture of femality, namely curiosity, induced me to obey the summons most punctually. I went. She threw herself on her knees before me, covered her face with her *hand*, and wept bitterly—but not alone.

After I had spoken comfort to her soul, by preaching to her the great efficacy of repentance, and calmed her mind, by promising to mediate a reconciliation between her and her unhappy parents, the second part of my errand operated so strongly on me, that I began to question her, in the style of a confessor, about the whole process, the commencement, progress, and arts which had led to, or were laid for, her undoing.

She answered me with a frankness and a candour that fully persuaded me of her truth and ingenousness. She declared to me, that her failure had not proceeded in the least either from passion, or from vice ;—that she had never in her life been sensible of any warm desire, prompting her from within, nor had sustained any strong solicitation, urging her from without.

No, reverend sir, exclaimed the fair penitent, with an heavy sigh, it was nothing of all this, that I am to be cruelly reproached with upon this sad occasion.—It was—it was, alas ! my father's trade alone that thus has wrought my overthrow.

Your father's trade !—his trade ! I replied, with surprise, the cause of your ruin !—But so indeed the fact was, without peradventure.——

Besides the vocation of parish clerk, old Amen had, it seems, followed the occupation of breeches-making also. He had bred up his daughter to the mysteries of the same manufacture, from the time that she had begun to enter into her teens ;—and as ill luck would have it, they happened to be leathern breeches too that he dealt in.

The unfortunate girl—now a woman—assured me, that this kind of employment used, by degrees,

to occasion certain involuntary wanderings to stray in her mind, which, without ever tainting her chastity in the least, had insensibly, however, sullied the purity of her thoughts ;—that she had done every thing in her power to restrain her reflections from running into such reveries ; and had sung psalms for whole evenings together, to divert her attention to fitter subjects of contemplation.——In vain, alas! for while she sung, breeches were still the burden of her song.

This unlucky image haunted poor mademoiselle Cullote continually.—When she lay down to rest she imagined she saw them taken off, and laid under the pillow ;—and when she arose, she fancied still she saw them taken up, and put on again before her eyes.

The familiarity of such ideas, though it had not in the least staggered her virtue—and I believe it—yet had pretty nearly produced the same effect, by discomfiting her modesty—so far as to prevent a proper alarm, resentment, and resistance from taking place, and coming quick enough to her aid, when she was assailed by the young squire of the manor, for whom she had just finished a neat pair of leathern breeches, which he happened to call on her for, one evening about twilight, when the rest of the family were attending a funeral in the parish.

The poor girl! happy had it been for her, if men had not worn any breeches at all, or that they had even worn them as the Chiriguanes are reported to do theirs——as fops wear their hats——under their arms. We are not yet informed how the women wear their petticoats in that country; but we may

suppose, at least, that the *retort courteous* * is properly returned among those people, as well as in all other nations of the earth. The world, 'tis thought, would soon be at an end, if it was not for such exchange of courtesies.

CHAP. XXXVII.

THE MAN-MIDWIFE.

WITH regard to my second instance, I shall be but short. She was daughter to a man-midwife;—and all that has been urged upon the former case, is equally referable to this one also.

Her father used to be frequently called up a-nights, with '*a Juno Lucina fer opem.*' This would disturb her repose. She used often to lie stretching and yawning in her bed, and communing with herself about the matters and things which could occasion all this bustle and stir.

She had a vast turn to philosophy. She would get at her father's books——she would sometimes read more than she understood—but happened often to understand more than she was the better for. It made her wiser, forsooth—but, alack! how dearly have we since paid for the first instance of female wisdom! 'Twas in this very science, they say, that the first curiosity was exercised.——'The knowing ones are sometimes taken in.'

Her father told me, one day, soon after her accident, she had declared to him, that, without labouring under the power or influence of any other inor-

* *An expression* in As you like it.

dinate passion or propensity in nature, her curiosity was so predominant in her, that she would, at any time of her life, have stood a shot to have been made a free mason.

O philosophia! dux vitæ!—The deuce it is!—But pray, sir, is there not such a theorem in this same philosophy, as that "action and re-action are equal—and in opposite directions too?" And is not the natural philosophy ever still at fisty cuffs with the moral one?—In such conflicts as these, the fair Obstetrica fell!

But the philosophy, of all others, that finally tript up poor miss Midwife's heels, was the Platonick one! How beautiful a system is there displayed! To have two fond and faithful hearts mutually attracting each other, their systole and diastole the same, tide for tide, and by a sweet compulsion drawing nearer and nearer together, for life like the assymptotes of an hyperbola, without ever coinciding, or rushing into the point of contact.*

How enviable and truly seraphick a state is this! How like to heaven itself, where they are said 'neither to marry, nor to be given in marriage!' What pity it is that it is not real! and that those who would rest upon this enchanted island, as on *terra firma*, would soon have their feet slip from under them!

This same contingency—this synchronism—is the devil. Ye breeches-makers, and ye men or women midwifes also, send out your daughters from underneath your roofs, I say. They are, alas! too dangerous seminaries for young women to be educated in.

* Vide the Conick Sections.

But enough on such subjects as these—I cannot bear to dwell upon melancholy stories.——

CHAP. XXXVIII.

ORIGIN OF TRISTRAM SHANDY.

Upon turning over this manuscript just now, I find that I had mentioned a design of writing my own memoirs once upon a time.

I did really sit down to this work formerly, with the most serious and stupid intention possible. But the *brutum fulmen*, or Will o' the Wisp of imagination, glared full before me, and led me a scamper, over hedge and ditch, through briers, through quagmires, and quick sands, for nine entire volumes, before I attempted to introduce myself into life. In truth, great part of that work was spent before I even pretended to have been born. I knew the world, alas! too well, to be in any manner of hurry to step into it.

The oddness and novelty of the first volumes, caught hold of the capricious taste of the publick. I was applauded, abused, censured, and defended, through many a page.—However, as there were more readers than judges, the edition had sufficient vogue for a sale. This encouraged me—I went on still with the same kind of no meaning; singing, at the end of every chapter, this line from Midas, to my ass-eared audience,

"Round about the may-pole how they trot;" with a parody on the text; where, instead of brown *ale, you are to read* only small beer.

But what entertained me the most, was, to find a number of my most penetrating readers had conceived some deep-laid scheme or design to be couched under these vagrancies or vagaries, which they fancied and affirmed would unfold itself toward the conclusion of the work.

Nay, some, more riddle-witted than the rest, have pretended to be able to trace my clue, through every volume, without losing once sight of the connection. A fine spirit of enthusiasm this! With what intelligence and profit must such persons read the apocalypse! A millennium must certainly be a very clear case with them.

However, I must have the modesty to admit, that there were, here and there, some striking passages interspersed throughout these volumes. "*In ster quilinio margaritam, reperit.*" There are many foibles ridiculed, and much charity and benevolence instilled and recommended. One saunters out sometimes, into the fields and highways, without any other purpose than to take the benefit of a little air and exercise;—an object of distress occurs, and draws forth our charity and compassion.

After this careless manner did I ramble through my pages, in mere idleness and sport—till some occurrence of humanity laid hold of me by the breast, and pulled me aside. Here lies my only fort. What we strongest feel we can best express. And upon such subjects as these, one must be capable of a double energy, who, while he is pleading for others, is also relieving himself.

CHAP. XXXIX.

THE FEMALE CONFUCIUS.

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I happened to be very ill at the time, and sitting by the fire side one morning in my lodgings, when I received a very polite card, in a female hand, unknown, acquainting me, that having been struck with that rich vein of philanthropy, she was pleased to say, which flowed like milk and honey through all my writings, Mrs. ——would be much obliged, and flattered, if I would afford her an opportunity of a personal acquaintance with the author, by doing her the favour of drinking tea with her that evening.

I was too weak to venture abroad. I wrote her word so—assured her that I longed equally for the pleasure of an acquaintance with any person, whose heart and mind seemed to sympathize with those affections she was so kind to compliment me upon, and entreated the honour of a *sans ceremonie* visit from her, upon this occasion, that very evening.

She condescended to accept my invitation, and came accordingly. She visited me every day, while I continued confined ;——which kindness I returned most punctually, as soon as I was able to go abroad.

She was a woman of sense and virtue——not lively, but possessed of that charming sort of even cheerfulness, which naturally flows from goodness. '*Mens conscia recti.*' She was reserved, and, like a ghost, would rarely speak till spoken to. She had, like a lute, all the passive powers of musick in her, but wanted the master's hand to bring them forth.

She had quitted England very young—before her tender affections had been rendered callous by the collisions of the world. She had been carried into India, where she continued, till those sentiments had been ripened into principle, and were inspired with all the sublime enthusiasm of eastern morality,

She seemed to be unhappy. This added a tenderness to my esteem for her. I guessed, but inquired not her private history, and she communicated nothing. She would repine, but not resent. She had no gall to boil over—her overflowings were of the pancreatick juices only.*

From that time, we held on a constant and refined intercourse, while she remained in the kingdom, and a friendly correspondence succeeded our parting—to meet on more—in this world—I prophesy! —She happened to be another man's wife.

But the charity that had attracted, with the virtue that united us, were not able to screen us from the censure of base minds. Neither her own fair character, nor the memento of my ghastly appearance, were sufficient bars to slander.

The improbability of a malicious story, serves but to help forward the currency of it—because it increases the scandal. So that, in such instances,

* The Sweet-bread.

the world, like Romish priests, are industrious to propagate a belief in things they have not the least faith themselves; or, like the pious St. Austin, who said he believed some things, because they were absurd and impossible.

CHAP. XL.

CONTINUATION OF CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE PRIMER.

I CONTINUED this rodomontade through nine volumes, upon fools-cap paper;* but had reason to find at last, that the nine days wonder had sown its gape-seed long before. The novelty grew stale, and the oddness began to lose its singularity. This, I say, I confess to have perceived a considerable time before. But one who has run down a hill for any way, cannot well stop his speed, till he has got to the bottom of it.

I then thought proper to cease titupping my hobby-horse about—to alight and perform my promise to the publick, in a more ingenuous and systematical manner. Upon which occasion, I began to frame these notes—but could never since find time to glaze them. So many other themes and schemes shot across my fancy, and puzzled my purpose, that I could not stick to any one subject long enough to make a volume of it—or acquit myself as an author.

One of my most favourite designs was, to compose

* That is the name which printers give to a certain sized paper, upon *which all the* author's works have been published in England.

a little book, to be styled the Primer——for the use and benefit of grown nobility, gentry, and others ——to instruct them what to say, and how to act, upon all the general occasions of life.*

I know of no work so shamefully wanted at present, as some code of this kind. There is, I confess, a certain connate liberality of nature in some persons I have met with, that inspires them to think, speak, and act, with a spirit and virtue which supersedes, in a great measure, the necessity of education. These instances, though, are rare——may be styled moral comets.

The *many* are born with a sort of original meanness in their minds, which resolves every action, every idea, into *self*—and which the longest line in heraldry, with the possession of the largest fortune, are not sufficient to countervail, without the assistance of an academical tuition.

But the generality of the *curled darlings* of our nation, *tandem custode remoto*, shake off a load from their shoulders, when they are emancipated from college: for such is their sense, or nonsense, of this matter.——They are then apt to class Tully's offices, with Burgersdicius, among the pedantry of the schools, and become soon possessed of just christianity enough to set them above all pagan moral—or the shining sins of the heathen world, as our orthodoxy affects to style them. They then begin to look upon their own feelings to be the sure way of judging, and the usages of the world their only rule of acting.

* Here read the dedication over again.

From hence many liberal notions are suffered to obtain, and many ignoble deeds are practised.——From hence arise, (among the great) New-market jockeys, Change-alley brokers, and corporation casuists. From hence the dignitaries of the law degenerate into attornies, and priests in lawn, dwindle into tythe-proctors.

The scope then of my ritual, was to set forth the *verum atque decens*, of morals, the truth and beauty of human actions—which it is incumbent, at least on persons of a certain rank in life, either to practise or pretend. They would then be taught to perceive, that neither their own feelings, nor the usages of the world, were of authority sufficient to support vice, meanness, or indecorum. This would be putting them to school again.—Those who want hearts, should be taught to get by heart.

Princes and nobles, so titled, however they might be tempted to wallow, in their own sties, would not then, perhaps, dare to emblazon their strumpets to the publick view. *Turf ministers* also might then be informed, that they had mistaken the metaphor, when they let go the helm to take up the reins.

The marchioness of Tavistock had not then lived the reproof, and died the reproach, of so many matrons on the first benches at court. Thou hadst, most spotless Ephesian relict, devoted thyself to the grave with thy dead lord! They would sacrifice their living ones. '*Et faciles nymphæ rifere..*' And such is the accommodating spirit of our modern laws, that divorces now-a-days, like the section of the polypus, are suffered to generate new numbers from each part of the separation.

I am not such a visionary as to expect that any thing of this kind would render persons virtuous, in spite of 'the whole course of modern education.' "*Et quæ fuerunt vitia mores sunt.*" But I think that it might possibly shame your 'grown nobility gentry, and others,' into the disguising, or concealing their vices at least;——which is, perhaps, no inconsiderable point gained in morals.

Est quadam prodire tenus—Si non datur ultra.

The appearing or pretending to have more virtue than one has, is hypocrisy;—but the not exposing all the vices we are really guilty of, is certainly some merit—to the publick at least.

So shall dissembling once be virtuous in you.

A rich lawyer might, perhaps, notwithstanding, be tempted to purchase an estate for half its value, because the person who sold it did so in haste, to extricate himself from a gaol.—But after he had perused my little book, he would never have boasted of the action—My ears would not then be so much shocked and offended as they are too frequently now every day.

A profligate might still delude a simple maiden, or purchase the innocency of beauty from a needy parent; but he would not make a confidant of such amours. He would not cast the victim off to want, as well as infamy; nor dare to proclaim his villany to the world. My enmity, my abhorrence, my resentment, with all the tribe of the uncomfortable, the uncharitable, and unhealthy passions, would not then harass my poor shattered frame.

CHAP. XLI.

THE NATURAL EXHIBITION.

ANOTHER vision of mine, was, to open an exhibition for fine children, male and female, remarkable for their beauty, symmetry, or athletick frame. In order to which, I had prepared a new and copious edition of the *Calliphædia*——or, Art of Getting pretty Children; illustrated with notes of my own, and enlarged with several philosophick hints, which had occurred to my mind whilst this pleasant fancy was running in my head.

There have been many schools opened, for the exhibition of all the arts and sciences; but none, O shame! for Nature, and her originals. He who copies the human face-divine, receives a premium, and applause—while he that presents you with the master-piece, or prototype, of the mimick work, has but his labour for his pains—or at best, is referred, like virtue, to its own reward.

This might encourage the good old moral and political work of propagation. It would be reviving something similar to the useful Roman law, the *jus trium liberorum*——and be a restraint on promiscuous intercourses, which terminate in barrenness. Profligacy is a monster, and never generates.

I can conceive no other reason for such a scheme as this not having yet become an object of the royal foundation, except that his present Majesty might not have so justly thought that his own family would be best intitled to the greatest emoluments of it, both from excellence and number.

I have amused myself sometimes in one of my philosophick moods, with supposing an handsome well-made young couple, setting out on such a project as this. I will not indulge the freedom of imagination on this subject——though well assured I am, that the author of beauty, harmony, and order, cannot be displeased with a disquisition into it.

Can the origin of nature be jealous at our investigation of the very inmost recesses of its secrets? Philosophy would become impiety at such a thought.

Many other projects of these kinds, sufficient *loquacem delassare Fabium* to relate, and which would require the age of a patriarch to execute——besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking——have presented themselves to my active imagination, even in the midst of pain, sorrow, and sickness; but I never was able to carry them farther than minutes.

For my mind has ever represented the jargon of the schools, with regard to matter, which is designed to possess a *conatus ad motum*, with a *vis inertiæ* or perfect acquiescence *ad requiem*, at the same time. You may see what a fine thing this same learning is.

CHAP. XLII.

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

I FIND myself labouring, this instant, under an irresistible impulse to mention one particular design of mine—because 'tis of a singular nature—which was to write an historical and philosophical account and

description of all the several great epochas of the world, from the creation to the conflagration—— from the beginning of time, when God said, "Let there be light, and there was light;" till the end of it when he shall say, "Let there be fire, and there "shall be fire."

As there is but one notable event to be expected, between the present era and the final consummation of all things—namely, "the gathering in of all "nations, so as that all may become one faith."—— When Turks, Jews, Infidels, and Hereticks—Papists, Presbyterians, Jansenists, Methodists, Moravians, Quietists, Arians, Hugonots, Socinians, Anabaptists, Muggletonians, Swadlers, and Quakers—are there any more of them?—shall all become good protestants of the church of England, as by law established.

This might, I say, at first appear a difficulty upon me. But on considering the train that has been already laid, both in church and state, to bring that matter to pass, I fancy that the intelligent reader will be of opinion with me, that it requires but a competent knowledge in politicks and theology, to be able to predict the time when, and the manner how, this great crisis must be brought to pass.

I gave my sentiments on this subject, some years ago, in a private letter to Frederick the Third, his present Majesty of Prussia. Pray, now I think of it, do you know what became of that paper? It was put into the hands of the Prussian minister here, to be presented to his master, and we have heard no more of the matter since.

But to conclude——

As the first thing in intention is generally the last *in execution, I* have proceeded in this work accord-

ingly, by writing backwards or Hebrew-wise, and shall here present you with the last chapter first.

THE FINAL CHAPTER OF THE EPOCHAS.

ARGUMENT.

THE LAST DAY.

The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble. MILT.

Nox, Erebus, and Chaos, now renewed their reign. All nature was convulsed.——The panther, lion, and the leopard, fled affrighted from their dens, and tamed by terror, grew the friends of man. The world became an ark, and adverse beasts forgot their wonted strife, and sought alliance in each other's fierceness. The howling wolf now bleated like the lamb. The hawk, the vulture, and the eagle, became pigeon-livered and lacked gall. The birds of rapine forsook their prey, and trembled for themselves. The shark, the dolphin, and leviathan, merged from the boiling deep, and sought the fervid shore. The elements themselves were changed in nature's wreck. The rivers were dried up, and liquid ore supplied their burning channels. The clouds were turned to fire, and shot their meteors through the astonished sky. The air was flame, and breathing was no more. The firmament was melted down, and rained its sulphur o'er the prostrate globe. The earth's foundations to the centre shook. Even charity was dumb—and virtue's self stood scarcely unappalled!

FINIS MUNDI.

CHAP. XLIII.

MYSELF.

And here, perhaps, since I have got into a train of describing myself, it may amuse you—or myself—which makes very little difference, in the mood I am at present—to give you the character and peculiarities of *Tria juncta in uno* :—to which purpose I shall appropriate the whole of this chapter.

The first and principal characteristick of my indoles—not indolence—for it is as active as passionate—is philanthropy. This is the *sine qua non* of my composition. This is my divinity, in which I live, and move, and have my being.

The *momentum*, of my affections toward mankind, is in a reciprocal *ratio* between heaven and earth. I place myself as a medium——and love others with that warmth and indulgence I would have my Creator manifest toward myself——forgiving their errors, palliating their infirmities, and willing both their temporal and eternal felicity. Amen.

This turn of mind is the first thing that awakens with me, and the last I part with when I take leave of my senses. I have frequently supposed myself a sovereign prince, and spent many an entire day in settling my household, with all the other offices and departments of my kingdom.

Nay, I do actually aver, that I sat down gravely one morning to a sheet of paper, and entered the names of all my friends and acquaintance for employs ; classing them according to their respective *merits and capacities* : Preferring still, as becomes

a king to do, superior talents and virtue, to my fondest connections.

Pray, was not this a scene for Moorfields! And would not such a manuscript as this, found in my possession, appear to have been copied from charcoal on the walls of a cell? Nay, I do confess, that I did once seriously think myself mad, for a considerable portion of my life, on account of such reveries and extravagancies as these—till I happily found out, that my suspicion arose chiefly from my having kept company, during that sad interval, with a parcel of LUKE-warm fools.

At other times, I have absolutely refused being a king. I burned my list, and cried out, *Nolo coronari.* This station did not sufficiently satisfy my thirst of power and dominion. It extended only to the temporal welfare of mankind, and was restricted to that scanty portion of them which was comprehended within the narrow limits of my own empire——and could bear an insurance only during my own life.

I prefer Socrates to Solon, and would rather preside in the moral than the political government of mankind. This is the only true ambition, to assume to one's self that department in life which extends equally to all nations, to all ages, and reaches even to eternity itself.

I am, perhaps, one of the greatest philosophers you know in the world. Men of sense admire, and fools envy this supposed superiority of talent in me. They think it must have been achieved by dint of study, labour, and resolution, with the natural advantages of a gifted capacity, and great strength of mind.

I would not have them think so :——In the first place, because it is not true ;—and in the next, such a notion as this might deter others from ever attempting to arrive at such an happy, but easy excellence of character. Let me undeceive them.

I was as other men are, till about the age of two and-twenty. I resented pain, sickness, disappointment, and distress, as naturally as I did heat and cold, hunger and thirst. I had ever a turn for reflection. I lay tumbling and tossing one morning in bed, my mind labouring just then under the pressure of some one or more of the above catalogue of ills, and contemplating the infinite superiority of the antient philosophy, upon all such trials as these.

I envied, I admired this happy possession of one's own mind. I took heart of grace, on the instant, and fillipping my fingers, cried out, "I will myself be a philosopher." I immediately arose—resolving not to fall asleep again and forget it. I put on the breeches of a philosopher——possibly at that time, of an heathen one——and so commenced philosopher for life :——And I also am a painter.

This, be assured of it, gentlemen, was the only lesson or degree I ever took in that truly noble science of defence——and found it to be all-sufficient.

The difficulties we apprehend, more than those we find, in an attempt of this kind, as well as in the strife with all our passions, is the only thing that prevents philosophy and virtue from being commonly attainable in general life.

What makes the difference between a chaste woman and a frail one ? The one had struggled, and *the other not.* Between a brave man and a coward?

The one had struggled, and the other not. An honest man, and a knave? One had struggled, the other not.

I am generally cheerful——but more remarkably lively under pain, sickness, or misfortune—provided the misfortune be all my own—than at any other time of my life. Visiting the sick ceases to be a scripture duty, when referred to me. Folks crowd to my couch, not to bemoan, but be merry at, my sufferings—to hear me confess wit on the rack, and refine my ore in the crucible.

A friend of mine, thinking me expiring once under the severe disorder of a bilious colick——and I should certainly have popped at that very instant, if I had not, most luckily, been given over by the physicians——and consequently no longer plied with medicine. My friend, I say, expressed himself extremely shocked at the indecent merriment, as he styled it, with which I was going out of the world. The reply I made him, was pretty nearly in these words:

"Your lazy or indolent christian is too apt to "cherish in his mind a dangerous opinion of the ef- "ficacy of a death bed repentance—I was never "mad enough to trust it. When Socrates was ask- "ed, just before his trial, why he did not prepare "himself for his defence, he nobly answered, *I have "been doing nothing else all my life.*"

"He who defers the great work of salvation till "his last moments, hath loitered away his time, till "the night cometh, in which no man can work—— "A death-bed attrition*——and what is it more,

* Repentance through fear of punishment, not sorrow for sin; which latter is called contrition.

" when it comes to that ? may be compared to Va-
" nini's last exclamation—who, though an atheist all
" his life, called upon God in the flames.

" Shall an apoplexy deprive us of salvation ? If
" not, then what but fear need render us so dismal
" on our exit ? Life is itself a jest——Then surely
" death must be the very cream of it. The longest
" life is as short as an epigram, and our end is but
" the point of it."

My sober friend walked away into a corner of the bed-chamber, and ejaculated.

CHAP. XLIV.

A SHORT CHAPTER.

What a chapter was the last ! There will be no end of it, if I once get into an habit of writing such long ones. But whenever self happens to become the subject, one seldom knows when to have done. This is the only theme upon which I was ever tempted to expatiate——which in other words, is to be tedious.

For, in general, my writings do not smell much of the lamp. They seem most of them rather to have been written when I had natural light enough —even at the very full of the moon. Can the Critical Reviewers themselves say any thing worse of them ?

CHAP. XLV.

A SHORTER.

But even these short chapters appear too prolix to me——I hope not to you——though they contain each of them only one head a-piece. So that, I am resolved here to put an end to them all, and write nothing but sentences throughout the second volume.

I am not so vain as to think that my proverbs will be as good as Solomon's—or Sancho's either—but this I will venture to say, that they shall beat them all to nothing in number.

END OF PART I.

POSTSCRIPT.

TO THE PRINTER.

Please, sir, to send your *devil* with my compliments to messieurs the Ministry, assuring them, that it was not, by any means, in derogation to the *golden age* of the present administration, but merely from the casualty of my subject matter, that the chapters of this book happen so exactly to complete the number *Forty-Five*. THE EDITOR.

THE

KORAN:

OR,

ESSAYS, SENTIMENTS, CHARACTERS, AND CALLIMACHIES,

OF

TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO, M. N. A.

OR MASTER OF NO ARTS.

PART SECOND.

Nescio quid Meditans.—*Hor.*

THE AUTHOR

TO THE READER.

WHETHER any of the following thoughts or remarks have been conceived by others, before me, or no, I cannot pretend to say; for, as they spontaneously occurred to my mind, I minuted them down, without ever taking the trouble of inquiring into their origin or derivation.

And in truth, a labour of this kind would have been infinite and uncertain——for it is almost impossible, after all, for any person who reads much, and reflects a good deal, to be able, upon every occasion, to determine whether a thought was another's, or his own. Nay, I declare, that I have several times quoted sentences out of my own writings, in aid of my own arguments in conversation; thinking that I was supporting them by some better authority.

For my own part, I do affirm, that it would afford me a most flattering pleasure to find them all imputed——For, as I can truly acquit my conscience of the least manner of plagiarism, this very coincidence of sentiment and opinions, would serve to prove the justness of them, pretty nearly——as two clocks which chime together, very probably mark the right hour of the day——for the degrees of error are so numerous and various, while the point of truth is but *simplex, duntaxat, et unum*, that the odds must be manifold, that no two irregular agents shall exactly hit upon the same false measure.

But that nothing is new under the sun, was declared by Solomon some years ago: and it is impossible to provide against evils that have already come to pass. So that I am sure I have reason to cry out, with Donatus, apud Jerom—

Pereant, qui, ante nos, nostra dixerunt.

For I have ever wrote without study, books, or example, and yet have been charged with having borrowed this hint from Rabelais, that from Montaigne, another from Martinus Scriblerus, &c. without having ever read the first, or remembered a word of the latter.

So that, all we can possibly say of the most original authors, now-a-days, is not that they say any thing new, but only that they are capable of saying such and such things themselves, "if they had never been said before them."

But as monarchs have a right to call in the specie of a state, and raise its value, by their own impressions; so are there certain prerogative geniuses, who are above plagiaries——who cannot be said to steal; but, from their improvemento f a thought, rather to borrow it, and repay the commonwealth of letters with interest again; and may more properly be said to adopt, than to kidnap, a sentiment, by leaving it heir to their own fame.

I do not pretend to class myself among such privileged wits—I never borrow, least I should not be able to pay—but have only made the above remark, to show the candour of my own criticism upon all such occurrences as these.

It may, perhaps, be requisite here to explain a new term I have made use of in the title-page of

this part of my work. The word Callimachies I have framed from Callimachus, the name of a Greek poet, of whom it is said, that he had written above eight hundred elegant poems, which were all comprehended in about five hundred pages.

I was pleased with this character of his works.—I hate your *scriptus et in tergo* authors—and have therefore taken the liberty of denominating all concise or sententious writings Callimachies, after his name. I thought it adviseable to give this definition of the word, least the critical reviewers should derive it from the French phrase Gallimatias.—

I like this manner of writing extremely.—It is really being too hard upon the publick, "to turn "over a new leaf with them," upon an old score, continually,——And whenever my bookseller, who buys by the bulk—and such works deserve to remain on it—obliges me to augment my pages, I generally contrive to give the reader some new subject,—or none at all——which does as well, as it serves equally for amusement to find one out.

But, indeed, if the editor of these *loose sheets*—I don't mean immodest ones—would take my advice, for his own profit, he would by no means publish them at all——but sell them privately, to some of the wit-less authors of the present age, who have attained to a certain knack of writing, both in prose and verse, without matter, fancy, or invention——

Without one thought to interrupt the song.

The collection, then, might, perhaps, serve to embellish their works, and help them off the bulk a little. Farewell, neighbour.——

TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO.

THE KORAN.

CALLIMACHIES, &c.

1. A PERSON may not merit favour, as that is only the claim of man, but can never demerit charity, for that is the command of God.

2. In Sophocles, Jocasty prays to the Lycian Apollo, and says, "That she came to his temple, because it was the nearest." This was but a sorry compliment to his godship.——It is the same, however, that people generally pay to religion; who abide by the doctrines and faith they have been bred up in, merely to save themselves the trouble of seeking farther.

3. *Inveni portum—Spes et fortuna valete——*
Sat me lusisti—Ludite nunc alios.

There is a bad moral expressed here, in the word *Ludite.*—I would have said rather *parcite.*—The writer did not deserve *invenire portum.*

4. There is a great stiffness in the style and manner of Pliny's Epistles. This was his character throughout; for he professes himself an admirer of evergreens, clipt into the shapes of men and other animals. I think, that Orrery was a fitter translator for him than Melmoth, for that reason.

5. Political and natural connections are different ideas. I look upon all ties of affinity, or consanguinity merely, to be of the first kind. Love and friendship form the only natural alliances.

6. There is no such thing as an impartial representation. A looking-glass, one might be apt to imagine, was an exception to this proposition; and yet we never see our own faces justly in one. It gives us nothing but the translations of them. A mirror even reverses our features, and presents our left hand for our right. This is an emblem of all personal reflections.

7. I prefer a private to a publick life. For I love my friends, and therefore love but few.

8. The confinement of the unity of time, in the drama, forces the poet often to violate nature, in compliment merely to the appearance of truth. For he must be obliged to compress actions within the compass of three hours, which, in the ordinary course of things, would require the leisure of as many days, perhaps years, to bring to pass.

A play is but an acted novel, of about three hours reading, and should not be restrained within the limits of any given time, in the story, though the representation ought not to exceed the usual one.

9. Impatience is the principal cause of most of our irregularities and extravagancies. I would sometimes have paid a guinea to be at some particular ball or assembly, and something has prevented my going there. After it was over, I would not give a shilling to have been there.

I would pay a crown at any time for a venison ordinary. But, after having dined on beef or mutton, I would not give a penny to have had it venison.

Think frequently on this reflection, ye giddy, and ye extravagant.

10. There is such a torture, happily unknown to ancient tyranny, as talking a man to death. Marcus

Aurelius advises to assent readily to great talkers—in hopes, I suppose, to put an end to the argument.

An epitaph on the unlamented death of a talkative old maid. By myself.

Here lieth the body of M. B. spinster, aged forty-three, who, on the tenth day of August, 1764, became silent.

11. A tragick writer can call spirits from the vasty deep, and reanimate the dead.

12. Mr. Guthrie, in his essay on tragedy, distinguishes between a poet and a genius. He must have meant only rhymers, versifiers, or poetasters; for I will not admit a person to be a poet without a genius.

13. One does not require nor think of a fire, often, in spring or autumn; yet I don't know how it is, but when we have happened by chance to pass near one, the sensation it communicates is so pleasant, that we feel rather inclined to indulge it.

This is analogous to temptation—and the moral is 'keep away from the fire.'

——Who venture in,
Have half acquiesced in the sin.

This is the sentiment of some poet; but I cannot make out the distich. Nor is it at all material: for that sentence must be poor, indeed, that owes its merit to its metre—Weight, not measure, is the proper standard of true sterling.

14. Custom is too apt to obtain a sanction, by becoming a second nature. This should be admitted only in different matters; for, in others, use only renders abuse familiar, and makes custom the more reprehensible.

15. Persons of sense foresee a crisis, and temporize with occasion. Short-sighted people never comply, till occasion becomes necessity—and then it is often too late.

16. Some folk think it sufficient to be good Christians without being good men, so spend their lives in whoring, drinking, cheating—and praying.

17. Some people pass through life soberly and religiously enough, with knowing why, or reasoning about it——but, from force of habit merely, go to heaven like fools.

18. Mechanical Christians make an office of their pews, for the dispatch of business.

19. Going to prayer with bad affections, is like paying one's levee in an undress.

There is a great deal of species of wit, in many admired writings, where the simile falls short of the comparison.

20. Religion was too abstracted before the coming of our Saviour. But the clothing the Divinity with matter, hath presented us with a sensible object of our adoration—which was absolutely necessary to attract the devotion of the many.—For a philosophick religion is a religion—for a philosopher only.

21. Marcus Aurelius says, that he had learned from Apollinus, 'not to be impatient when his arguments happen not to be apprehended.'——

I think there is a reason, besides the philosophick one, for this.——A person ought rather to triumph upon the advantages of superior knowledge or understanding; which should incline him more to pity than resentment.

22. People who are always taking care of their health, are like misers, who are hoarding up treasure which they have never spirit enough to enjoy

23. When I see good men dying often, while worthless fellows are suffered to live, I feel the force of that passage in the Psalms most emphatically—'The Lord wishes not the death of a sinner.'

24. The nibbling of criticks, like the mites in cheese, depreciate a work to some, but enrich it to others. Quere?

25. Men tire themselves in pursuit of rest. The reply of Callisthenes to Alexander, may be here applied—Was it Callisthenes, or ——? Not material—though some literary blockheads would, perhaps, make a bustle about it.

26. It is an impious prostitution of the sacrament to administer it to the adulterer, the oppressor, or as a test, merely by way of qualification for some temporal office. Those only should be admited to the communion, who qualify themselves for the next world—not those who receive it solely for this.

27. Titles of honour are like the impressions on coin—which add no value to gold and silver, but only render brass current.

28. There is no such thing as real happiness in life. The justest definition that was ever given of it, was, 'A tranquil acquiescence under an agreeable delusion.'—I forget where.

29. I have known many men who have worn out what little sense had been born with them, long before their deaths——but yet, having been trained up in office business, or some mechanical trade—as the army, or the church——continued to pass through them still, like children in a go-cart, without either

suspecting themselves, or being detected by others.

If you slice off the head of a turkey-cock, after it has been once set a running, it will continue to keep striding on, in the same stalking gait, for several yards, before it drops.

I have known several people pass through life, plausible enough, with as little brains as an headless turkey-cock.

30. It was an apt saying of Epicurus, '*Stultus semper incipit vivere.*'

31. Swift's love-song, in the modern taste, beginning,

> "Fluttering, spread thy purple pinions,
> "Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
> "I a slave in thy dominions—
> "Nature must give way to art,"

was not a whit too *outre*, upon the prettily worded nonsense of our lyricks and sonneteers.

I happened to be looking over my daughter's musick-book this morning, and met with several celebrated songs, performed with vast applause at Ranelaugh and Vauxhall, which have been penned since that cautionary ode had appeared in the world—where, the authors not having the fear of Swift before their eyes—and in utter contempt of our sovereign lord the poet-laureat—such horrid murders as these have been wilfully perpetrated, *viz.*

One lover begins, in open defiance of the laws, thus——

> "Have you *not* seen the sun,
> "*When sunk beneath the hills?*
> "*Then have you seen* my Molly fair," &c.

which, being interpreted, is exactly this——"Pro-

" vided that you have never happened *to see the sun,*
" when it had *become invisible*, then I will admit that
" you might have seen my *Molly fair*, who beats the
" sun——*out of sight.*"

Another poet bewitched, too sublime for groveling nonsense, elevates his passion at once into a crime.—For, concluding a verse with this position, that

" Friendship with woman is *sister* to love,"

he commits *a poetical incest* at once—slapdash.

But the genius that pleased and puzzled me the most, was the author of the following stanza:

" Come take your *glass,*
" The northern lass
" So *prettily* advised——
" I took *my glass,*
" And really was
" Agreeably *surprised.*"

Upon which arise two questions, equally interesting, to be resolved here——namely, What was the glass? and what the surprise?

The latter, indeed, he lets us into the secret of in the next verse——which happens to be the lass's beauty—and we are to suppose this to have been the very first time he had ever seen it——by his being so much surprised at the sight.—But then, why not surprised before he had taken his glass, as well as after?——Which leads to the solution of the first question, what manner of glass this was?

Here the commentators differ extremely——one sect affirming it to have been a magnifying glass—which had surprisingly increased the dimensions of *those* charms, which had appeared nothing remarkable to the naked eye before.

Another opinion, and to which, I confess, I more incline, as being the most orthodox, is, that it must have been a drinking glass——That the northern lass, being somewhat chilly, had challenged our poet to take *a bout* with her,—and had bumpered him into a sort of Scotch —— or second sight —— or in other words, had plied him up to that pitch of potation, when men are said to see double.—By which means it became a multiplying glass which must have increased the number of her charms to so agreeably surprising a degree, as the lover appears to have been so enraptured at.

And what serves, in my opinion, to render this the more natural interpretation of the difficulty, is, that philosophy has observed, in proportion as men grow warm with wine, their penchant toward the act of multiplication grows stronger and stronger.

32. Zed led a sort of zig-zag life, gaining his points by indirect courses, as a ship makes her voyage, by tacks, in an adverse wind.

33. *Varium et mutabile semper fœmina.*

VIRG.

These epithets are said to be synonymous.——I think not.—The first expression alludes to the temper, and the second regards the affections.

34. A reflection on the shortness and vanity of human life :

I never see a man cock his hat, but I think of my poor father, who has been long dead ; and am apt to cry out, as becomes a philosopher——" What signifies cocking one's hat ?"

35. I never knew but one person who interfered between man and wife, either with safety or success. Upon a domestick *pro* and *con* once between the

parties, that was rising even to blows, a friend of mine, who happened to be by, hit the husband a stroke with his right hand, crying, 'Be quiet, you brute;' and struck the woman at the same time with his left, saying, 'Hold your tongue, you vixen.' Then repeating his moral admonitions and friendly buffets, with a 'Peace, you monster——Have done, 'you termagant——Hands off, you coward——Re-'tire, you virago'——a fit of shame and laughter seized them both at the same time, at such extraordinary and impartial an umpirism; they shook hands immediately, and became good friends for the rest of their lives.

36. Poets should turn philosophers in age, as Pope did. We are apt to grow chilly when we sit out our fire.

37. A certain person expressed himself once very happily (in making an apology for his epicurism,) by saying, that 'he had unfortunately contracted an ill habit of living well.'

38. The more tickets you have in a lottery, the worse your chance. And it is the same of virtues, in the lottery of life.

39. "*Tot homines, tot sententiæ.*"—It cannot then be deemed partiality or prejudice, to prefer one's own opinion to that of others.—If you can please but one person in the world, why should you not give the preference to yourself?

So much for the sport of fancy. But I should rather give the preference to another. It is impossible for faith to conceive, without having felt it, the superiour pleasure of loving another person better than one's self.

40. Attornies are to lawyers, what apothecaries are to physicians——only that they do not deal in *scruples*.

41. Writings of wit or genius, in the present times, is but lighting a candle to the blind.—It supplies them only with a glare, but affords them no view.

42. The definition of the Godhead is, "that his intelligence requires no reasoning.—Neither propositions, premises, nor deductions, are necessary to him. He is purely intuitive. Sees equally what every thing is possible to be.—All truths are but one idea only. All space but a single point, and eternity itself but an instant."

This is a truly philosophick idea of the Godhead, and is suited to it alone, in one very peculiar sense ——that any being less than infinite, would be rendered miserable by such endowments. Reasoning, investigation, progressive knowledge, hopes, completions, variety, society, *&c.* would be at end.

The sole pleasures of such a being, if not God, must be those of a brute—reduced to sensuality alone. This must have been the state of your demigods, if ever there had been any such——your bull and swan Jupiters—your swine-wallowing Bacchus's ——your B-lt-m-e Pluto's, &c.

43. A clever fellow.—The word clever is an adjunct, in which all the learned languages are deficient.—There is no expression in any of them, which conveys the comprehensive idea of this epithet.

May we not from hence suppose, that the character here intended, as well as the expression, is peculiar to these kingdoms?—And, indeed, it is in a

land of liberty only that a man can be completely clever.

44 How shocking to humanity, to see the picture of religion besmeared with superstition, justice blooded with cruelty, and love stained with lust!

45. A tree is to be judged by its fruit, not its blossoms——Quere——

46. There was a book lately published, styled, "Of the future lives of brutes," which gave great offence to your divines. I cannot see why. The only fault I found with it was, that it was but poorly written.

Is there only such a proportion of salvation in the gift of Providence, that parsons need be jealous of the participation? To suppose the inferior animals of the creation to be endowed with souls, must presuppose our own to be out of all dispute.

There is certainly a remarkable difference in the morals of all the domestick animals, even of the same species. The beasts of the desert we will suppose to be uniformly vitious We will suppose also, that these are to be the devils of brutes in the four footed Tartarus.

47. *O navis! referent te.* &c.

The comparing a commonwealth to a ship, is one of the justest allusions in politicks that canbe imagined.——But this simile is more peculiarly adapted to Great-Britain, than to any other state in the world; as it has a double right to it, both as an island, and the first maritime power, both in naval strength and commerce.

Whenever, therefore, I hear of our entering into a continental war, I think I see the brave tars drag-

ging their ships through the streets of London, and begging their bread, like the Thames boatmen in the time of a frost; or drawn up from the sea coasts, through Flanders, to be used as scaling ladders, or battering rams, against the walls of Fontenoy, Ghent, or Bruges.

48. I had a patron once, who used to publish his kind intentions toward me to the world, and so paid himself before-hand, without waiting for a reversion from gratitude.

A generous mind may be compared to the Latin dative, which has no preceding article, and does not declare its case, till it comes to the termination.

Is there not such a proverb, as 'working for a dead horse?' This was the case. As he had already paid himself, the work went slowly on——and is not finished yet.

49. I have such aversion to ill temper, that I could sooner forgive my wife adultery, than crossness. I cannot taste Cassio's kiss on her lips; but I can see a lour on her brow.

50. I have so great a contempt and detestation for meanness, that I could sooner make a friend of one who had committed murder, than of a person who could be capable, in any instance, of the former vice.

Under meanness, I comprehend dishonesty——under dishonesty, ingratitude—under ingratitude, irreligion——and under this latter, every species of vice and immorality in human nature.

51. There are many ways of inducing sleep——The thinking of purling rills, or waving woods——Reckoning of numbers———Droppings from a wet sponge, fixed over a brass pan, &c ——But temperance *and exercise* answer much better than any of *these succedaneums.*

52. Live to learn, and learn to live——— Quaint.

53. I have an higher opinion of the sense and virtue of women——and ever had—than men, or even women themselves, generally have.

54. Death is only terrible to us, as a change of state.—Let us then live so, as to make it only a continuation of it, by the uniform practice of charity, benevolence and religion, which are to be the exercises of the next life——unless we are to be as idle and worthless there, as the gods of Lucretius.

55. I would rather go barefoot, than do a dishonest thing.—Better to have one's feet dirty, than their hands—Whose style is this ?

56. Some peers of my acquaintance put me in mind of a person I once knew, whose name, names, or *nomen multitudinis*, was, Cæsar Augustus, Gustavus Adolphus, Mark Anthony, Timothy Keeling —dancing-master.

57. It shocks me to think how much mischief almost every man may do, who will but resolve to do all he can.

58. To frame a *corps de reserve* of the ugliest and most mishapen men, and a body of Amazons too, of the same stamp, trained to war, to be sent upon the service of the forlorn hope, would, methinks, be a vast improvement in tacticks.

Persons under such descriptions must be more prodigal of life than others—and would, besides, be a less loss to the community. The *Feri faciem* won Pharsalia, because poor Pompey's troops happened, unfortunately to have been handsome fellows.——But if his legions had been formed, or deformed, out of the above corps, Cæsar might, perhaps, have

had reason to be sorry that he had ever passed the Rubicon.

There is also something terrifying in the ugliness of an enemy. One is apt to expect less humanity, mercy, or quarter, from such physiognomies. "*Novitate aspectus, milites perculsi,*" says Tacitus. Kill or be killed, seems, in this case, the only word of action.

From hence such persons are styled frightful—that is, apt to create fear in others. The king of Prussia seemed to have conceived such a philosophick notion as this, when he framed the regiment of death in the last war.

59. Our doctors say, that the dead shall rise again with bodies. This notion appears to be an article of faith, agreeable rather to the doctrine of a Mahometan priest, than a Christian divine.

It would be unphilosophick to suppose, that flesh and blood shall lose their properties after resurrection——nor, indeed, to do them justice, is it pretended.—And if so, I'll answer for it, that the Turkish scheme of paradise will be the practice, though all the metaphysicks of a Christian should be the faith.

60. Physicians ought never to drink.——Whenever any distemper affects themselves, they always call in foreign aid——thinking, very justly, that the slightest disorder might impair the judgment. And yet, methinks, a man may be able to preserve his senses much better, in the first stages of a fever, than after a bottle of wine.

61. The preachers abroad, use so much gesture and action in their delivery, that the congregation becomes an audience, the moment the text is given

out—for they imagine themselves to be present at Æschylus's theatre, where the speeches were all spoken, with correspondent gesticulation, from a pulpit.

62. We may imitate the Deity in all his attributes; but mercy is the only one in which we can pretend to equal him. We cannot, indeed, give like God—but surely we may forgive like him.—This is the style in which South and Taylor quibble your souls to heaven.

63. The different judgments we are apt to frame upon the deaf and blind, with regard to their respective misfortunes, is owing to our seeing the blind generally in his best situation, and the deaf in his worst——namely, in company. The deaf is certainly the happier of the two, when they are each alone.

64. An epicure desires but one dish; a glutton would have two.

65. An atheist is more reclaimable than a papist ———as ignorance is sooner cured than superstition.

66. A sober man, when drunk, has the same kind of stupidity about him, that a drunken man has when he is sober.

67. The chaste mind, like a polished plane, may admit foul thoughts, without receiving their tincture.

68. Shakespeare may be styled the oracle of nature. He speaks science without learning, and writes the language of the present times.

69. It is a great error in the political constitution of England, that the peerage is not limited.—The body itself would derive greater honour, respect and consequence, from such a restriction. At present,

lords are as plenty in these kingdoms, as German counts and French marquisses abroad; or as the Polish nobility, who are reported to be two hundred thousand *strong*———read *throng*———and as little distinguished from the commonalty.

But this is not the particular that I most resent ———I speak not as a lord, but as a commonwealth man.——The increase of the peerage must soon destroy the great bulwark of the state, by over-balancing the weight of the commons. Men of the largest fortunes obtain titles, and leave none but middling ones in the lower house. This reduces their importance and dignity.

And those who succeed these peers in parliament, are generally their brothers, their sons, or other dependents——This increases the influence and sway of the upper house———So that the rule of *omne majus*, may, possibly, soon be as true in politicks, as it is in philosophy.

The constituents are a restraint on their representatives, once, at least, in seven years———Too seldom! and if the crown should refuse its assent to wholesome laws, the commons can, in turn, withhold its revenues.

But the lords are independent of control.—They may prevent the passing of any bill they please, and the community has no manner of redress against them. The king cannot unlord, nor the people unchoose them.

In antient states, persons were honoured with a crown, for saving a nation. Coronets were not then conferred, for destroying one. Nor are they now. I allude only to the twelve peers.

70. A certain person had once done me a signal

piece of service, but had afterwards behaved himself very unworthily toward me. An occasion soon occurred, which put it in my power to requite his ill offices; and I was urged to take advantage of it, by a friend of mine—or rather, an enemy of his.

I objected, That this man had formerly obliged and served me. True, he replied; but surely his ill behaviour since that time, has sufficiently cancelled both the service and the obligation.

By no means. Merchant's accompts are never to be admitted into the higher and more liberal commerce of friendship. A person who has once obliged, has put it out of his power ever after to disoblige us. The scripture has inculcated a precept, to forgive our enemies. How much stronger, then, must the text imply the forgiveness of our friends?

The disobligation, therefore, being thus cancelled by religion, leaves the obligation without abatement, in moral. A kindness can never be cancelled—not even by repaying it.

71. The advantages of academical learning, as far as it relates to the study of languages, is only this—that the time and labour required to understand an author in the original, fixes the matter and reasoning stronger in our minds, than a cursory reading in their own language can be supposed to do. By which means, knowledge may be said to be inculcated into us.

Conversation, too, has the same effect. We remember the person, his figure, his very dress, the circumstances of time, place, &c. which all concur to fix the ideas in our minds. This would be shorter and a pleasanter method of instruction; and why not practise it?

If the chief, which ought, in this case, to be the sole end of learning, be to teach us knowledge, science, and virtue, how are the dead languages necessary to that acquirement? *Ars longa vita brevis*, is an old complaint. But the general method of education, which the superstition of our European universities keeps us still incumbered with, increases this evil, even beyond the natural state of it, by, in effect, lengthening art, and shortening life.

72. What persons are by starts, they are by nature. You see them, at such times, off their guard. Habit may restrain vice, and virtue may be obscured by passion——but intervals best discover the man.

One must live intimately with people, to know them——and it is not much for the honour of human nature, to say, that friendship subsists longer than love———because the intercourse is not so frequent.

73. That virtue is its own reward, may be understood, not only in a moral, but an orthodox sense of the words also. For, according to our divines, that virtue which proceeds from a mere natural good disposition, or a regard to ethick beauty only, is so far from having any merit with God, that it is made a doubt, by the thirteenth article of our faith, whether it does not partake of the nature of sin.

So that mere simple virtue, according to this opinion, must take up with its concomitant pleasure for its reward——as no action, which does not spring wholly from a religious principle, and is not dictated, either by our love or obedience to God——and does not direct itself, either actually or virtually, *immediately*, or ultimately, to his glory, can be,

in the least degree, entitled to the promises of the gospel.

And those miserable sinners, Socrates, Plato, Seneca, Epictetus, Titus, and Marcus Aurelius, while they ignorantly meant to have heaped benefits upon mankind, were, it seems, according to this same thirteenth article, but heaping coals of fire upon their own heads.

So that, were a bishop, now-a-days, to take the trouble of converting one of such fellows as these, he ought to begin by stripping him stark-naked of all charity, benevolence and virtue, and after he had been left for some time to cool in that situation, then put him out to school, to some clerk of a parish, to be taught them all over again anew.

I hope that the right reverend fathers of the church will now think me sufficiently orthodox, in this passage, to entitle me to a deanry at least.

74. Socrates, in the Phedon, makes a great difference between virtue and habit, with regard to the allotments hereafter. He says, That a person who behaves well, from a moral principle, shall be entitled to an infinitely higher reward, than one who fills up the same measure of duty, merely from use or exercise.

This is a fine reflection in a pagan. The Christian divines carry their distinction much father, by giving the same advantage to religion over morals, that Socrates does to morals over habit.

75. When the different species of animals are not distinguishable throughout, as the ass, the mule, from the horse—the monkey, the baboon, from the man——they are apt to shock and disgust our sight.

The different sexes, too, in human nature should be as strongly marked as possible, for the same reason. An effeminate man, or a masculine woman, are still more offensive than the former instances—because they hurt a moral too. *Hic mulier* and *hæc vir*, are unnatural concords.

76. I take the errors and absurdities of the Roman catholick tenets and doctrines to have arisen merely from this—That as soon as the Christian religion came to make its way in the world, to be established in governments, and endowed with lands, benefices, jurisdictions, and other temporal emoluments, certain deists, or moral heathens began to attack the church, as a mere political institution, framed to overturn states and kingdoms——urging, that there appeared to have been no sort of necessity for a revelation, which had advanced nothing new, or unknown to mankind before, from the pure light of nature and philosophy.

Thus, then, the best evidence of its divine origin —its being but a more rational, compact, and refined system of ethicks, introduced with humility, recommended with meekness, and practised with mortification and self-denial——neither enforced with worldly power, nor subversive of any laws, natural, moral, or political—was pleaded against it.

Upon which the councils of priests, in those days alarmed for their temporal estates, power, and dominion, began to convene themselves together, in the devil's name, and put every text of scripture on the rack, to confess articles of faith and practice, of such extraordinary natures as the light of reason could never have dictated, and which were directly contrary to whatever its logick could ever have sub-

mitted to——such as, infallibility, transubstantiation, supererogation, absolution, indulgence, dissolving of allegiance, temporal jurisdiction, inquisition, corporal penances, and propagating the gospel of peace and mercy by the arguments of fire and sword, The infidels were nonsuited upon this.

77. Algebra is the metaphysicks of arithmetick.

78. The stumbling block of the Jews, was their mistaking the second coming of the Messiah in glory, for his first appearance in obscurity. They had conceived such a vain notion of their deliverer, that they scorned to submit their faith to a private person, when they expected an earthly king.

They may, perhaps, plead some excuse for this mistake at first——but they appear really to have been a perverse and stiff-necked generation of infidels, who did not submit themselves to the church of Rome, when the popes had established their temporal kingdom, their absolute dominion over all the powers of Europe, and showed them, according to their own opinions, the triumphant state of Christ upon earth.

79. A suppliment to Bacon's mythology of the ancients——

Perhaps the fable of Jupiter's supplanting his father Saturn, the first of all the gods, might have arisen from a corruption of the tradition handed down from Adam, that the Son of God was the Creator of the world, and all animated beings therein ——which, in the dark ages of ignorance in divine mysteries, might have been interpreted as a superseding of God the Father's power, and usurping the heavens.

80. Another.

Perhaps the story of Prometheus creating man, bringing fire from heaven to animate him——his attempting the chastity of Pallas and being condemned to severe pains, in consequence of these acts ——might have alluded to the Logos regenerating human nature, informing it with the Holy Spirit, its entering into the Virgin's womb, and suffering the passion, for the redemption of the world.

81. Another.

I wonder much, that those mystick divines who are fond of deducing types of Christianity out of the pagan mythology, have never made an allusion from Cerberus, with his three heads, to the pope, and his triple crown.

The first guarded the entrance into the Elysian fields, and the latter assumes the keys of St. Peter —the power of absolution, excommunication, &c.

82. Another.

In the heathen mythology, reported by Avienus in his celestial history, Jupiter is said to have placed Hercules next to himself in the heavens, with his heel bruising the great serpent's head, that had kept possession of the garden.—Apply this.

83. Learning is the dictionary, but sense the grammar of science.

84. Art and science are words frequently made use of, but the precision of which is so rarely understood, that they are often mistaken for one another.

I don't like any of the definitions of the schools. I met with a distinction, somewhere, once, comparing science to wit, and art to humour; but it has more of fancy than philosophy in it. It serves to give us,

however, some idea of the difference between them, though no idea of either.

I think that science may be styled the knowledge of universals, or abstract wisdom; and art is science reduced to practice—or science is reason, and art the mechanism of it—and may be called practical science. Science, in fine, is the theorem, and art the problem.

I am aware that this objeetion will be made——that poetry is deemed an art, and yet it is not mechanical. But I deny it to be an art—neither is it a science. Arts and sciences may be taught—poetry cannot. But poetry is inspiration—it was breathed into the soul, when it first quickened, and should neither be styled art or science, but genius.

85. He who desires more than will supply the competencies of life, except for the sole purposes of charity, respects others more than himself. For he pays an expensive compliment to the world—as all beyond the first requisite is expended merely to attract the admiration, or provoke the envy of his neighbours.

86. Sir Thomas More, and other remarkable persons, have been censured for behaving too lightly at the point of death. But perhaps there is a certain heaviness of heart, that may occasion a lightness of head, and give people the appearance of a bravery which they do not feel—like that kind of temerity with which cowards are sometimes inspired by despair.

As this may be the case, a neglect of a proper gravity and decorum, upon so serious and interesting an occasion, should no more be imputed to them as a fault, than the deliriums of a fever.

I speak not here againt Christian resignation, or philosophick composure, upon such a crisis.

87. I agree with Erasmus, on the subject of the Trinity—*Satis est credere.* And therefore shall never perplex myself, either with philosophizing or theologizing about the matter.

88. Positiveness is a most absurd foible. If you are in the right, it lessens your triumph: if in the wrong, it adds shame to your defeat.

89. A singular person may be compared to a monster—more admired at—than esteemed.

90. Desire in youth is a passion—in age a vice—While it solicits us, it is pardonable—but when we pimp for it—O shameful!

91. Friends may be compared to wine—the new more pure, and every drop is potable:——The old more rich—but there are apt to subside some dregs of age. Quere.

92. Writings may be compared to wine. Sense is the strength, but wit the flavour. No quere.

93. St. Evremond is the best modern ancient I ever read.

94. Probably Providence has implanted peevishness and ill temper in sick and old persons, in compassion to the friends or relations, who are to survive; as it must naturally lessen the concern they might otherwise feel for their loss.

95. I prefer the Greek epigram to the Latin one. The first consists in a natural, but not obvious thought, expressed with strength and delicacy. The latter has too much point and conceit in it: it has not the true simplicity of ancient wit.

Catullus wrote in the spirit of the former——Martial in the ghost of the latter. Almost all the

moderns have generally imitated the Roman poet, because it is the easiest manner of writing—requiring less wit or genius. But the former style must be original, and is incapable of imitation; or must suffer the censure of Horace—

———Frustraque laborat,
Ausus idem———

96. Shaftsbury would impose ridicule on us, as a test of truth. He is, I think, in general, but a slight writer. His arguments are weak, superficial, and inconclusive. He was, therefore, under the necessity of calling in the auxiliary of wit to his aid, but failed more remarkably in this resource too—for I think that he reasons even better than he jests.

97. Let your pleasures be of choise, not of course.

98. Marriage may be compared to the monster Lindamira-Indamora, in Scriblerus—different minds united only by the body. But love resembles an hermaphrodite, where different sexes are informed with but one soul.

I ransacked all nature to find out more seemly allusions, to illustrate my position—but was obliged to take up with these, out of nature, after all.

99. I thought that to forgive our enemies, had been the highest effort of the heathen ethick—but that the returning good for evil, was an improvement of the Christian morality.

But I had the mortification to meet with that interloper Socrates, in Plato, enforcing the divine precept of loving our enemies. Perhaps for this reason, among others, he was styled by Erasmus, 'a Christian before Christianity.'

100. There should always be a clause of divorce in the marrige covenant of princes, in case of bar-

renness, in order to prevent greater evils. For as poison has often been made a political use of upon such occasions, it might possibly be some temptation to her majesty to prescribe to herself a dose of adultery, *quantum sufficit*, in hope of removing obstruction. For a queen may have reason to cry out with Rachel, "Give me children, or I die."

This expedient may, perhaps be a natural reason for so many kings, in history, having degenerated from the spirit and virtue of their imputed ancestry.

101. The English constitution of state is composed out of all the antient politicks—monarchy, aristocracy, democracy, and oligarchy—the king, nobles, commons, and privy council.

These several bodies temper and correct each other, like the four ingredients of punch—where, according to the good old catch,

"The sharp melts the sweet, and the mild sooths the strong."

The first is the sugar, the second the water, the third the spirit, and the fourth acid.

102. There is a maxim, that 'it is better ten guilty should escape, than one innocent person suffer.'

This I deny. Humanity, not policy, speaks this language. The impunity of even one villain is capable of doing more injury to society, than the loss of even more than one honest man.

The laws of war, though severe, are, however founded in political justice. If the enemy has got possession of an out-work, no scruple is made of blowing up the rampart, though part of our own soldiery should be on duty there.

I feel myself shocked on the close of this paragraph. *This* is the first time of my life that ever I

suffered my philosophy to plead against my humanity. *Sed fiat justitia*, for justice is humanity.

103. A man's fortune should be his rule for sparing, but not not for spending. Extravagance may be supported, but not justified, by affluence.

104. A gallows, like the forbidden tree, gives at once both death and knowledge.

105. That truth is hid in a well, and that there is truth in wine, have both the same import——implying, that none but sober persons should be entrusted with a secret.

106. However arch I may be said to be in my hints, or free in my allusions, I never remember to have made use of any one loose or obscene expression in my life, and have always discountenanced it in others.

I have ever held the mysteries of the *bona dea* sacred—and have so much of the pagan in me, as to regard love as a deity———which leads me to consider gross language to be a sort of heathen blasphemy.

107. *Date obolum Belisario.* I would not have given him a farthing. He deserved not to eat the bread he begged——because he begged it. Was Belisarius a Christian ?

108. Lucretius styles the intellect, *spiritus unguenti suavis ;* and some other poet—for my memory is bad—calls it *flos Bacchi.* I say, that spare diet, and clear skies are Apollo and the Muses.

109. A criticism, after the manner of Bentley.

> Nil habet infœlix paupertas durius in se,
> Quam quod ridiculos homines facit. JUVENAL.

Methinks I never read a poorer Latin sentence than this. *Habet* is not the proper verb here—It

betokeneth possession, for which there happens to be no manner of application in this passage. *Est* should have been the verb——changing the grammar.

Infœlix paupertas is a false metaphor, and can only be supported by certain figurative modes of speech, which criticks—or rather commentators—have framed upon the defects of antient literature. *Durius* is an improper epithet here. It is expressive of a sensible quality only. *Pejor* should have been the comparative in this place.

In se—Superfluous expletive ! This is one of the vices of metre.

Quam quod—Two adverbs, both monosyllables, and beginning with a double alliteration also. Bald !

Ridiculos homines. These words ought not to have been joined so close together in the same sentence. It renders the sibillation of their terminations offensive to the Euphonick ear. Besides, it is quite ridiculous to apply that epithet in this place——for poverty may, perhaps render a person contemptible, but it must be his own fault if it should ever make him ridiculous.

Facit. This is but a poor make-shift of a verb, and terminates the sentence weakly. *Reddit* would have been fuller, and more expressive.

110. A critical dissertation on *purpurea nix*, after the manner of commentators :

Purpurea nix and *purpureæ colores*, are expressions in the classicks. It hath puzzled the annotators to account why snow or swans should assume the epithet of purple—and having no other way to solve the difficulty, resolved among themselves, that the antients used to style all bright colours, quicquid *valde nitens*, purple.

But might not there have been a breed of swans among them of a real purple colour? Or, might not this description have been taken from the cygnets, which are generally of a fusky colour, inclining to purple, though *non valde nitens?*

Eric Pontoppidan, bishop of Bergen—not Apzoom—in his learned description of Norway, says that the north sea is blue.

> In mare purpureum violentior affluit amnis.
>
> VIRG.

That the ice there is of the same colour, and was styled by the antients, *cerulea glacies*—and that the snow on the tops of their mountains is also bluish, and is therefore commonly called *blabren*—that is, of a colour inclining to purple.

I expect that the republick of letters will acknowledge great obligations to me, for the ingenuity of the above criticism; as I do affirm it to be every way as learned and material as many volumes of commentations, that, I am sorry to say, I have most stupidly and unprofitably sacrificed too much of my irretrievable and imputable time to.

111. To have a respect for ourselves, guides our morals; and to have a deference for others, governs our manners.

112. A regard to decency, and the common punctilios of life, has been often serviceable in human society. It has kept many a married couple unseparated, and frequently preserves a neighbourly intercourse, where love and friendship both have been wanting.

113. That ridiculous expression in Lord Grimston's play of "Love in a hollow tree"——

"Let's here repose our wearied limbs, 'till wearied more they be;

may be supported by a passage in Horace; '*fatigatum somno*'—and by another in Tibullus,

'Illa meor somno lassos patefacit ocellos.'

114. Of all knaves, your fools are the worst—— because they rob you both of your time and temper.

115. It is not the force of friendship, but the prevalence of vice, that makes the moderns so often exceed that admirable rule of the antients, *usque ad aras*——'Carry not your friendships beyond the altar.'

116. A definition of what are generally styled bargains, is, the buying a bad commodity that you don't want, because you can get it cheaper than a good one when you do.

117. The antient manner of commemorating their gods, heroes, and friends, was by libations, not potations. Would it were the same among the moderns. Wine is often better spilt than drank.

118. Lovers express themselves properly when they talk of an exchange of hearts. For this enchanting passion but commutes the characters of the sexes, by giving spirit to the nymph, and softness to the swain, mutually exchanging courage and timidity with each other.

119. Drink never changes, but only shows our natures.

120. All young animals are merry, and all old ones grave. An old woman is the only antient animal that ever is frisky.

121. A moral, in the style of Seneca:

It is better to do the idlest thing in the world, than to sit idle for half an hour.

122. When a misfortune is impending, I cry,

God forbid——but when it falls upon me, I say, God be praised.

123. Courage and modesty are the most unequivocal virtues——because they are such as hypocrisy cannot imitate—and they have this property in common also, that they are both expressed by the same colour.

124. The antients represented Saturn under the character of Time, with wings on his shoulders, and fetters on his feet.

This was to mark the swiftness of it to some, and its slowness to others—according to this line,

O vita! stulto longa, sapienti brevis.

125. "There will be two women grinding at the "mill—the one shall be taken, and the other left." —The miller's claim to half the corn for grist, from this text is as good a plea as many of the pretences of the church of Rome are supported by.

126. The extravagant encomiums that have been handed down to us from the antient criticks, of many of those authors whose works have been long swallowed up in the gulf of time, and whose names are commemorated only in their commentaries, might make us lament the loss of so much wit, humour, and fine writing, as is there pretended, if the fragments of some of them, which, by their being preserved, we may reasonably suppose to have been the choicest parts, did not afford us an opportunity of judging a little for ourselves.

And upon such a critical review, I dare say, that a candid reader will think those writings which have happily escaped to us entire or even maim ed; are worth the whole library of those that lie entombed with their authors. *Vide* Les jugement des scavans

for M. Baillet, for five volumes of such sort of stuff.

127. One should read both antient and modern criticks with extreme diffidence, upon the subjects of literature. The difference, nay the contrariety, of opinions, given by persons of equal judgment, capacity, and learning, upon the very same work, must surprise us extremely, if we were not to consider criticks to be in the same situation with lovers. Smitten with some features, which another eye might possibly perceive no manner of beauty in, they are apt fondly to impute perfection to the whole.

So that, in one case as well as the other, the old adage, *de gustibus non*, may be affirmed.——And therefore it is not the judgments or the sense of the commentators we have any pretence to reprehend, but their taste, their sympathy, their enivrements, only. Let us then always judge, taste, or feel, for ourselves, and not be misled by great names.

128. Among the many curious impertinences of the schools, there is none that appears to me so truly ridiculous, as the strife about the authority of the works of the antients. Is it the author or the writing we admire or criticise? But it is still the authors we have before us, no matter for their names, when we are commenting upon any work of genius.

I do not care one farthing whether Pisander's or Virgil's manuscript—Macrobius affirms the first—was the original of the second Æneid—or Apollonius of Rhodes the author of the fourth.——Whether one Homer, of seven cities, framed the Iliad and the Odyssey entire, or only tacked a parcel of old ballads together, and sung them about

the streets of Smyrna[1], Rhodes[2], Colophon[3], Salamis[4], Chios[5], Argos[6], or Athens, to the title of "The blind beggar-man's garland."

I do not pretend to say that we have Virgil or Homer before us, when we read those words imputed to them. But we have certainly the writers of them—which is all we need contend for. And I really think that those scholars, affect a precision in this very immaterial matter, are not a bit wiser than a very pretty woman, who asked me once, with the sweetest smile imaginable, "Who was the au-"thor of Shakespeare's plays?"

129. Charles had a sort of philosophy, without reflection, that reconciled him to every thing. Among the other particulars of his life, he was the most contented cuckold too that ever I knew, and could throw his horns behind him, like a stag darting through a hedge.

130. Scaliger styles titillation a sixth sense.——And certainly there is as great a difference, between being tickled and simple feeling, as between taste and touch.

But then, the same overstrained philosophy might as well deem the sea to be a fifth element, because it differs so much from common water. For titillation, like the briny wave, is but a stronger or more pungent sensation—one of the taste, the other of the touch.

131. Maria was so full of grimace, that she prostituted every feature of her body, but one——and that escaped, only by her not being able to lie a moment still.

132. In part of Lord Kames's elements of criti-

cism, he says, that "musick improves the relish of "a banquet." That I deny—any more than painting might do. They may both be additional pleasures, as well as conversation is—but are perfectly distinct notices; and cannot, with the least propriety be said to mix or blend with the repast, as none of them serve to raise the flavour of the wine, the sauce, the meat, or help to quicken appetite. But musick and painting both add a spirit to devotion, and elevate the ardour.*

133. What a dread of death must some people have, who would rather be dying than dead!

134. A toad, fed on the vapours of a dungeon, is not such a wretch, as a man of sense, who has had the misfortune to be heartily in love with a weak or worthless woman.

Women are apt to be vain of such a conquest; but more, as the poet expresses it, for the triumph than the prize. For otherwise, a fool they would count greater gain. They ignorantly flatter themselves, that they have been capable of imposing on men of understanding, when, in truth, it is they who have imposed on themselves.——Their pride will not suffer them to imagine they could ever sustain a passion for a fool: so, helping the fair idiot out with their own sense and understanding, they often lend arms against themselves, ere they are aware.

135. Lovers are apt to hear through their eyes. ——But the safest way is to see through their ears. ——Who was it that said, Speak, that I may see you?

* See what Triglyph says upon musick at meals.—*Triumvirate, chapter* lxxiv.

136. A friend of mine was so conscientious a wencher, that he always compounded with vice, by taking an old mistress. So that though he made an harlot, he did not make a bastard.

137. Merit accompanied with beauty, is a jewel set to advantage. Quere ?

138. *Currat lex*—a motto for a lawyer's coach. *Fiat justitia*—a paragram for a hangman's cart.

139. The moral law, without a sanction, is like the English code—a perfect system of constitution, but wanting a sufficient law to put the whole in force.

140. When I see Mrs. —— and her husband, I think of a monkey fastened to a log, and playing antick tricks.

141. Tom is a mere adjective of society, for he cannot support himself one moment alone——nor is he ever so much as spoken of singly, but is tacked always to others, as Virgil introduces Thersilochus, with a copulative at the end of a line :

——————Glaucumque, Medontaque, Thersilochumque.
Chloreaque, Sybarimque, Dæretaq ue, Thersilochumque.

142. Modern poets put too much water in the ink.

143. Men are like plants——some delight in the sun and others in the shade.

144. The many various and absurd systems of religion, reported from the most ancient histories of the several parts of the world, appear to amount almost to a proof, that there must have been some part of revelation originally made to our first parents; which handed down to posterity by oral tradition, or, at best, by types and hieroglyphicks, received such alterations and corruptions, through the

mistakes, the weaknesses, or sinister arts of man, as made it terminate in downright idolatry among the ignorant, and in atheism with the learned—to a certain pitch of error and presumption.

For had there not been any revelation at all, there would either have been no sort of religion in the world, or a more rational one. For, in that case, it must have been deduced, by tracing effects up to their causes, as far as the philosophy of the age in which this should have happened, might have been able to have reached.—And then——*Deus intersit.* So that the natural philosopher, and the moral reasoner, both joined in one, must have become atheist.

But this, probably, could never have been the origin of religion, for the following reason——That this philosophick research must have happened in later times than those, in which history informs us the many fantastick modes of antient worship had been professed among all the nations of the earth, even the most illiterate, ignorant, and barbarous, who never could have taken up the least notion of religion from their own premises or conclusions.

145. There are two sorts of moral writers.——The one represents human nature in an angelick light, and the other in a beastly one. The first are generally found among the antients; and the latter entirely among the moderns——chiefly the French.

They are both wrong.——One argues from the best, and the other from the worst of our species. Doctor Young has a just sentiment in his Centaur, which reconciles these different writers——"We "cannot think two highly of our natures, nor too "*meanly of* ourselves."

146. A Montaigniana,
Or a wandering thought, after the manner of Montaigne:

While a man is reading or thinking abstractedly, he is a king for the time——as being quite free from any manner of reflection regarding his own circumstances. Indeed, how seldom is it in the day that he feels the difference between himself and a king?

Monarchs are unhappier than their subjects.——For use makes state familiar, and the fatigue grows every day more irksome.——Has opulence and grandeur then no advantages? None—but the power of doing good.

I have often been surprised that so little of this kind of manufacture is ever wrought by princes, when the very rarity of the work might serve to render their names famous to prosterity.

"And paid a tradesman once, to make him stare."

But away with all ambition, which only affects our names, without improving our natures.

147. A moral, after the manner of Rouchefoucault, and others of that stamp of immoral writers, who, in all their philosophick reflections, endeavour to depreciate human nature:

As our bodies are compounded of different elements, so are our minds of various passions.——And as the blending of the former creates the union of body, so is all virtue produced by the balancing or commixing of the several affections and propensities of the soul.

As our bodies are formed of clay, so are even our virtues made up of meanness or vice.——Add *vain-glory* to avarice, and it rises to ambition.——

Lust inspires the lover, and selfish wants the friend. —Prudence is created by fear, and courage arises from madness, or from pride.

148. A reflection on the *decens et decorum*, in morals :

A friend of mine distrained a tenant's cattle for rent, then took them out of the pound, and put them on his own demesne to graze. The arrear was discharged in a day or two. The flock was surrendered, but the tenant was charged for their grass.

There appears certainly to be nothing contrary to law or moral, nor the least sort of oppression or extortion in this matter. It was equal to the tenant, whether he had paid for grazing to the landlord, or the pound-keeper. Then what can it be, that strikes one so strongly with the idea of a difference ?

There must surely be want of decency in this action.—And though it may be, perhaps, too refined a speculation, to trace the subtile connections between them, yet I think, that want of decency offends, by implying, in some sort, a deficiency of moral. It certainly does of that refined moral which Prior hints at :

> " Beyond the fix'd and settled rules
> " Of vice and virtue in the schools," &c.

If decorum be not the substance of virtue, it is at least one of its accidents. It is an adjective, which depends upon some moral for its substantive.—— It is the round, the full, the fair of the great circle.* Or it may be compared to the fine essence of light, that must have some solid matter for its subjects, upon which it reflects all the beauty of colours.

* See Prior's tale of Protogenes and Apelles.

149. The mind is naturally active, and will employ itself ill, if you do not employ it well. Magicians tell us, that when they raise the devil, they must find him work——and that he will as readily build a church as pull one down.

150. It is in what the world reckon trifles that a good understanding should most employ itself.——Great occasions generally direct their own operations, and but seldom occur——while every day's experience presents you with small cares sufficient to exercise your utmost prudence upon.——Therefore,

> "Think nought a trifle, though it small appear—
> "Small sands the mountain——moments make the year——
> "And trifles life.—Your care to trifles give,
> "Or you may die—before you learn to live."
>
> YOUNG.

151. I think that a person may as well be asleep——for they can be only said to dream——who read any thing but with a view of improving their morals or regulating their conduct.

152. Nothing in this life after health and virtue, is more estimable than knowledge—nor is there any thing so easily attained, or so cheaply purchased—the labour only sitting still, and the expense but time, which if we do not spend, we cannot save.

153. If time like money, could be laid by, while one was not using it, there might be some excuse for the idleness of half the world——but yet not a full one. For even this would be such an economy, as the living on a principal sum, without making it purchase interest.

154. There are three ways of dealing with time——losing it, spending it, or putting it out to use.

Ampliat ætatis spatium sibi vir bonus—hoc est vivere bis, vita posse priore frui.

155. One of the fathers compares contemplation and action to Rachel and Leah. The first was fairest, but the latter more fruitful.

I am afraid he was not quite orthodox, by the wit of his simile.

156. To the many difficult conceits of the ancients, for the cramp of wit—such as poems cut out into the shapes of hearts, altars, wings, &c. I would incumber literature with a fancy of my own invention——which, if it should once obtain——as, from the futility of it, there can hardily be a doubt——may be styled, the double *boutrime*——because the last word in every line is always made to chime to the first, throughout the poem——which takes off from the constraint of couplets, and joins the strength of blank verse, and the softness of rhyme, together, in the same line.

EXAMPLES.

Love is the pivot on which all things move.
Death is no more than stopping our last breath.

With other moral reflections of the same kind.

157. Jack had every merit of a school-boy—except his learning——and he is now too old to retrieve that article.

158. Miss R—— married, only because she had been surfeited with fornication, and longed to try the variety of adultery a little.

Simple meats become insipid to a vitiated taste—It requires mixed sauces to quicken appetite.

159. James supplied the want of spirit with the usual succedaneum of spite.——*Quantum sufficit.*

160. Ned had a little spirit of gibe and humour, sometimes, that used to render him entertaining enough on particular occasions——but when that vein did not happen to serve him, one might well say, that Ned was a dull dog, without a joke.

161. Mrs. N—— was an insensible libertine—— and intrigued more through vice than passion.

162. Mr. G——'s house is so kennelled with dogs, that one might fancy he lived in a forest, and had no other neighbours but bears.

163. George has so much impudence in him, that, like the Scythian, he might be said to be face all over.

164. Kit was master of a kind of inverted wit, that consisted in a remarkable quickness of misapprehension. He would often pretend to mistake some one word in a sentence, for any other of a similar sound, and, by commenting, or running a parody on it, contrive to throw the speaker into an embarrassment.

165. A lie is a desperate cowardice.——It is to fear man, and brave God.

166. I never drink———I cannot do it, on equal terms with other——It costs them only one day—but me three——the first in sinning, the second in suffering, and the third in repenting.

167. Sight is by much the noblest of the senses. We receive our notices from the other four, through the organs of sensation only. We hear, we feel, we smell, we taste, by touch. But sight rises infinitely higher.—It is refined above matter, and equals the faculty of spirit.

168. To put ourselves in other person's places,

would obviate a great deal of the jealousies and resentments we are too frequently sensible of toward them; and to put others into ours, would considerably abate the pride and haughtiness of ourselves.

169. Freethinkers are generally those who never think at all.

170. Sir Isaac Newton used to say, that it was mere labour and patient thinking, which had enabled him to investigate the great laws of nature.—Hear this, ye blockheads, and go study.

And because I know how much a good example is apt to influence, I will begin a course myself, as soon as I have wrote

FINIS
ESSAIARUM,
SENTIMENTORUM,
CHARACTERIUM,
ATQUE
CALLIMACHORUM.

MEMORABILIA:

OR,

EXTRAORDINARY THINGS,

AND

REMARKABLE SAYINGS,

IN

LIFE, LITERATURE, AND PHILOSOPHY.

COLLECTED TOGETHER

BY

TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO, M. N. A.

PART THIRD.

.....

Sparsa Coegi.

.....

PREFACE.

Gregoria Leti wrote as many books as he was years old. Homer divided the Iliad and the Odyssey into as many books as there are letters in the Greek alphabet. Herodotus numbered his books after the muses. And if ever Wilkes should commence an author, he will never stop, probably, till he has published volumes forty-five.

From all which premises, I think it must appear pretty plain to the intelligent reader, that *Tria Juncta in Uno* ought to divide his work into three parts, in allusion to his name—which, you see, I have accordingly done.

And, for this reason, I make not the least manner of scruple to prefer myself before all and every of the above-named authors—not only on account of my work being so much shorter than any of theirs, but principally in compliment to the number *three*, which you know——or ought to know——to be the completest sum in arithmetick.

To odd numbers, in general, the antients attributed certain charms or powers—but three stands the foremost of them all——as it is the first that is capable of the act or potency of multiplication.

If you would be more deeply learned upon this subject, consult my essay on this same number——though I am not quite sure whether I shall afford you an opportunity of doing so, in the course of this work, or no—That will depend entirely upon my having, or not having, sufficient notes to finish this volume without it.

Three was the number of the Graces, the Furies, the Fates, the Syrens, the Gorgons, and the Grææ ——those infernal hags, who had but one eye and one tooth among them, which they used to borrow, by turns, as they were to see company, or chew their cud.

When I speak of the Syrens, I only mean the three of them that are now alive—namely, Aglaop, Pisimoe, and Thelxiop——There had been a fourth among them originally—the dear Parthenope—my favourite, of them all—They were the daughters of Melpomene.—She got them merely to divert her melancholy—by whom, I really have forgot.

They had been, all four, maids of honour to the princess Europa, when the divine bull carried her off——The chaste, the tender Parthenope was so shocked at the rape, that she took grief and died. Her mistress had, happily, a stronger constitution. ——Or, possibly, a rape may sometimes offend those who are not ravished, more than those that are.

Geryon had three bodies, Cerberus heads enough for them all; and Solomon as many options. There were three triumvirates—Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus—Augustus, Anthony, and Lepidus——and Andrews, Beville, and Carewe—This last is formed by one Triglyph too.

Apollo had his tripod, and Neptune his trident. One, two, three, and away, was the note for starting at the Olympick races. And the antients used to call thrice upon every corpse, to know if it could start any objection to its being interred.

Which naturally leads me to Hades, or Ades, the old-fashioned region of distribution, according to our

good or bad deeds. It consisted of three provinces —Erebus, Tartarus, and Elysium——Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory. It had its three judges too—Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamanthus.—Its three rivers also—Phlegethon, Cocytus, and Acheron.—With many other triads, too numerous and inconsiderable to mention.

In the midst of the above enumerations tripartite, it occurred to me, to mention the Pope's triple crown among the rest. But I supposed, that this emblem had its allusion—and I was resolved to restrict myself entirely to fable.

With regard to the following collection, I think I need not trouble you with any manner of preface about it; for the very title of it sufficiently explains the nature of the design. I thought that a compilation of this kind, might be not only an entertainment to the publick, but also, in some instances, improving.

Adieu——

That ye may thrice happy be, prays your thrice obliged, and thrice humble servant,

TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO.

THE KORAN.

MEMORABILIA.

1. ZOROASTER, says Pliny, was reported to have laughed on the day of his birth. Sir Thomas More laughed in the hour of death.——Which was the most extraordinary?

2. Publius Syrus says, that a woman knows no medium between loving and hating.

3. There were famous women of all the philosophick sects——but infinitely a greater number are recorded of the Pythagorean school——though it enjoined silence, and the keeping of secrets.

4. John Weaver, in his History of Antient Monuments, published in the year 1630, quotes the following prophesy from an holy anchorite in king Elthred's time:

"Englyshmen, for as much as they use to dronk-
"elewnes, to treason, and to rechlesnes of Goddes
"hous, first by Danes, and then by Normans, and
"atte third time by Scottes they shall be over-
"come."

5. Monsieur, Sainctyon in his life of Tamerlane, says, that in a certain Persian nation, of the province of Chouvatsam, the people are all born with a musical voice; and that the children's moan or cry in the cradle is perfectly melodious.

This must be owing——for I would always rather account for, than dispute a thing——to the peculiar situation of the country, which may possibly have

the effect of modulating the air. In hilly countries, the elastick spring of that element communicates a certain shrillness, or sharp accent, to whatever sound it reverberates. In Wales, the dogs bark with an ear-piercing tone—and perhaps with a brogue, as Mrs. Digherty says, in Ireland.

6. The last words that Nero uttered, after he had done but justice on himself, were—O what an excellent harper dies this day.

7. My taylor in London used to let his pipe flow all day, by way of lulling himself with the sound of a water-fall.

8. That dukes would be ministers of state! and that cobblers should keep holy-days!

9. In the Rabbinical account of the Jewish trials and punishments for adultery, there is one very curious particular:

They gave the woman a potion, composed by the priest, called *aqua zelotypiæ*, or the water of jealousy.—If she had been guilty, it poisoned her forthwith—without benefit of clergy. But if innocent, it increased her health and fruitfulness——What fine juggling there must have been here!

And if the husband happened to have been guilty in the same way himself, the draught had no ill effect on the woman, though she had been ever so culpable.—Natural justice, this.

10. The Spanish inns make a charge for noise always in their bills, whether you make any or no.

11. The bishop of Beauvais, who succeeded Cardinal Richlieu, as premier in France, proposed to the Dutch, that they should all turn papists, or be turned out of the alliance with the grand monarch.

12. Louis the fourteenth, though a king, rewarded merit, and encouraged literature.

13. The two last letters in *Sh*ibbole*th*, would be as good a test of an Irishman, as the two first were of the Ephraimites.

14. The Athenians always cast their children into the sea, that happened to be born with any manner of defect or deformity.—I prefer my own scheme in the Callimachies to this See No. 58.

15. *Inter se* is an idiom in the Latin, which signifies, *from each other ;* though both the grammar and dictionary of that language would render it, *among themselves*—which is the very reverse.

16. To grammarians, linguists, nurses, and philosophers, greeting :

What can be the reason, that all the little children of Great-Britain and Ireland universally say Me, for I ?—Me love you—Me is sleepy—Me is hungry, &c.

This cannot be imitation—For the most illiterate parent, nurse, or servant, always say I.

17. The antients have depicted Cupid and Somnus so alike, that they are not to be distinguished, but by their emblems.

Surely they could not mean, by this equivocation, that love was but a dream, which vanishes into air, as soon as we awaken to our senses.

18. The devil is Milton's hero. Ovid seems to have been as partial as the old giants.

19. Spence, in his Polymetis, says, very gravely, that the giants were not so easily conquered, as might have been expected.

And again, that some poets had described that

affair, as attended with more difficulty than they ought.

20. Spence says also, that Statius describes Minos and Æacus sitting in judgment, to assist Pluto —and adds, but it must have been only occasionally.

21. Adad was the greatest of the Assyrian gods. —Is this what we mean, when we swear adad?

22. Lord Kames, in his Elements of Criticism, hints, that brutes might become rational, if the use of speech was communicated to them.—Pray are parrots or magpies rational? Women are, we know ——but would they be less so, if they spoke less?

23. Androcles was the name of the person who led the tame lion about the streets of Rome. See the story of it in Aulus Gellius; and believe it, if you can.

24. The expression in Shakespeare, of sack and sugar, is not so absurd as it sounds.——Put sugar to sack, and it gives it a brisk, lively flavour, that cures it of that heavy, luscious taste, which it has in its own nature.

25. Sir Isaac Newton was mistaken in his philosophy of vegetables being nourished by moisture. It is only the vehicle. The *pabulum*, or *incrementum*, is received from the earth.

I am sorry that this *postulatum* is not true.——It would have destroyed the assertion of the atheists, that this world was from all eternity. Had plants taken their argument from moisture, and then perished into earth, there could not have subsisted such an element as water now in nature. Therefore, the Mosaick history of the world's having been *made in time*, must have been true.

It might also have suggested a philosophical proof of this world's being finally to be destroyed by fire. ——For heat will increase, in proportion to the decrease of moisture.

26. A certain Venetian, a person of polite learning and fine taste, was so struck with the refined difference between Catullus and Martial, in their epigrams, that he used to perform an annual ceremony in his library, on each returning day of Catullus's mortuity, in which he sacrificed a volume of Martial's works to the manes of his favourite author.

27. It has been remarked, that men are often most strongly attached to women who have not one valuable, or amiable quality to recommend them. ——The argument for which must then be, that if a man happens to fall in love without any reason, he can never have any reason for ceasing to love.

28. George has lately obtained a peerage.—He was little, but would be less—so purchased a title, and became more contemptible.

29. Fish-women cry Noble Oysters.——They certainly are full as noble as any family blazoned out in Collins's peerage.——If not of as antient an house, of as old a bed at least ——And to show their richness too, pearls and they are congenial.

30. The deriving of families from antient times, merely from the sound or similarity of names, as is done in all books of heraidry, puts me in mind of Swift's conceit, in proving the antiquity of bees, from the Hivites, a race of people mentioned in the Old Testament.

31. The Jews were the first nation, upon record, who introduced an attention to genealogy.—They

had a reason for it, both in their law and in their gospel.—But after the coming of our Saviour, one should conclude all such superstition to have been at an end——as St. Paul says, " Neither give heed " to fables, and endless genealogies, which minister " questions, rather than godly edifyings."——And again——" But avoid foolish questions and genealogies."

32. The Beggar's Opera was written in order to run down the Italian ones. But it is of late become the object of its own ridicule. They have so carbonaded and fritterellied it, that it is now neither one thing nor the other—an English, nor an Italian opera——They are, at length, become allies, and hobble *en pair*.

33. The circumstance of Robert discovering his father, William the Conqueror, at an engagement in Normandy, just as he was going to kill him, their reconciliation in the sight of both armies, &c. would be a fine situation for an affecting tragedy.

34. A friend of sir Thomas More's offered him the choice of his daughters for a wife. He liked the second one the best, but accepted of the eldest, merely to save her the mortification of having a younger sister preferred before her.

This is a fine story, by way of test, to try the force of sentiment in others. The question happened to be proposed to me once in this way—I approved of the generosity of the act, but had the modesty to answer it only by saying, that a person ought to be ashamed to differ in opinion from so great a man, in any action of his life.

35. Tacitus gives the character of a man, *magis extra vitiis, quam cum virtutibus*.—This expression

is by means just, in a strict sense; for it is a vice to be void of virtues. *Dum satis putant vitio carere, in id ipsam incidunt vitium, quod virtutibus carent*, says Quintilian, who was not only an excellent critick, but a sound moralist.

Tacitus has many beauties in his writings, but would sacrifice any thing to the framing of an *antithesis*. Sallust, and others among the antients, had the same passion.

36. Locke says, that wit and judgment rarely meet in the same person; because that their talents are directly opposite——the first collecting together all ideas which are any way alike,—and the latter employed in separating those which in any particular differ.

Methinks there is more wit than judgment in this remark—For the same quickness which can form an assemblage, is as nimble as distinguishing.—The proverb is not applicable here,——Those who hide can find.

37. In the ninth book of Pope's Iliad, there is a note on the 494th line, where I think that both Eustathius and he have mistaken the sense.

When Achilles says, that he despises Agamemnon, like a Carian, he seems to hint that he must have had as venal a soul as the people of Caira——a nation of Bœotia, that used to hire out its troops like the modern Swiss—to think that he could be bribed to battle by the presents he offers. He says, just before, his gifts are hateful—and immediately after,

Not though he proffer'd all himself possess'd, &c.

The best way of solving a text, is by its own context.

38. *Ah ! te meæ si partem animæ rapit*
Moturior vis, quid moror altera,
Nec carus æque, nec superstes
Integer ? HOR. LIB. 2. Od. 17.

Please to observe here, that *Paddy* Horace says his friend is part of himself; and that if this same part should be taken away, the remainder—*altera*—would not be the whole——*integer.*

Now if any modern author had written the above passage, would not the English criticks style it an Hibernieism ?

39. There is another passage too in this author, which may likewise be carped at, but that it is not certain whether the error is to be imputed to the writer or transcriber—most probably to the latter, because that so small an erratum would set it right.

——Quid terras alio calentes
Sole mutamus ? Patriæ quis exul
Se quoque fugit ? LIB. 2. Od. 16.

Here the sense is deficient in the first sentence—because the commutation is not proposed—and the expression abounds with a pleonasm in the second ——For *exul* comprehends *patriæ.*

But change this last word into *patria*, and join it to the first sentence——let us see how it will stand upon this alteration.

——Quid terras alio calentes
Sole mutamus patria ? Quis exul
Se quoque fugit ?

You see that the deficiency is by this means supplied in the first part, and the abundance rescinded in the latter.

40. *Pere* Rapin says, very justly, of most of the

Italian writers, that they strive rather to say things wittily than naturally. But both French and English authors have frequently the same fault.

Look back to number 35, for the commencement of this vitious style of writing.

41. The Apollo Belvidere is confessedly the finest statue in the known world. How could the very ingenious Mr. Spence, in his Polymetis, mistake his figure and expression, just after having slain the Python, for a simple Apollo Venator?

42. Who need ever be vain of a poet's praise, when it is so notoriously known that the Muses sang a funeral elegy on the death of this same serpent Python, slain by Apollo, their very god?

43. In philosophy, it is said, that eunuchs bear wine better than men do. The philosopher then who claimed the prize of drinking, for being the first drunk, did honour to his gender.

Listen to this, ye jovial country 'squires, and never boast again of being 'able to carry off a greater quantity of liquor'—I think that is the phrase——than other men.

44. St. James says, 'Count it all joy, when you fall into divers temptations.'

45. By the institutions of Lycurgus, the rigour of the Spartan discipline, both in apparel and diet, was relaxed in time of war.

46. There be six things, in physick, styled non-naturals. And what do you think they are? Even the most natural things in nature——diet——evacuation——air——exercise——sleeping——and waking.

47. In the Harleian Miscellany, volume the first, and page first—the preamble—there is this expres-

sion :—" To show that when God is on our side, " neither the power nor the policy of man is able to " do us harm."—What a deep reflection ! How many volumes of sermons have I seen wrote in the same way !

48. The Capital of Rome was so called, because that a man's head—which might have been a woman's, for aught they knew—the gender does not lie there—happened to have been dug out of the foundation.

From this hint, the Augurs prophesied, that Rome should become the capital of the world.—You may see what sort of reasoners priests must have been from the beginning.

Rome was styled also the mistress, not the master of the world.——Which seems sufficiently to justify my surmise, above hinted, about the head.

49. Madness is consistent——which is more than can be said for poor reason. Whatever may be the ruling passion at the time, continues equally so throughout the whole delirium—though it should last for life.

Madmen are always constant in love ; which no man in his senses ever was.—Our passions and principles are steady in phrenzy ; but begin to shift and waver, as we return to reason.

50. It is an hard case, that the laws should not have made any manner of difference between murdering an honest man, and only executing a scoundrel. I really think that these things should always be rated *ad valorem*.

51. Pliny says, that the crocodile increases in strength to its latest age, and dies in full vigor——

This would be a good poetical simile for avarice, which

"Grows with our growth, and strengthens with our *weakness*."

52. A lady of my acquaintance told me one day in great joy, that she had got a parcel of the most delightful novels to read that she had ever met with before. They call them Plutarch's Lives, said she. ——I happened, unfortunately, to inform her ladyship, that they were deemed to be authentick histories. Upon which her countenance fell, and she never read another line in them.

53. A servant maid I had once—her name was not Dorothy*—returned home crying one day, because a criminal, whom she had obtained leave to go see executed, happened to get a reprieve.

She had no spleen to the fellow—for he had been condemned only for a rape; nor was she of a cruel nature—but she had lost a sight.

54. Ravisius Textor has given us a catalogue of persons who died laughing.

55. The *Lex Papia* forbade men to marry after sixty, and women after fifty.

I think the law was wrong in the first article—— because men may have children long after that age ——or their wives may, at least, which answers as well for the community. But matrimony is generally thrown away upon any woman after Wilkes's number.

To have children, is the only modest reason a woman can give for marriage. And after such pretence has ceased, what an indecent thing must it be,

* See chapter xxxiii. last paragraph but one.

to see her proceeding to the gratification of her concupiscence, at the very foot of the altar ?

56. A watch or clock goes the faster for being foul.

57. The famous princess Catharine Sforza, being besieged in a fortress by rebels, was threatened by them to have her children put to death, if she did not surrender the garrison——"Do with them as you please," said she, "for behold I have *a mold* to cast more."——So saying, she stepped up on the wall. ——I leave the historian to tell the rest. "*Hist. des femmes illustres.*"

I think that she might have been celebrated for her immodesty, as Jael was for her treachery above women in the tent.

58. Monsieur Menage, a poet of distinguished eminence in France, always sent a criticism to the press immediately after every piece he published, to prove that he had not one requisite of a poet in any of his writings; and that he wrote all his verses, *invita Minerva*, by the mere dint of labour only. What a caprice !

59. Alecto inspiring Amata with rage, is compared by Virgil to a boy whipping his top.

60. Ask doctor Smollet what he means in his Travels by the Genoese, the empress of Russia, and making heaven accountable for the death of Peter the Third——Joan——and the predestination of her son ?

61. There are certain fishes, styled abdomidals, that have fins underneath their bellies——which your fishmonger philosophers say prevent their turning on their backs.

This particular, I hear, is only true of fishes, but not of those animals '*quæ destinunt in piscem.*'

62. Diotima, a female philosopher, was the person that initiated Socrates into the *philosophia amatoria*, which the Platonist afterwards extolled so highly.

63. Theano, another female philosopher, used to advise married women 'to lay aside shame with their clothes.'

This brothel-maxim is finely reprehended by the chaste Plutarch, who says, 'That women ought never to be naked, for when they put off their garments, they should clothe themselves with modesty.'

64. The same Theano told Timæonides, who had often reviled her, that, notwithstanding his unkindness, she always spoke well of him——but had the luck still to find, that her panegyrick had the same fate with his satire—to be equally discredited.

Prior, and others, have stolen epigrams from this expression:

> "You always speak ill of me,
> "I always speak well of thee——
> "But, spite of all our noise and pother,
> "The world believes not one nor t'other."
>
> PRIOR.

65. I knew a man who was governed by no one principle in the world but fear.—He had no manner of objection to going to church, but lest 'the devil might take it ill.'

66. The learned are not yet agreed, whether an Olympiad contained four or five years.—The lustre is happily out of dispute, and fixed at five.

67. How children come to be marked, before they come into the world, by an impression made only on the sight of the mother, is inexplicable by

philosophy. Nay, philosophy denies the fact, but leaves the contingency of it rather a greater mystery.

68. Women entered originally into the Olympick games——but some confusion happening once on their accounts, they were forbidden to appear there for the future, on pain of death, if found disguised.

Yet a woman, named Herenice, did afterwards venture her life, for the mere pleasure of wrestling and boxing there——and won the prize.

She could not conceal her triumph : which coming to the judges' ears, they ordered, that thenceforward all athleticks should be performed naked.

This my author, who is a joker, says, prevented their entering the circus for the future, but made them all crowd to the ring.

69. Solon deprived parents of all paternal authority over bastards.——The reason he gave for it is curious——That as they were only fathers for their own pleasure, this should be their only reward.

Married men seem to be here unfavourably distinguished by Solon—as mere drudges in the vineyard.——I suppose Solon had an ugly wife.

70. Hucheson, in his philosophick treatise on beauty, harmony, and order, plus's and minus's you to heaven or hell, by algebraick equations——so that none but an expert mathematician can ever be able to settle his accounts with St. Peter—and perhaps St. Matthew, who had been an officer in the customs, must be called in to audite them.

71. The pseudomenos, a problem among the *stoicks*—a quibble merely in words.

72. The anacampserotes——a certain root—the touch of which is said to reconcile lovers.

73. Lycurgus was the person who collected together all the works of Homer in Asia Minor, and brought them into Greece.

Plato would exclude all the poets from his commonwealth.—Observe here the difference between a person who had formed a real state, and one who had framed only an ideal one.

74. Hermonides, a disciple of Timotheus, asked his master one day, How he should conduct himself, in order to obtain the prize of musick, at a publick opera that was then to be performed ?

" If the theatre be thin," said the old fellow, " play " your best——for the audience may probably be se- " lect and judicious—— But to a crowded house, be " sure you play as ill as you can—because the mul- " titude have Midas's ears."

Hermonides, like other young people, asked advice which he meant not to take—exerted all his talents—excelled every competitor—lost the prize—and died that very night of the mortification he had received, by not taking the old sage's counsel.

75. There is an original necessity in our nature ' to determine ourselves.'—Providence has implanted this propensity in us, to prevent suspension of action, where reasons may be wanting or equipoised.

In the most indifferent cases, we are apt to feel an inclination to favour one side of a question more than the other.——Two men boxing, two horses running, two cocks fighting, two dogs snarling——even two fishwomen scolding——though all equally unknown——one will naturally take part with one or the other——' We must determine ourselves.'

Two competitors for a crown appear on the theatre of war together. Even their very names shall decide the point, with regard to us, unknowing of their respective titles or merits.—It was morally impossible to have remained indifferent, between Meer Jaffeir and Cossin Ally Cawn, two rival nabobs some time ago. I vowed fealty to the latter; and my wife, whether through loyalty or perverseness, always took part with the first against us.

And if the strife should happen to be between a man and a woman, the respective sexes shall take different sides in the contention——though not always on the part of their respective genders—for women are sometimes partial to a woman, merely because she is one——but oftener to a man, for the same reason. No matter for the motives—we labour under 'a physical necessity of determining ourselves.'

In fine, there is but one struggle between man and woman, in which both men and women equally wish success to one side *only*——to which part I need not say.—For as my readers must be either male or female, I shall refer the decision to their joint concurrence.

76. Brutus was originally a name of contempt, given first to Lucius Junius, by Tarquin, on account of his pretending madness and folly, in order to escape the notice and jealousy of that tyrant, who had put his father and brother to death.

Virtue can render the meanest name great——and vice turn the greatest into contempt——Listen, ye plebeians and ye peers!

77. Margaret de Valois, queen of Navarre, was *styled* a tenth muse, and a fourth grace.

78. Solon said, that if all men were to cast their misfortunes into one common heap, every person would rather take up his own lot again, than accept an equal share with the rest.

This is an odd expression——for, as he makes the reflection general, it is as much as to say, in effect, that every one's evils were less when put in, and greater when taken out. This might be true of some, but could not possibly be so of all.

79. Plato said of Dionysius's court, at his return from Sicily, on his being asked what he observed remarkable there—— "*Vidi monstrum in natura, "hominem bis saturatum in die.*"——By *saturatum*, he meant merely eating, not drinking.

What would he have said, had he lived in modern times, and seen not only two meals, but two debauches, in the same day!

80. In the life of Henry Prince of Wales, there is a curious story told, of a speech made by a pope, who silenced a priest, for preaching doctrines 'contrary to the catholick faith.'

The man defended himself, by saying that he had advanced nothing but the gospel, and the word of God——To which his holiness replied, that this was, in effect, 'to subvert the catholick religion.'

81. Tiberius was the person who offered a premium for the invention or contrivance of any new pleasure.

82. Providence has supplied the body with refreshment and medicine, in the animal, vegetable, and mineral world—and to our minds hath given, both for relief and cure, religion, musick, and the sciences.

Whether I write the above observation from reflection or recollection, I do declare most ingenuously, that I cannot be certain this moment.—Memorandum, that memory is apt to forget.

83. Ludovicus Jacob says of Pontus de Thiard, who was both a bishop and a poet, that his erudition was too universal for the first, and too profound for the latter.

84. Balzac said, that Virgil had prevented Tasso from being the first epick poet of Italy, but that Tasso had prevented him from being the last.

85. It is reported of Sebastian, a very good Latin poet, that he could seldom avoid speaking in verse, in his common conversation.

In general, warm people, as poets naturally are, speak usually in blank verse—except they stutter.

"I lisp'd in numbers—for the numbers came."

86. The Count de Bonarelli, an Italian nobleman, had passed through a regular course of divinity and philosophy, and distinguished himself in both these studies.

He was afterwards taken from those pursuits, and employed by the great duke of Ferrara, in sixteen embassies of state; in all which he acquitted himself with great address, both as a politician and a minister.

He had never written one line of poetry in his life, till he was about threescore years of age; when, having retired from publick business, he undertook for his amusement a pastoral poem, which he executed with a fame equal to Guarini's Pastor Fido and Tasso's Aminta.

87. The covetous man is poor—but the contented one rich—said Bias the philosopher.

88. Solon built a city in Cilicia, which he named Soleis, and peopled it with a colony from Athens; who, mixing with the natives of the country, corrupted their language, and were said to solecise.—Diogenes Laertius gives us this derivation for the word solecism.

89. Simonides, a very sweet Greek poet, was so affected about the nicety of his expression, that being to mention mules, upon some occasion, he styled them daughters of mares.——Upon which Diogenes rallied him, by asking, whether they were not daughters of asses as well?

90. In Plato's Phedon, Socrates says, that, while the soul is immersed in matter, 'it staggers, strays, frets, and is giddy like a man in drink.'

There is a passage in the Psalms, from whence one must be almost certain he must have borrowed this image——— "They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end." Psalm 107. verse 27.

Here, not only the simile is the same, and the expression almost so—as near as different translations of the same text, not performed by the Septuagint, can be supposed to approach——but the very occasions are parallel also. The first describes the state of the soul, under the incumbrances of corporeal affections, and the latter speaks of men unassisted by grace.

91. Plato allowed mirth and wine to old men, but forbade them both to young ones. To be merry and wise, might have been a proverb deduced from *this law.*

But Plato's reason was truly philosophick——that while our natural cheerfulness and spirits remain, we should never use incitements. To spur a free horse, soon makes a jade of him.

92. Antigonus said, "*Qui Macedoniæ regem erudit, omnes etiam subditos, erudit*'—'*Qualis rex talis grex*," says somebody else.

This is not always so. It is only what may be styled a capable truth.—Virtue will not be sufficient—for example, alone, won't do. The king must have both sense and spirit too. He should let all his bounties, honours, and preferments, flow in one chaste channel, and, like heaven, bribe us to our good.

93. Is it not an amazing thing, that men shall attempt to investigate the mystery of the redemption, when, at the same time that it is propounded to us as an article of faith solely, we are told, that 'the very angels have desired to pry into it in vain?'

94. See the character of Francis David Sterne, in the Annual Register for the year 1760, and compare it with the jealous phrenzy of Jean Jacques Rousseau.——The unaccountable caprices of human nature.

95. I asked an hermit once in Italy, how he could venture to live alone, in a single cottage, on the top of a mountain, a mile from any habitation?—He replied, that 'Providence was his very next door neighbour.'

96. A library.

Plerumque in qua simulac pedem posui, foribus pessulum abdo.—Ambitionem autem, amorem, libidem, avaritiam, excludo, quorum parens est ignavia, imperitia nutrix—et in ipso æternitatis gremio, inter tot

Illustres animos sedem mihi sumo, cum ingenti quidem animo, ut subinde magnatum me misereat, qui felicitatem hanc ignorant. HEINSIUS.

In the world, you are subject to every fool's humour.——In a library you can make every wit subject to yours.

HENRY AND FRANCES.

97. The mareschal de Bellegarde was a lover, and a favorite of Anne of Austria's, but happened to be discarded upon the following occasion :

When he was taking leave of her majesty, to repair to his command in the army, he solicited her, with an air of passion and mystery, to give him her hand ; which, after she had, with a blush, some hesitation, and turning aside her head,

" With neck retorted, and oblique regard,"

at length consented to, he applied it immediately ' to the hilt of his sword.'

A most stupid piece of old-fashioned gallantry, to be sure.—But observe, at the same time, the unaccountable caprice of woman, in his dismissal.

98. Plutarch has a fine expression, with regard to some woman of learning, humility, and virtue——That her ornaments were such as might be purchased without money, and would render any woman's life both glorious and happy.

99. Extract——*unde nescio.*

Adam signifies earth, and Eve life.—But, not to insist upon Hebrew definitions, man was originally made of the dead earth—but woman of the living man—therefore, of a more excellent nature.—There are no conclusions so strong as those that are drawn from the *petitio principii.*

100. Another fragment in favour of the sex:

It is remarkable, that as by a woman we were all undone, so by a woman we were all retrieved again.

For as the virgin conceived without the co-operation of man, all the human nature that Christ took upon himself, must have been derived entirely from the feminine gender.

101. The Laplanders have odd notions. They encourage the killing of bears in their country; and have framed this law, that any man who destroys one, shall be exempted from cohabiting with his wife for a week——and so on, *toties quoties*.

102. Heraclitus was the person who first introduced the burning of the dead, upon this philosophy, that fire was the predominant principle of all things; and that by such dissolution, the ethereal flame, or soul of man, was better and sooner purified and disunited from the grossness of matter.

103. The doctors of the Sorbonne, in the year 1550, caused a priest to be deprived of his benefice, for pronouncing the words *quisquis* and *quamquam*, as they are spelled, instead of *kiskis* and *kamkam*, as they had reformed them.

Which were the greater fools, they, or the priest?

104. Sophocles has written a tragedy, which consists of but one entire monologue, of a person complaining and lamenting a sore heel. See the Philoctetes.

105. In the whole Hebrew dictionary there is not one word to express nature or philosophy.

106. Pythagoras was the person who first changed the arrogant appellation of sophos, or wise man, to philosopher, or a lover of wisdom.

107. What a savage race of men must the ancient Romans have been, who had but one word, *hostis*, in their language for an enemy and a foreigner?

108. Mr. Hume says, "Can we expect that a gov-
"ernment will be well modelled by a people, who
"know not how to make a spinning-wheel, or to
"employ a loom to advantage?"

109. A good simile—as concise as a king's declaration of love.

110. Sir Isaac Newton standing by the side of a quarry, saw a stone fall from the top of it to the ground—— "Why should this stone, when loosen-
"ed from its bed, rather descend, than rise, or fly
"across? Either of these directions must have
"been equally indifferent to the stone itself."

Such was his soliloquy; and this thefirst philosophick reflection he had ever made. This led him first into considering the nature of gravity, &c.—So that to a mere accident we owe all those deep researches, and useful discoveries, with which he has since enriched the sciences.

111. Plutarch imputes the ceasing of many of the oracles, to the world's being thinner peopled at that time than formerly.—"The gods, says he, would
"not deign to use so many interpreters of their wills,
"to so small an handful of people."

112. Solon was the person who granted a power to parents of putting their children to death.—— Who was it that gave them authority to condemn their daughters to a nunnery?

113. Plutarch commends Attalus for destroying all his own children in order to leave his wealth and kingdom to his nephew.

One unnatural action induced another—For Atta-

lus's reason for so doing, was, that his brother, the father of that nephew, had left him his heir, in wrong to his own son.

114. Men affect parrots, that disgrace human speech—and are fond of monkies, that ridicule human action.

115. Great eaters have generally but dull intellects——The dromedary is said to have four stomachs.

116. A very curious and authentick letter has been lately brought to light, from the queen of Scots to Elizabeth——which makes the latter's chastity not to be so problematical a point as general history had left it to us. See the Annual Register for 1759, page 323.

117. See the contrasted character of young Servin, in Sully's Memoirs, for an extraordinary instance in human nature.

118. Mr. Spence, in his Polymetis, says, that there must have been a nymph whose name was Aura—or Procris could never have conceived a jealousy at the expression of Cephalus, *Aura veni.*

How could a person of his taste, and excellent criticism, possibly make so poor a comment! This passage certainly does not, in the least, prove that there ever was such a nymph, but only that Procris imagined there was.

Had he remembered Shakespeare, he would have known that

> "Trifles light as air, are, to the jealous,
> "Confirmation strong," &c.

119. Mr. Spence is shamefully mistaken in another passage too. He says, that the Hamadryads, *were not* reputed by the poets to have been the souls

of particular trees, but the nymphs of the woods in general.

But these latter were always distinguished by the title of Dryads,—from whence Druids,——and the former were only thought to be the lives of trees.

120. The seeing an object distinctly, with one eye, and the not seeing it double with two, must appear to be an unaccountable circumstance in vision. —The same philosophical question may be applied to hearing.

121. What scolds must women have been deemed from the beginning, when all the familiars, the familiares, or female genii, were styled Juonnes?

122. I was acquainted once with a gallant soldier, who assured me that his only measure of courage was this:

Upon the first fire, in an engagement, he immediately looked upon himself as a dead man. He then bravely fought out the remainder of the day, perfectly regardless of all manner of danger, as becomes a dead man to be.

So that all the life or limbs he carried back again to his tent, he reckoned as clear gains—or, as he himself expressed it, so much out of the fire.

123. A man is shorter, standing up, than lying along. He is certainly near six lines, or about half an inch, longer, in bed, than when up.

124. Peculiarities in Clark's Latin grammar:

He reckons but seven parts of speech, leaving out the pronoun and participle, and substituting the adjective for both.

He admits only five cases of nouns, rejecting the vocative.——His reason for this is curious.——See the note, page 1.

The order of his cases too stand thus :——Nominative, accusative, genitive, dative, and ablative.

125. About the middle of the thirteenth century, and in the pontificate of Gregory the Ninth, a curious incident happened.

Count Gleichen was taken prisoner, in an engagement against the Saracens, and condemned to slavery. He was employed at work in the gardens of the seraglio, and happened to be taken notice of by the Sultan's daughter.——She found out that he was a person of distinction, conceived a passion for him, and offered to contrive his escape, if he would marry her.

He honestly told her that he had a wife already. She replied, that she made no manner of scruple of that circumstance, as the custom of her country allowed men a pleurality. Upon these terms then they agreed, and had the fortune to get safe together to Venice. He hastened to Rome, made Gregory acquainted with the particulars of the story, and, upon promise to make Miss Saracen turn catholick, obtained a dispensation to keep both wives.

The first wife was much rejoiced at recovering her husband, upon any conditions, that she acquiesced in the articles, and showed herself grateful, in the highest instance, to his fair deliverer. The story mentions another unnatural circumstance also in this matter—that the Saracen had no children, but showed a mother's fondness toward those of her rival.—What pity that she did not leave some of her breed behind her !

At Gleichen they still continue to show the bed in which they all three used to sleep peaceably to-

gether——which, for that reason, might more properly be styled the grave.

They were all buried in the same tomb, in the church of the Petersberg Benedictines, and lie under a stone, with this epitaph, which the count, who outlived them both, ordered to be inscribed upon it.

"Here lie the bodies of two rival wives, who, "with unparalleled affection, loved each other as "sisters, and me extremely. The one fled from "Mahomet, to follow her husband—the other was "willing to embrace the spouse she had recovered: "—United by the ties of matrimonial love, we had "when living, but one nuptial bed; and, in our "deaths, only one marble to cover us."

126. Plato describes two Cupids—a celestial and a terrestrial one.—Perhaps he meant thus to divide the ancient opinion of the two urchins, who are said one to cause, and the other to cease, love—or, more likely, to distinguish Platonick love from the natural one.

127. Sir Francis Bacon says, the Muses are in league together with time, and preserve the privileges of the golden age——Poetry subsists after states and empires are lost. The poet's life unites safety with dignity, pleasure with merit——I wish I could add, profit also——and bestows admiration without envy. It places a man in the feast, and not in the throng—in the light, but not in the heat.

128. It was said, very justly and refinedly, by a lady, mentioned in one of Swift's letters, that in men, desire begets love——and in women, love begets desire:

129. *Quid tam dignum misericordia, quam miser?*

130. *Il pensieri stretti, et il viso sciolto*, was sir Harry Wooton's advice through life.

131. In Comus, speaking of midnight shout and revelry, upon joyful occasions, Milton justly says, "they thanked the gods amiss."

132. A man must be born a schoolmaster. He must be more or less than man, says Le Sage, in his Bachelor of Salamanca, to preserve his patience.

133. It is surprising that there should be persons on the face of the earth, who love themselves so little, as to fret at every thing, to be constantly out of humour, and set the whole world against them.

134. I have long ceased to wonder at all the operations of nature, except one. Take a seed of a fruit tree, or a flower; cut it to pieces, or bruise it in a mortar, and you will perceive but one colour in it. Sow another grain of the same kind, and it shall produce flowers or fruits, containing every tint in the rainbow.

The lynx-ey'd philosopher may pursuade himself, that he 'spies the future tree, or flower, in the present seed——but he can never persuade me, that he sees, or foresees their future colours there.

There appears to be something more here, I confess, then mere second causes, requisite to account for such a phenomenon.

135. In a French book I was reading some time ago, I met with a stupid exercise of wit, of which I give you here a specimen, merely because it is new, in a distich of French verse, wrote in the following manner.

O c—! d— a m— c— d— f—— s——,
P— p—— s—— d— d—— s— c——

Another, in Latin verse.

O m— t—l—— m——p—— u—— v——,
S——, e— q—— s— e— t— d——f——

Another, in English.

F—f— m—— g—, t— i—— a—— c—,
A—f—— u—— t——, t— d—— r——.

If you have nothing else to do, try to puzzle these out. It will be better than drinking, or falling asleep, or fretting because you have not a thousand pounds a-year.

136. The following inscription, taken from Aldersgate, is a conceit of the same kind with the former——but much more foolish, because more ingenious and difficult. The language is Latin.

Qu an tris di c vul stra
os guis ti ro um nere vit.
H san chris mi t mu la.

If you have a turn for riddling, I shall leave you to amuse yourself with the above laborious dullness, after you have dispatched the former carrity-witches.

137. I knew a common fellow once who had been born a fool.—He was an excellent labourer and, barring accidents, the best verbal messenger in the country where he lived.

While he was receiving his instructions, he used always to hold one hand on the opposite ear, lest the directions should steal through it——and the instant you had done, he would clap his other hand upon the listening ear, and run off with the story to the person appointed to receive it.

But if, by accident, he happened to fall, or was any otherwise obliged to take off either of his hands

from his ears, he immediately lost all remembrance of the message, and would return back, crying for fresh instructions.

138. The best account for the belief of miracles has been given by Gil Blas.—He says, that "the "marvellous strikes the imagination; and when "once that has been gained over, the judgment has "no longer fair play."

139. A curious sentence I once met with, I don't know where——"*Mundus ipse, qui ob antiquitatem "deberet esse sapiens, semper stultizat, et nullis fla-"gellis alteratur; sed, ut puer, vult rosis et floribus, "coronari.*"

140. *Vitam regit fortuna, non sapientia*——This is a very bad moral, and I wonder how the author of Tully's Offices could suffer it to escape him.

141. Lycurgus, in order to confirm his establishment for ever, took a journey to Delphos, on pretence of consulting the oracle; first obliging the king, senate and people, in an oath, not to alter the state till his return.

He then retired into voluntary exilement for life. —What a deal of virtue and simplicity must they have had in those days!

142. *Ex sensibus ante cætera homini tactus, deinde gustatus—reliquis superatur a multis—Aquilæ clarius cernunt——Vultures sagacius odorantur—liquidius audiunt Talpæ, obrutæ terra.* Plin. Nat. Hist.

143. Maria is the only woman in the world whom smiles become not. She is beautiful when grave, but looks like an idiot whenever she laughs.

If I was her lover, I should be constantly picking of quarrels with her, in order to preserve my con-

stancy.——For the maxim of *amantrium ira, &c.* is most peculiarly applicable here.

144. How imperfect must the state of orthography have been, when there was no difference between the numerals that express four and two hundred!

145. Homer, Hesiod, Æsop, the seven wise masters, as they are styled, and the Sybils, were all born under the Assyrian, called the first monarchy.

146. Had all possible musical tones been exhausted by nature, that she was forced to suffer the raven to croak, the owl to screech, the peacock to scream, and the hog to grunt or squeel?

147. The emperor Adrian, who wrote the familiar versicles to his soul, and was a person of surprising knowledge and literature, for a king, preferred Cato to Cicero, and Ennius to Virgil.

148. Septimius Severus, the nineteenth Roman emperor, died at York, in Great Britian.

There was something most remarkably amiable in his person. His son Caracalla attempted to slay him, just after he had declared him his successor, but was prevented by his guards.

The good old man resented only, but revenged not, the intended parricide; and, retiring into his palace, fell ill immediately, and died of grief.

I admire the philosophy in him that forgave, but more love the nature in him that felt.

149. Constantius the last of the Pagan Roman emperors, and father of Constantine the Great, died also at York.

150. Heliogabalus, though a sad dog, instituted one very favorable, and therefore just, law—which

was the establishing a female jurisdiction, to sit in judgment upon all trials relative to the sex.

I think that such a supplement is much wanted in our own constitution. How can a female culprit be said to be tried by her peers, without a female jury? But upon all indictments for ravishment, particularly, I would have women only empannelled.—For the business, upon such occasions ought undoubtedly to be, rather to examine the accuser, than to try the accused.

Now, girls often give themselves great airs about being ravished, though nothing might have been farther from their thoughts at the time. They might perhaps have been so, in a natural sense, though not in a legal one——which is all I pretend to contend for. And how is it possible for a man, or even twelve men, to declare upon their consciences, under which of these predicaments the evidence might have laboured?

Women then, most certainly, must be the best judges in these mysteries of the *bona dea*, and can quicker discover whether the testimony arise from a spirit of chastity, of extortion, or extenuation, of the juror's own frailty. And a man ought only to be condemned upon the first category—For if the fact itself should be thought sufficient to convict him, his holiness the Pope himself must infallibly suffer.

151. In the fourteenth century, one Nicolao Gabrini di Rienzi, one of the lowest of the people of Rome, had spirit and ambition enough to conceive a design of compassing the sovereignty of the city—and without money, friends, alliances, or military force, by the mere dint of oratory and perseverance, he did at length effectually obtain his object, and ac-

rived also to such a pitch of power and influence, as to awe several of the potentates of Europe, and to be admitted an arbitrator of kingdoms.

152. Even so late as near the beginning of the sixteenth century, a certain priest, having met with this passage, in some Greek author, *O nous estin oulos, mens humana immaterialis est*, and finding, in his Lexicon, that *oulos* signified a flute or pipe, brought no less than fifteen arguments, in an academical exercise, to prove the human soul to be a whistle.

153 Henry the Fourth, emperor of Germany, received the imperial diadem from the hands of Pope Celestine——who, after he had placed it on his head, while he was on his knees, kicked it off again with his sacred toe, to show his authority over the kings of the earth.

154. The Jews sent legates to Oliver Cromwell, to know whether he was not the true Messiah.

155. Pope Julius the Second was reading the Bible, when an account was brought him of his troops being beaten by the French.—Upon which he threw down the book on the floor, out of resentment to the partiality of heaven.

156 The name of France is a reproach to the nation. It was derived from a people who were denominated France, from the remarkable spirit of liberty for which they had been distinguished.

But, after they had so poorly succumbed to arbitrary sway, the ancient name of Gaul would better have become them——and the dunghill, not the game-cock, should be their ensign.

157. Stephen Barthorius, a king of Poland, said that God had reserved three things to himself——

the power of creation, the knowledge of future events, and the dominion over our consciences.

158. The Romans were a wicked people in their publick policy, though virtuous in their private morals. They made use of the basest, most oppressive, and most cruel methods of aggrandizing their empire—by subjecting all their neighbours to the yoke first, and then, by the help of slaves of their own making, extending their tyranny over the rest of the world. The *punica fides* of the Carthagenians was never so great, as the faithlessness and treachery of the Romans.

159. Ancient Rome rendered herself mistress—which is worse than master——of the world, under her consuls, by the same methods that she continued so afterwards under her popes.

The good of the commonwealth, was the former pretext——and the good of the church, was the latter one. These being the first principles, to which all others were to be subordinate, whatever vice, falsehood, or oppression, that could favour either of these dominions, were considered as publick virtue, or pious fraud.

160. It was lucky, and worthy of remark, that just when the Greek and Roman story had risen to the highest pitch of personal heroism, glory, virtue, and example——and that history had been in full possession of the facts——their languages should fall suddenly into corruption and decay, by the destruction of their empires, so as to become dead ones.

It is by this means that they have obtained to become classical studies, and we read their authors universally, or universitally, at least, with pleasure and improvement——which it had been impossible

to have done, had those tongues, like the living ones, continued still to have been altered, commixed, or enriched, and so have become obsolete, as they must have done, long before the era when they were first established as a study in the European colleges.

161. Boyle, in his Seraphick Love, says, "Our "Saviour is so near unto God, that he might well "have said, *I and the Father are one.*"——By which he seems to have thought, that Christ spoke only figuratively in such expressions.

Boyle had studied the scriptures, both as a commentator and divine. Nay, in the beginning of the twentieth section of this very work, he expressly says, that he had taken some "pains in the study of controversial divinity."

His abilities were great, and his sense of religion warm——so that, both as an enthusiast and a theologist, he would probably have delivered himself more Athanasianly, if he had not been restrained, both as a metaphysician and an expositor.

162. Lewis the Thirteenth took paaticular notice of De Retz, afterwards cardinal, for his generosity and virtue in placing a girl in a convent, who had been sold to him by her mother; as also for his bravery, in desiring his antagonist to take up his sword again, which he had dropt, on his foot slipping, in a duel with him.

The attending to such instances of magnanimity and virtue, in private life, is the being a king. This is the only way that a monarchy can be said to be preferable to a commonwealth.

As this is the most charming prerogative with which princes are endued, I am surprised that they

are not fond of exerting it oftener than they do, during their abundant leisure.——For, like Lucretius's gods, they generally leave the affairs of the world to take care of themselves, under the agency of but second-best causes—or the direction of chance, not choice—and their ministers take care, or don't take care, of all the business of state, without ever troubling them——till after it is done—or undone.

163. Doctor Young said, that Pope had put Achilles into petticoats again——alluding, I suppose, to his first disguise among the daughters of Lycomedes, and to the fetters of rhime.

164. What has surprised me most in history, is to read of so few kings who have abdicated their thrones——not above a dozen or two at the most!

165. I shirted myself this morning the moment I got out of bed.—There happened to be a large pier glass just before me, which exposed me to myself, stark naked. I had never, in all my life, seen such a sight before.

I am subject to reflections, and stood, for near a minute philosophizing on my figure, with my arms *a-kimbo*, resembling, both in shape and complexion, one of your new-fashioned brown Dutch tea kitchens—but alas! without a salamander.

Upon a close scrutiny on all my parts, I could fairly account for every inch, member, or circumstance about me, except my nipples.—The horse, the bull, the ram—nor even the baboon, which comes nearest to man——have them not.—No other male animal of the creation is incumbered with such parts, as actually appear to be of no more use to me than they are to the lady mothers, mentioned in *chapter* xxxiii.

166. A solution of the three riddles mentioned in number 135.

O ciel! donne a mon cœur des forces suffisantes,
Pour pouvoir supporter des douleurs si cuisantes.

O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ;
Spiritus, et quantum sat erit tua dicere facta!

Fear first made gods, the impious atheist cries—
And fear unmade them, the divine replies.

You can easily see the contrivance of it.——The initials only of each word are set down, and a dot made for every letter in it.

I here make a present of this mystery to the publick, for the benefit of the press. It will be a much better method of designing names that one dares not print out, than the common way of A————, B————, &c.

As for example,—Suppose you had been abusing a corrupt minister, till you were tired—but indeed, right or wrong, they are all abused——and then were to conclude your spite, with saying, The man I mean is S——h,—how readily might one mistake this for Sandwich? But were it wrote thus, S——, the obloquy would be obviated——nor would the candid publick suffer malignity to avail itself of the old quibble, *h non est litera*——while the decypherer would soon end the dispute, by construing it into Sejanus.

167. An explanation of the inscription in number 136:

Quos anguis tristi diro cum vulnere stravit.
Hos sanguis Christi miro tum munere lavit.

By comparing these two passages together, you may see how artfully the middle line of the former

is made up from parts of the first, which serve equally to answer to the fragments of the latter.——*Difficiles nugæ.*

168. Female vanity.——Even Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, is said to have cast away her pipe, upon being told by her maids of honour, that it used to discompose her features—and would never suffer herself to be served, as all the other goddesses had so notoriously been, for fear of spoiling her shape.

169. A friend of mine once had conceived a particular aversion to persons who had been born with red hair. He carried this strange prejudice to an extravagant length. He used to say, that he could never confide in a friend or a mistress of this complexion—for that the men were false, and women frisky.

An instance or two of this kind had determined his philosophy, with as much reason as the jockey, in an old story, had for the reverse——who having once met with a good horse, who happened to be cropt-eared, pronounced that cropt-eared horses were naturally good.—A barber too, recommended white-hafted razors from the same experience.

Red hair is only a sign—if it be any sign at all—of warm or lively affections; and operates according to the ruling passion, of love, religion, ambition, play, revenge, &c.——which differs equally both in men and women of all complections. And I have always found more virtue in warm affections, than in lukewarm ones.——Warm passions may be tempered, but cold ones can never be brought to *seeth.*

170. In the Passion, painted by Michael Angelo, the Virgin is finely described, according to her per-

culiar circumstances—though certainly most absurdly, under the general idea of such a situation.

She stands unmoved, and looking on the sufferings of her son, without grief, without pity, without regret, without tears——because she is supposed to have known that the event was to be finally happy.

What different opinions must a Christian and a Mussulman form of this piece.

171. *Nunc itaque et versus, et cætera ludicra pono : Quod verum, atque decens, curo, et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.* HOR. EPIST.

I met lately with the following lines, which are, in sense, and almost in words, the very same, with the former :

Hic igitur versus, et cætera ludicra pono ;
Quod verum, atque bonum est, inquiro, et totus in hoc sum.

The author of the latter lines was not quoted in the passage from whence I have taken them——which was the Lemma to the Idyllia of Theocritus, translated by Creech. So that I cannot determine which might have been the plagiarist, by comparing their different eras.

Is not this a precious morsel for the criticks? Let me conjecture about it. My opinion is, that Creech meant to have quoted Horace ; and his memory failing him, he might have supplied the verse out of his own head—as is frequently the case, in repeating without book.

My reason is this—Creech translated Horace, though badly ; but must certainly have remembered the above passage in him—and I cannot suppose that he would have taken worse lines to the same purpose from any other writer.

Now the *verum, atque bonum*, in the latter distich, are, in strictness of philosophy, the same thing. —But there is a beautiful distinction between the *verum, atque decens*, in the first lines. Horace joins manners with morals, and adds good breeding to virtue.

Perhaps the anonymous lines above quoted may be in Lucretius——I had read but little of him—from whom Horace is said to have borrowed not only his principles of the Epicurean philosophy, but to have taken several passages out of his writings——among which this may possibly be one, that he has improved.

Creech translated both of these authors, and might naturally be supposed to have been partial to the one, which he had the best success with.

172. 'As obstinate as pig in an entry.' This would have been a fitter simile for Homer to have applied to Ajax or Diomede—Which is it? for I will not take the trouble to look, though the Iliad lies now on my table.

Madame Dacier defends the allusion to the ass, in such a way as deserves not a serious answer.——She had much better have agreed with Horace, and have ranked that simile under the head of

Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.

173. Aristotle's Art of Poetry is the best esteemed piece of criticism among the antients. How came he to excel both Horace and Vida, though better poets, and who had also the advantage of studying him before they wrote?

Because they only copied him——but he had copied nature.——All his rules, as Pere Rapin

says, are but nature methodized, or reason reduced to art.

174. Some of the altitudes or depths of philosophy, are, to doubt our senses, to discredit our own existence, and to require impossible demonstrations for self-evident propositions.

175. The philosopher, I think it was Des Cartes, who, after a world of deep reflection, said, '*Cogito ergo sum*,' might as well have said, *dubito* at first, and have deduced his *ergo* from thence at once.—For, in this case, to doubt is to be certain.

176. See the account of the plays, styled the Mysteries, described in the Preface to Don Quixote.

Cervantes ridicules penances and priestcraft throughout——but knows not where to stop.——The whipping of Sancho, for the disenchantment of Dulcinea, and the twitching and pinknig him for the resurrection of Altisidora, are profane allusions.

In the latter manœuvre, when one of the executioners pinches his face, he cries out, "Your fingers "smell of vinegar."——"And they gave him a "sponge, dipt in vinegar, to drink."

In his last volume, chapters xvii. and xix. he has a stroke at the church, who will not redeem or absolve gratis, as their master did. Why slept the holy inquisition all this while?

177. I have seen whole volumes wrote against the real presence, to prove that matter was not capable of ubiquity—and as many more, not to prove that it was.

This is the way that libraries are filled! or rather stuffed.—I approve greatly of master Triglyph's scheme for one, in chapter xcv. of the Triumvirate

——though possibly my own works might have been excluded from it.

178. By the canon law, if a cardinal be accused of fornication, there must be a septuagint of witnesses to prove it—So that he must kiss a girl at the market-cross, at least, to be convicted.——How many more would be requisite to convict a pope?

179. Socrates has framed an allegory, for pleasure, as allied to pain, that resembles Scriblerus's description of the Lindamira Indamora.——For though their faces are turned different ways, there is no enjoying one, without communicating with the other.

180. Sir Francis Bacon——It is enough just to mention his name only, to show how well entitled he was to remembrance here—both on account of his greatness and littleness.

"The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."

181. The antient philosophy materialized spirit, and the modern, in order to be even with it, has spiritualized matter——What extremes are men liable to run into, who depart one line from common sense!

182. We ridicule the Irish, for saying kilt for killed.—But their authority bears no less a name than Spenser.

183. *Tam daest avaro quod habet, quam quod non habet.*

184. *Quanta laboras in Charybdi!*
Digne puer meliore flamma.

HOR. LIB. I. OD. 27.

How was it possible for Horace, or no Horace, to be guilty of such a confusion of figure, as to say that

a person was drowning, in one line, and worthy of a better flame in another ?

This was going through fire and water for a metaphor, with two witnesses.

185. Among the unaccountable deliriums of human nature, there was a man mentioned in antient history, who fancied that he had got some of Aristophanes's frogs in his belly, crying, *Brece, ekex, coax, oop, oop.*

186. "————*when, O dire omen !*
" *I found my weapon had the arras pierc'd,*
" *Just where the fatal tale was interwoven,*
" *How the unhappy Theban slew his father.*"

ORPHAN.

What had the fatal tale of Oedipus to do with the peculiarity of Chamont's situation ? If he must have a dire omen—though I see no reason for any imagry here at all—he had better have framed his allusion upon the Roman story,

Where the infatuate brother slew his sister ;

for this he was fierce enough to have done himself, had he found her guilty.

187. Doctor Russel says, that a woman may have milk without being pregnant, or having had a child.

188. I am in possession of a faculty, at any time I please, of communicating a sensible pleasure to myself, without action, idea, or reflection : by simple volition, merely.——The sensation is in a degree between feeling and titillation, and resembles the thrilling which permeates the joints of the body, upon stretching and yawning.

189. Crabs, lobsters, toads, serpents, and other

animals, have been found enclosed alive, and in full vigour, in compact oak, and in solid stone.

So that it appears, there are creatures formed by nature for respiration, which yet can subsist, without air, in a preternatural state.

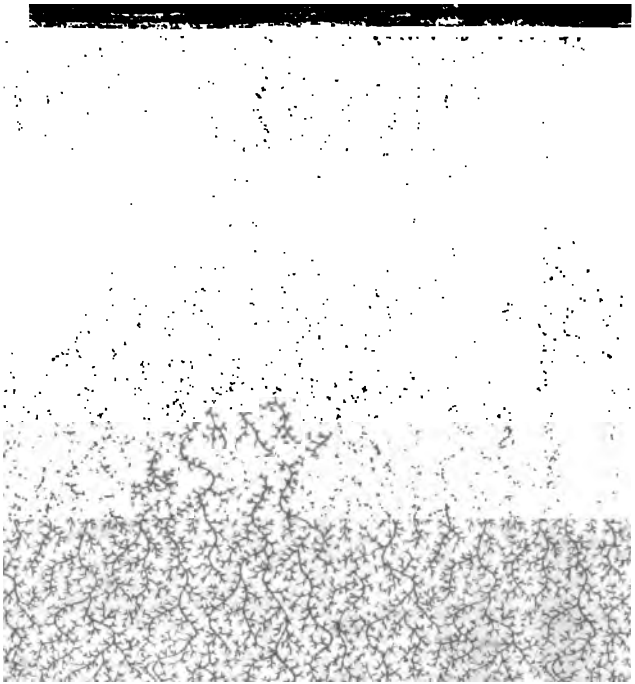
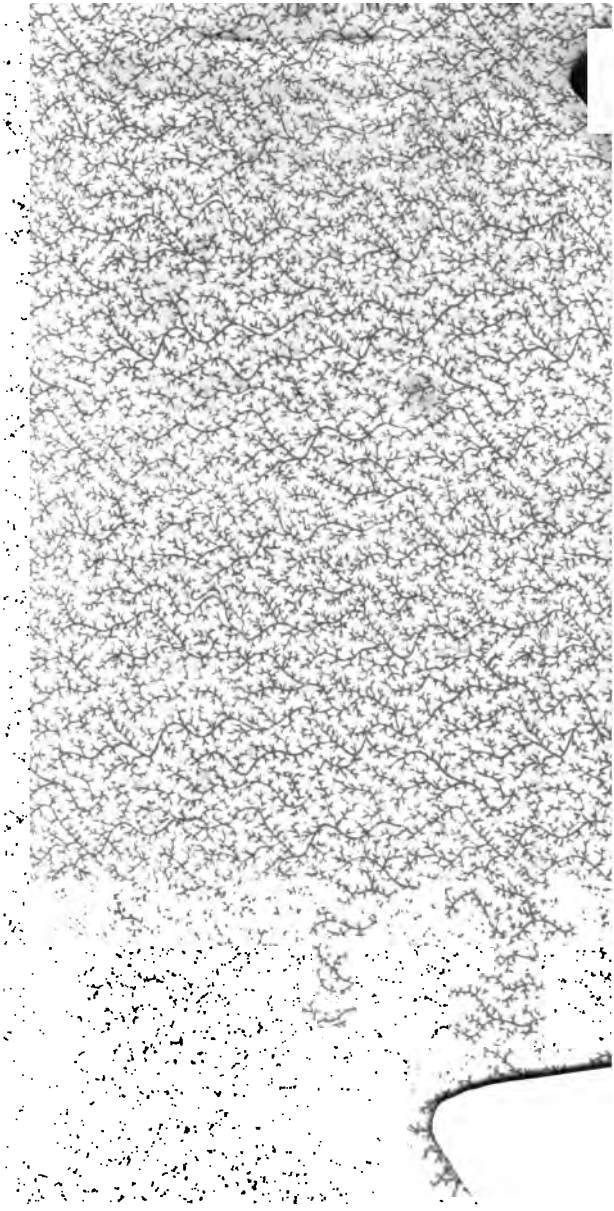
Were I to have limited myself solely to such extraordinary mysteries in natural philosophy as these, I could have supplied this part of my work entirely without having applied to any other resort. But I thought that a greater variety, under the general head of *Memorabilia*, might have been more amusing to my readers.

However, I think that I have furnished the speculation of the curious with instances sufficient, in this latter class, to hint to infidels, that the common and obvious course of nature comprehends not all the powers of Providence.

Qui studet orat.

This I have said, somewhere, before——but it can never be too often repeated by

Your affectionate humble servant,

TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO.

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